JUNE 25c

Coronet

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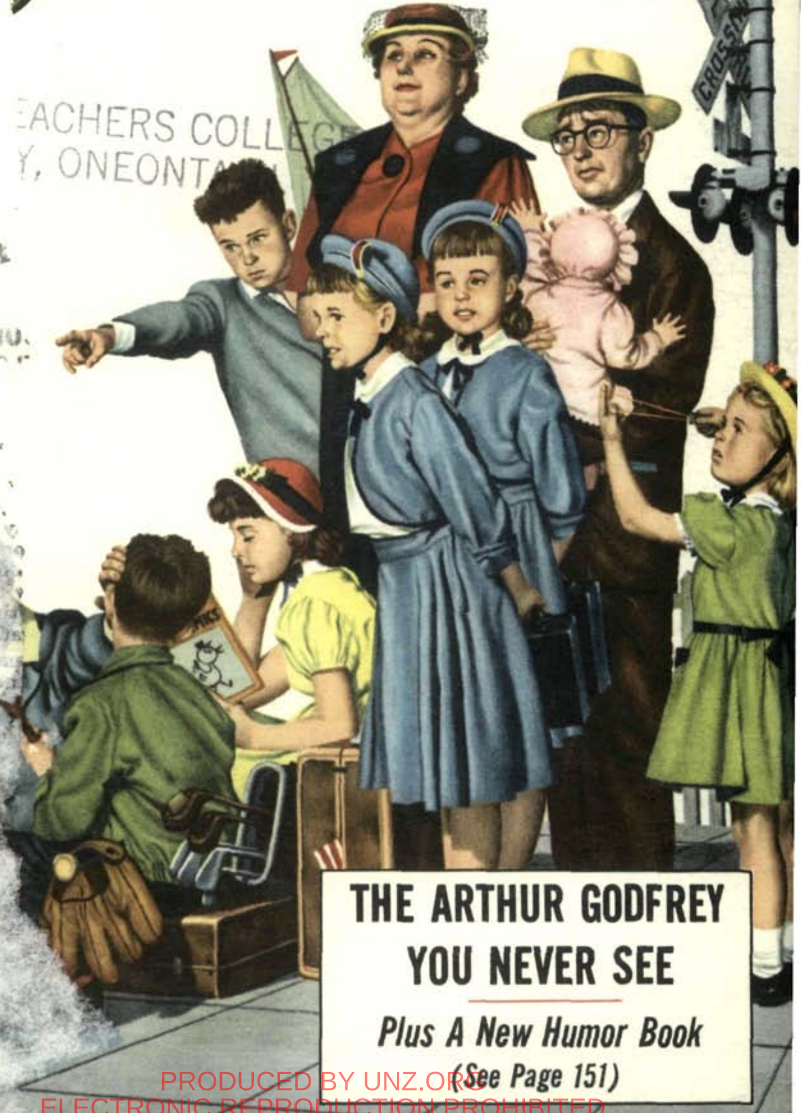
RAILROAD CROSSING

THE ARTHUR GODFREY YOU NEVER SEE

Plus A New Humor Book

(See Page 151)

American
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Process Cheeses
8 SLICES
KRAFT
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SLICES
PASTEURIZED PROCESS
AMERICAN CHEESE

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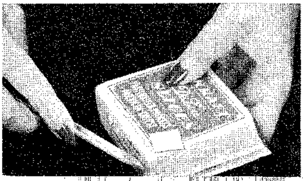
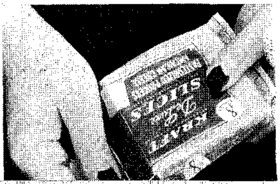
Slit a package of Kraft De Luxe Slices on three sides. You have 8 sandwich-size slices . . . *perfect!* . . . because these slices are not cut from a loaf but formed right as the fine process cheese comes from the pasteurizers!



Place broiled beef patties on bun halves; top with Kraft De Luxe Slices. Notice how perfectly these slices separate—"easy as peeling a banana"! Place under low broiler heat along with top halves of buns (cut-side up) until slices begin to melt.

Rewrap your remaining Kraft De Luxe Slices—press the wrapper around them. They'll keep beautifully. Kraft De Luxe Slices are *good* "keepers" because their surfaces were never roughed up with a knife!



How we retired with $250 a month

HERE we are, living in California. We've a little house just a few minutes from the beach. For, you see, I've retired with $250 a month as long as we live.

But if it *weren't* for that $250, we'd still be living in Forest Hills and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, by chance, in 1926. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to a show. While she dressed, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire."

We'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

This ad told of a way that a man of 40 could get a guaranteed income of $250 a month starting at 60. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. The ad offered more information. *No harm in looking into it,* I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. I mailed it on our way out to the theatre.

Twenty years slide by fast. The crash... the depression . . . the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I was always glad about!

1946 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired.* We sold the house and drove west. We're living a new kind of life out here—with $250 a month that will keep coming as long as we live.

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

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PLAN FOR MEN

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Date of Birth____________________

Business Address____________________

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Home Address____________________

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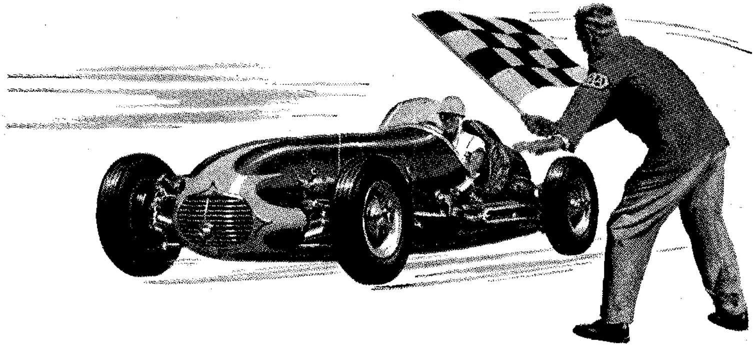

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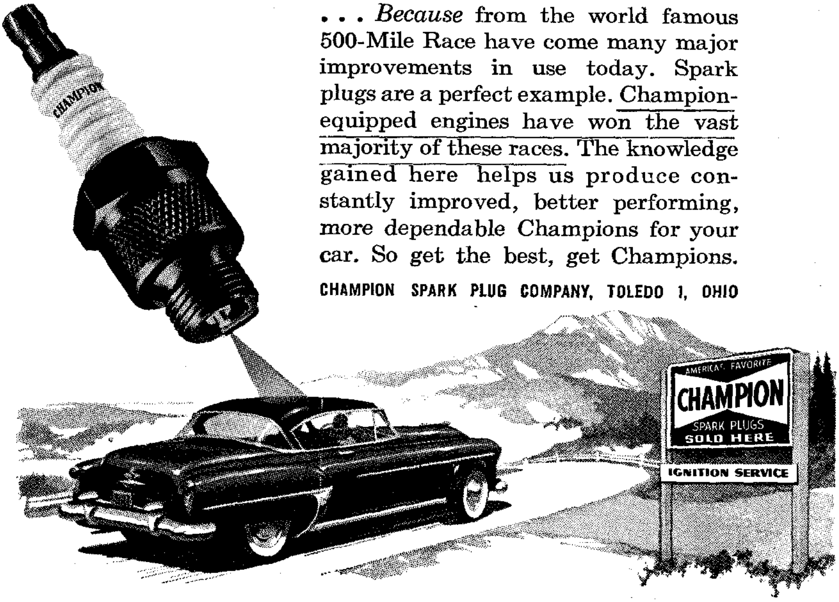
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Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

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Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. **All undelivered copies should be returned to above address.** Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 1
1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Can
Subscription Rates: $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian p

MOVIES

THE MONTH'S BEST...

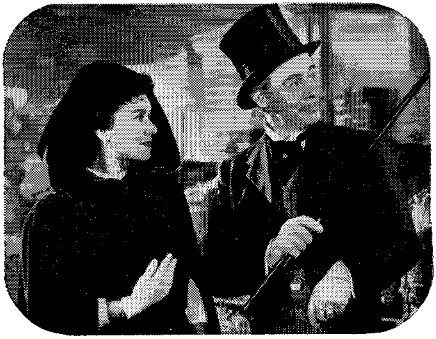
George Cukor directs Jean Simmons

GEORGE CUKOR, who has been described as the great classicist of M-G-M studios, once said, "Give me a good script and I'll be 100 times better as a director." Consequently, before the filming of such movie milestones as *Little Women*, *The Philadelphia Story*, *The Marrying Kind* and, his latest, *Father and the Actress*, he virtually fingered every line of dialogue before conceding that it was all right. Surprising the skeptics but true to his own prediction, action and detail then fell naturally and effectively into place. It was after he had demonstrated a phenomenal ability to get volatile stage stars to play it his way that Cukor was beckoned to Hollywood in 1929. Now he is a dean among directors. As Coronet's guest reviewer, he names two historical films the month's best:

TITANIC

In bringing the story of one of history's greatest maritime disasters to the screen, 20th Century-Fox paid meticulous attention to detail as well as drama. The result is a picture of epic proportions, a work of which stars Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb, and director Jean Negulesco, can well be proud.

MELBA



This is the story of a real-life opera star of yesterday, who won the hearts of millions but was always alone. In this United Artists' re-creation of her career, all the sweep and majesty of her times are endowed with vivid reality. Patrice Munsel as Melba makes a mighty contribution to motion-picture music.

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RECORDS

Great Interpretations

UNLIKE THE AVERAGE TUNE, great music depends on the art of great interpreters. Among the recent releases of the classics are a large number where the interpretation is authoritative, especially convincing and, therefore, perfect and beautiful. Here is a selection of the finest:

Bach: His organ music interpreted with classic strength and simplicity by Albert Schweitzer (3 vols., Columbia ML 4600/02). *The Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, G Minor*, the original version with recorders, brilliantly performed by the London Baroque Ensemble (Westminster WL 5113). *The Cantatas Nos. 140 and 32*, moving testimonies of piety and faith, sung beautifully by Viennese artists, supported by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra (Westminster WL 5122). The *Italian Concerto*, a fine Bach discovery, played by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (Capitol L 8128).

Mozart: The *Piano Concerto No. 22* with Rudolf Serkin and the *Divertimento No. 11* for oboe, horns and strings, both performed with an uncompromising feel for Mozart's chamber-music-like clarity and thematic economy at the Casals Festival at Perpignan, France (Columbia, ML 4569, ML 4566). The *Requiem Mass* superbly sung by the Robert Shaw Chorale (RCA Victor LM 1712). The "*Haffner*" *Symphony* directed by Herbert von Karajan (Decca DL 9513).

Beethoven: Artur Schnabel's masterly interpretation of the *Piano Sonatas* (2 vols., RCA Victor LCT 1109/10). Wilhelm Kempff's more subjective playing of the same (Decca DL 9578/92). Rudolf Serkin's exciting reading of the "*Waldstein*" Piano Sonata (Columbia ML 4620). The "*Kreutzer*" *Sonata's* artistry and depth revealed in Jascha Heifetz's and Benno Moïséiwitsch's interpretation (RCA Victor LM 1193). Walter Gieseking in The "*Emperor*" *Concerto* baring its rich and abundant nuances (Columbia ML 4623). *Symphony No. 3* ("*Eroica*") revealing all its fiery passions and emotions, played by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra under Willem Mengelberg (Capitol P 8002). The *Ninth Symphony* directed by Arturo Toscanini in a highly individual, grandiose conception (RCA Victor LM 6009).

Brahms: *The Concerto No. 2* with Artur Rubinstein at the piano and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Charles Münch, masterfully blending virtuosity and respect for the composer's intentions (RCA Victor LM 1728). Toscanini's interpretation of *Symphony No. 1* (RCA Victor LM 1702), bringing forth every facet. *Nanie*, a seldom performed chorale piece mourning the death of beauty and youth, presented by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra and the Vienna Kammerchor (Westminster WL 5081).

Franz Schubert: The "*Unfinished*" *Symphony No. 8* in a thoroughly romantic interpretation by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. (Capitol L 8160). Cesar Franck: *Symphony in D Minor*, high-lighted in its heroic accents by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra under Willem Mengelberg (Capitol P 8023). Anton Bruckner: *Symphony No. 8* by the Hamburg Philharmonic State Orchestra under Eugen Jochum (Decca DX 109). Gustav Mahler: Bruno Walter and the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, in an authoritative interpretation evoking the "spiritual grandeur" of the *Symphony No. 5* (Columbia SL 171).—FRED BERGER

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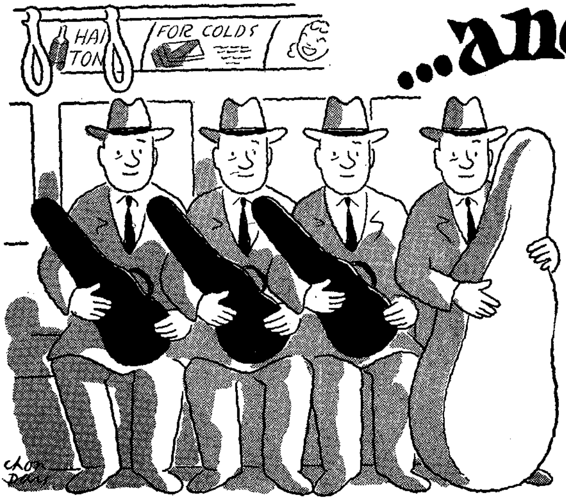
THE MUSIC MAKERS



...and the other one isn't

We read an anecdote somewhere about Lincoln and General Grant reviewing some troops—a dressy occasion involving a big military band. "That's a fine band," said Mr. Lincoln. "Couldn't say," replied Grant. "I've never been able to recognize more than two tunes in my life. One of them is Yankee Doodle, and the other one isn't." We were reminded of this story the other week while we were out educating ourselves on the subject of string quartets. From our informants, who, unlike Grant, were people of considerable musical savvy and blameless ear, we got the clear impression that there are only two string quartet groups in the world. One is the Budapest String Quartet, and the other one isn't.

The uniqueness of the Budapest String Quartet is one of the accepted facts of the musical scene. It has been said that good string quartets are as rare as quadruplets. The Budapest team is not merely good; it is almost invariably described as "perfect." Its members sound as if they have been playing together all their lives—which, in point of fact, they very nearly have. Joseph Roisman, the soft-spoken first violinist of the group, has occupied his chair for 26 years. The cellist, Mischa Schneider, who once walked from Moscow to Frankfurt to take music lessons, has held his post for 23 years. Boris Kroyt, a jolly man who sometimes writes the punch-lines of jokes into his colleague's scores, has played viola with the group for 17 years. The newest member, Jac Gorodetzky, second violinist, joined the team 5 years ago—but only after many years of distinguished fiddling with other quartets. In their many thousand hours of playing together, the Budapesters have had the opportunity to work out to their mutual

(ADVERTISEMENT)

satisfaction every note in quartet literature. As a result, a listener at a Budapest performance gets the serene feeling that he hasn't a thing in the world to worry about, that everything is under control, that each player not only knows exactly what he is doing, but also what the other three are up to at the same time.

To anybody who has ever chimed into a four-page arrangement of "Sweet Adeline," it will come as no surprise that the quartet form is a seductive one to composers and performers both. Composers like it, oddly enough, because it is hard to write well; there is no mass of orchestral sound to hide your lapses of inspiration, so you've got to be in there all the time with fresh musical ideas. Gifted performers, such as the Budapesters, like it because it combines a high degree of personal visibility with the fun of working with other good men, and it is a matter of record that many famous soloists go in for quartet playing as their favorite kind of busman's holiday. A musical form that gives so much pleasure to both composer and performer is bound to hold rare rewards for the listener, so we asked a number of quartet-fanciers to define them. Said one: "A quartet is intimate and confiding. It's *personal* music. It's played to *you*, not to a large audience—a letter rather than a speech." Another man, who owns every record the Budapesters ever made, suggested an imaginative way of listening to his favorite group. "It's a conversation among four lively, interesting people. They're all talking about the same subject, but they don't always agree. If you want to carry the whimsy further, the violins are women—very articulate; the viola is a young man, and the cello is one of those thoughtful older chaps. When one speaker has the floor, the others listen, or murmur a few remarks to each other, but occasionally everybody gets excited and they all start talking at once. So the conversation runs back and forth, and by the end of the evening they're all in agreement, great friends, and everybody has had a wonderful time."

The literature of the string quartet is extensive, but the heart of it is usually held to be the sixteen quartets of Beethoven. They make up a musical autobiography of the composer: the early ones are young and sunny; the middle ones powerful and solid; the later ones stormy, rugged, and, in the words of Schumann, a fellow-composer, "on the extreme boundary of all that has hitherto been attained by human art and imagination." Last year, Columbia Records had the idea of bringing together this best of all quartet music with the best of all quartets, the Budapest. They were played on what are considered the best of all stringed instruments in existence—four 250-year-old Stradivari from the Library of Congress. The result is a group of records unique in musical literature. If you've ever wondered why noblemen of yore went to the expense of supporting string quartets of their own, we'd advise you to listen to any of these Beethoven-Budapest recordings. The noblemen never heard anything half so wonderful, and neither, we imagine, have you.

The Budapest String Quartet records *exclusively* for Columbia Records (799 Seventh Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.) Originator of "Lp" The Modern Long Playing Record.

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Safety in the Garden

Reaching out for a blossom may send you sprawling among the brambles. Move the ladder closer, and pick in safety.

Roping off a vegetable patch is sound gardening, but don't make a trap of the rope. Tie white rags to it for visibility.

In movies, this promises fine slapstick. In a real garden, a rake handle in the face hurts. Put your tools away!

When pruning branches, never get your head below your work. Falling twigs and flying bark may injure your eyes.

Should you have to remove debris caught in the lawn mower, work carefully and brace the wheels so they can't turn.

Use gloves near poison ivy, but cover your arms, too. If your gloves become contaminated, burn or discard them.

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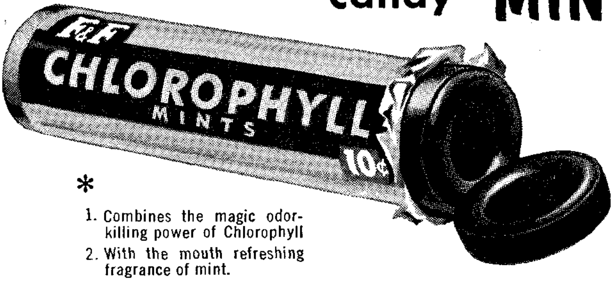

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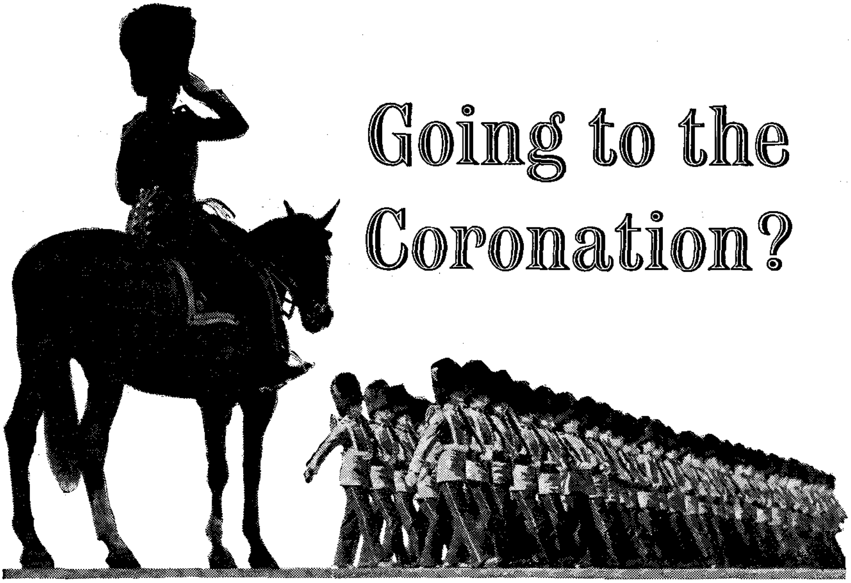
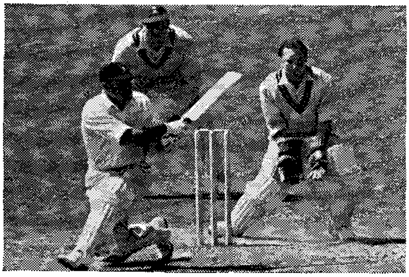


Going to the Coronation?

IN A BLAZE of pageantry such as men may see only once in a generation, Elizabeth II will this month be crowned Queen of the Realm and Head of the Commonwealth. From London to the tiniest village in the Highlands, an entire nation stands poised to cheer on the day of glory, and distinguished visitors will cheer with them.

Throughout June, a series of special events and celebrations will attract more Americans than have visited England since the end of World War II. And for them, England has prepared a royal welcome. Besides the coronation, there are the Epsom Summer and Royal Ascot Race Meetings for sports enthusiasts, as well as cricket matches, and tennis at famed Wimbledon. For opera lovers, the Glyndebourne Festival will enliven nearly all of June and July. London offers the Antique Dealers' Fair and the Queen's official birthday, with its Trooping the Colour ceremony. And for all, there is the everlasting beauty of the English countryside.



A cricket thrill at the wicket.

A kiss for the Lord Mayor's entourage.

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Summer Schoolrooms

SCHOOL DAYS come to an end in June, but there's never an end to learning. Each summer, in fact, should be a challenge for you to extend your child's education beyond the books and the discipline of the classroom.

Don't start by delivering a long lecture or supplying a required reading list. Instead, place your child in situations where his own curiosity will point the way to knowledge. The wonders of our universe, for instance, may not strike his imagination when set down in a science text. But take a child on an overnight hike where he will sleep under the summer sky, and on his own he will begin to ask the important questions: what are the stars? why is the moon so big tonight?

Now and then, you can relax the bedtime schedule to take your child with you to an outdoor concert. He will long treasure such moments of shared enjoyment, and you will be laying an early foundation for a genuine appreciation of music.

You can accomplish the same results in art with a visit to a summer sidewalk exhibit or a country art show. Make it a whole day's project, and, to increase the fun for your child, invite two or three neighborhood pals to join the party. The informality of these exhibits is sure to appeal to the small fry.

A good educational bet which you may have overlooked is a visit to an industrial plant. Juvenile attention is likely to drag when a teacher names the products of different areas of the country, but let a child witness the actual processes of manufacturing and his interest quickens at once. Planning is easy here, for a call to your city's Chamber of Commerce will provide a list of factories which are ready to give guided tours.

Then, too, add a visit to a newspaper office to your list of day-long projects. Since current events are part of every school curriculum, and many schools print their own papers, your child will be eager to trace the news from the city room to the presses that roll out the finished product.

If you plan a vacation trip, take the children with you and make a point of stopping at the scenes where history was made. The boy or girl who has seen the Alamo or visited the haunts of Daniel Boone will really listen next year to the teacher who tells him about America's pioneer heroes.

The same trip offers an opening for some informal geography. Crossing over marked boundaries between states is a much more vivid and rewarding experience for a child than glancing at a multicolored map.

Since, to a child, one hour is as long as several hours to an adult, your youngster will depend on you to supply at least part of his summer entertainment. With ingenuity and planning, you can fill those leisure days with activities which will not only make the time pass quickly, but increase his knowledge of the fascinating world around him.—PATSY CAMPBELL, *star of the CBS Radio daytime drama, "The Second Mrs. Burton."*

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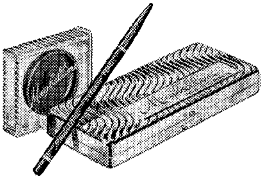

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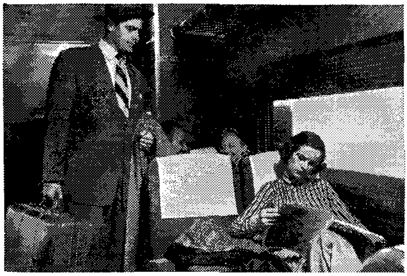


Your ticket entitles you to one seat only. Put your belongings on the luggage rack and let someone else sit down.

Never make a footstool of the opposite seats. Other passengers may want to use them and prefer to find them clean.

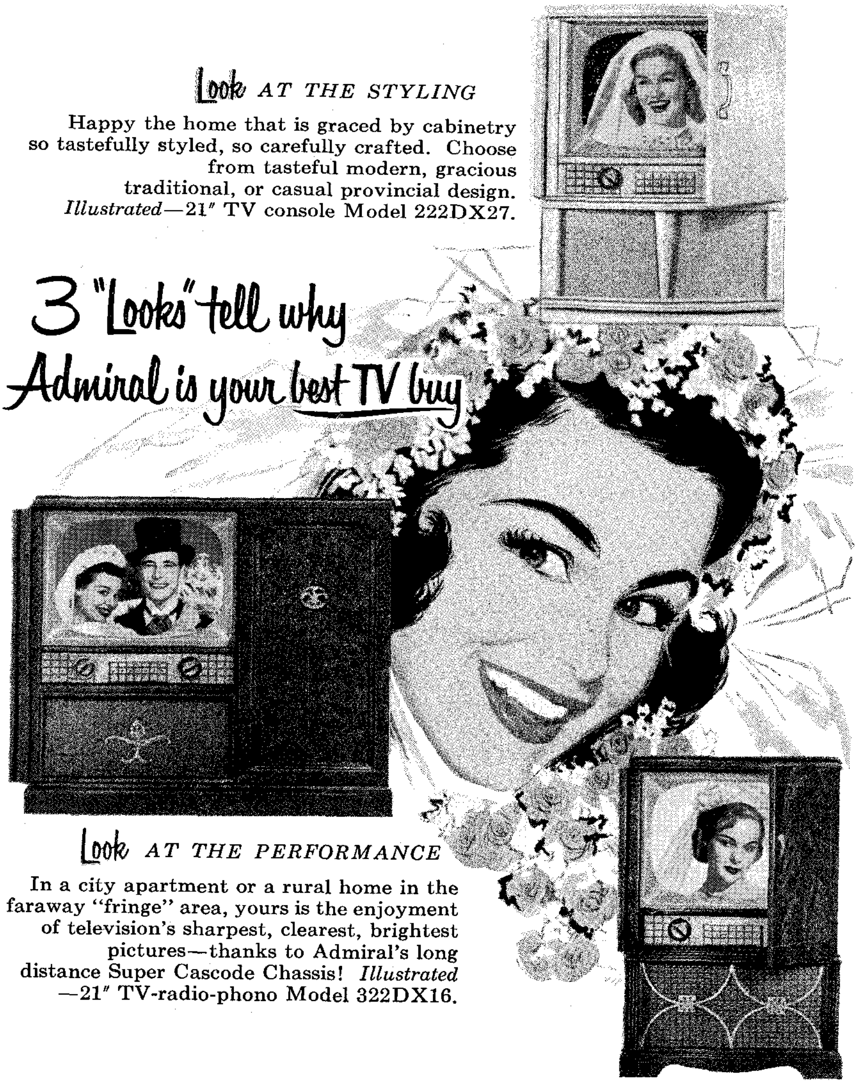
If you offer to help a lady put her luggage on the rack—as you should—stand up and use both hands for the job.

No matter how tempting, don't make a pillow of a fellow-passenger's shoulder. A porter will get you the real thing.

If you travel with children, bring something to keep them occupied, and never permit them to annoy other passengers.

The dressing room is for the convenience of *all* travelers. Don't dawdle at the mirror while others wait their turn.

Posed by Phyllis Hunt, Marion James, Pat Conway, Randy Merriman and John Borghese of the NBC-TV show *The Big Pay-off*. Photographed on New York Central Railroad's "The Pacemaker."



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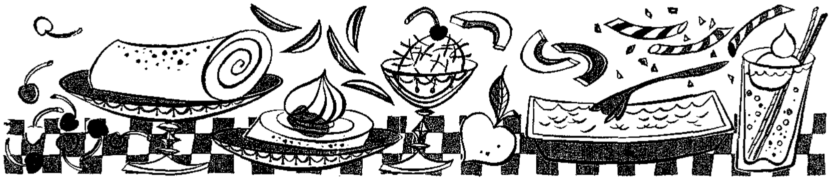
FOOD

DESSERT DESIGNS



When soaring summer temperatures blunt your family's appetite and spirit, you can boost mealtime morale by topping off your meals with refreshing, easy-to-prepare, frozen desserts.

It's smart to scoop ice cream atop chic little fruit tarts, sliced pound cake or jelly roll, with or without a garnish of half-thawed frozen berries, or a trickle of rich red currant syrup or grenadine. Lemon ice cream on a square of warm gingerbread is delectable, and coffee ice cream on butterscotch brownies with hot butterscotch sauce is equally delicious.

Iceberg cake is a glamorous dessert. On a square of chocolate cake, heap a big scoop of vanilla ice cream. Top with mint jelly mashed with a fork, and edge the ice cream next to the cake with the cool looking jelly.

If you have a food freezer, shape ice cream balls with a round scoop, and roll in shredded coconut, chopped nutmeats, minced maraschino cherries, or crushed red-and-white peppermint candy. Put into serving dishes at once and refreeze. When serving, top with chocolate sauce, or complement the flavor of the ice cream with whipped cream tinted with the juice of frozen fruits.

If you are counting calories and you crave a smooth, rich frozen dessert, then Tastee-Freez, the new soft ice milk, is your dish. Only 162 calories to the scoopful! The formula for this enticing frozen dessert is distributed to hundreds of large dairies and specialty stores. A high proportion of the calories in this soft ice milk are proteins, and the high proportion of milk-calcium makes it nutritionally important to everyone. Use as you do ice cream—or try the following whole-luncheon plate:

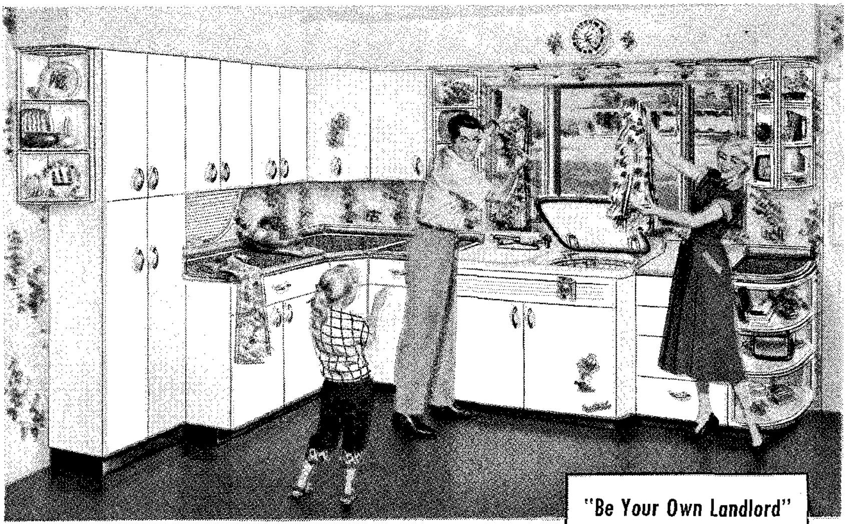
For each person, use a split peeled banana, the halves meeting on the plate in butterfly shape; center with a scoop of frozen soft ice milk. Heap around a mixture of sugared fresh berries, pineapple or peaches and diced oranges. Pass a big plate of hot cinnamon toast for temperature contrast.

Keep sherbets ready frozen to enjoy any time. It's easy to make them yourself with an orange or lemon sherbet packed mix, which freezes smooth in a refrigerator tray.

Try sherbet shrubs for a first course—four-ounce glasses of mixed fruit juices, each topped with a small scoop of lemon or orange sherbet. Or try serving a sherbet to your guests along with the dinner entrée.

You can go a step farther than Grandma and "doll up" lemon or orange sherbet with cranberry sauce, chopped preserved ginger, or wild plum jam; or top with a little port or crème de menthe for exotic flavor.

When the heat is really devastating, try my Sambee! Into a tall glass put two tablespoons each frozen strawberries and peaches. Almost fill with orange juice or Tokay wine (waistline watchers can use no-calorie ginger ale). Then top with a scoop of ice cream, or soft ice milk or sherbet.—Ida Bailey Allen, *Famous Food Authority*



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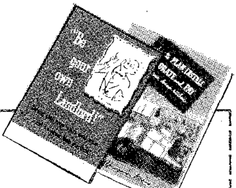

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Vol. 34, No. 2. June, 1953

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

Myths About "SECRET" Inventions

by JOSEPH C. KEELEY

HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU heard that important new inventions are kept off the market by "selfish interests"? Because of unscrupulous manufacturers, the rumors say, we are forced to put up with inferior razor blades, electric bulbs, stockings, automobiles, tires and so on.

One thing that makes the rumors credible is that they are logical—in a larcenous way. Think of the stakes! What manufacturer in his right mind would want his business jeopardized by a superior product? So mustn't there be some truth to the rumors?

The answer is no, as witness one of the most famous rumors—the story of the carburetor that would give you 50 miles on a gallon of gasoline, if only the big oil companies were foolish enough to let it get into circulation.

Last year a couple of men in Illinois bought an old Chevrolet for $35. They tinkered with it, making ingenious changes and adjustments. Then they took it out for a trial run and got better than 168 miles to the gallon! Now oddly enough, this story *is true*—but it is not the complete story.

The two men were D. L. Berry and F. C. Schuette, who bought a 1924 Chevrolet in a junkyard. It was driven over a 23.62-mile course at Wood River, Illinois, and scientific checking showed that the actual mileage per gallon was 168.47.

If the usual rumor pattern were followed, a villain would enter the picture at this point. Representing the Gasoline Trust, he would have paid a fortune to the two men for their secret, then destroyed the car and burned all records.

The facts, however, are quite different. Berry and Schuette happen to be employed by the Shell Oil Company at the company's Wood

River Research Laboratory. Together with other employees, they were participating in a yearly event called the Mileage Marathon, where experts try out practical gas-saving techniques.

Berry and Schuette made extensive body changes to streamline their car, worked out many engine modifications in addition to carburetor changes, and employed a special driving technique that included coasting downhill and maintaining optimum gas-saving speeds—all of which is far beyond the scope of the average American motorist.

There's a much simpler way of adding to your present gas mileage, if you want to try it. Merely trade in your big, comfortable American car on a pint-size European model, which uses much less fuel. However, you don't find a great rush for small imported cars in this country. Americans want roomy cars with plenty of zip—and you just can't drive 150-horsepower engines 150 miles on a gallon of gas.

Now, what about the rumor that electrical companies could make a much better light bulb—if they only wanted to? To this question, an official of G.E. gives the following frank answer: "Certainly we limit the life of our lamps. Those you buy for home use will burn out in anywhere from 750 to 1,000 hours."

Is this an admission of guilt? Not exactly, for he continues with his explanation: when you buy an incandescent lamp, you are purchasing a means of getting light; but to make it produce light, you also have to buy electricity. The lamp takes relatively little of your lighting dollar; the electricity takes approximately 90 per cent. Hence the lamps are designed to get the utmost light out of the electricity you purchase.

It is a curious commentary on human nature, but many rumors which imply that manufacturers are dishonest arise from situations in which the accusers are deluding themselves or being extravagant.

Take the common rumor that when nylon stockings were introduced, they were almost indestructible. The manufacturers realized that this could be their ruination, so they went to Du Pont, makers of the wonder fiber, and made a deal so that nylons would wear out fast enough to keep everybody happy but the consumer.

Here are the facts. Right after World War II, when nylons were first available in quantity, they were made of a 30, 40, 50 or even 70-denier yarn. (Denier means the weight and thickness of each thread. The lower the number, the sheerer the stocking.)

Stockings with relatively heavy thread had remarkable wearing qualities. However, it was the American women, not the manufacturer, who got ideas at this stage.

"Why not use nylon's toughness to produce a finer thread?" they reasoned. "Never mind durability; we want sheer hosiery that will make our legs glamorous."

Sales of sturdy high-denier hosiery slumped as the ladies went for glamour-giving sheers. Today, the most popular stocking is the 15-denier weight. And even though nylon is a tough filament, manufacturers can't turn it into cobwebs and still make it wear like iron.

Tire manufacturers, too, have long been under the guns of the rumor-mongers. The stock story is that some big manufacturer has purchased from its inventor the rights to a tire with miraculous wearing qualities, but not wishing to go out of business, the company is making sure that the invention remains a secret.

In the past half-century, there have been countless inventions dealing with tires, some of them highly original. However, billions of miles of motoring have proved the merits of the pneumatic tire as we know it, and year by year these tires have been, and are still being, steadily improved as superior materials become available.

Not many years ago, it was an exceptional tire that lasted 20,000 miles. Today's tires have an estimated average life of 40,000. And that figure represents more of an achievement than you might realize, for while manufacturers have been working to build tires that will last longer, other influences have been at work to curtail the life expectancy of those tires.

For the most part, this is because of modern car design. For example, there has been a steady increase in the width of the tire and its tread contact with the road. At the same time, rim diameters have been constantly decreased while inflation pressures have been sharply reduced. These make for more pleasant motoring, but they certainly don't make for longer tire life.

What is happening, then, is a tug of war between car and tire manufacturers. As fast as the tire people add a thousand miles of life to their tires, the car makers figure out a way of trading some of that life for comfort, speed or safety.

Possibly because of the billions of dollars represented by the automobile industry, it has always been plagued with rumors of shady doings. For instance, there is the widespread tale that it is possible to go a lot farther on a tank of gas if you drop a pill or powder in the tank, or if you fasten some kind of gadget to your coil or carburetor. For years, inventors of such gimmicks have been fooling the public.

The U. S. Bureau of Standards has this to say about so-called gas-savers: "None of the hundreds of tests made at the Bureau has shown that the use of fuel dopes or gadgets produced any appreciable improvement in power or fuel consumption."

Despite such repeated warnings, many people still believe that some "secret" invention can double mileage. Elementary knowledge of our patent laws would show the foolishness of such a belief.

Patent property is subject to the government's right of eminent domain, meaning that the rights of all the people are placed above the inventor's rights where the national defense or public health is concerned. Obviously, anything that would have saved precious gasoline during World War II would have given this country a tremendous military advantage.

Where were all the wondrous gas-savers then? Isn't it strange that no inventor brought them forth? Indeed, had any gas-saving gimmick had the least value, our hard-

Fact versus Myth

Early this year, two announcements stirred the rubber industry. The B. F. Goodrich Co. had developed a new process which would turn out synthetic cold rubber 50 times faster than present methods. Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. had developed a new synthetic which would make tires last two to five times longer.

It will be several years before the new Goodrich process will be ready for practical use and before the new Goodyear rubber can be mass-produced, but the developments are bound to bring drastic changes in the industry. The process may make many existing plants unnecessary, while the new synthetic would make much production equipment obsolete.

The fact that the Goodrich and Goodyear companies made public announcements of discoveries which may revolutionize the rubber and tire industries helps highlight the absurdity of the "secret" inventions myth.

pressed government would have seized it, paying the inventor a fair price.

Now, what about razor blades? Isn't there something to the rumors that manufacturers could, if they wished, make blades that would give many more shaves?

Such rumors overlook one simple fact—there are scores of razor-blade manufacturers in the U. S., each fighting to maintain and improve his position. It is inconceivable that even the largest would lock in his safe a secret "miracle blade" which would permit him to become stronger at the expense of competitors.

Nevertheless, longer-lasting blades have been made. Indeed, when the first safety razor, the Star, was invented by Richard and Otto Kampfe in 1876, their idea was to use a blade that would last for years. They merely cut a segment from a regular barber-type razor and encased it in a frame, with a handle and safety guard. A strop came with it so you could sharpen it yourself. Or you could have the manufacturer do it.

If you want evidence that razor blades can be made to last, stop in at the American Safety Razor Corporation's plant in Brooklyn. There you will find an employee whose job is to hone and grind those old solid steel blades made for the Star. The company hasn't made any for more than 40 years, but old-time customers are still sending them in to be sharpened!

However, relatively few people want to be bothered stropping a blade to make it last and last. That fact quickly became evident when the wafer-thin, disposable blade was introduced in the early 1900's. Today, more than 4,000,000,000 such blades are made and sold throughout the U. S. each year.

But can't something be done to get more good shaves out of those billions of blades? An interesting answer was published in the *Jour-*

nal of the American Medical Association for July 10, 1937:

"A study of safety-razor blades showed that practically all of them are made from steel as good for shaving purposes as the best steel ever used for an old-style straight razor, if not better . . . "

However, the authors pointed out that there was something else to think about besides the steel, the method of sharpening and similar technical matters.

They proved by tests that the more time you spend preparing and lathering your face for shaving, the longer your blade is going to last. Remember that the next time someone whispers that blade manufacturers are using old tin cans.

Does all the foregoing mean that no patented invention has ever been shelved? There have been such cases, but usually with good reason. Maybe there was no immediate market for it. Capital may not have been available for production and marketing. There may have been a better or cheaper method of achieving the same result. The invention may have had "bugs" which had to be removed before it could be successfully sold.

There is no evidence that any topflight invention has ever been successfully suppressed. That is a sweeping statement, but time and again, efforts have been made to pin down rumors. Three Commissioners of Patents have testified at Congressional hearings that they were not aware of a single case.

Probably the most dramatic proof of nonsuppression came from an offer made several years ago by the late Thomas Midgley, Jr., president and chairman of the board of the American Chemical Society and a distinguished inventor. Through the publication *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*, he invited all chemists to report cases of suppressed patented invention.

Dealing with people intimately familiar with important scientific developments, Midgley felt sure that this request would bring authentic information about suppressed inventions. However, only five alleged instances were reported, and not a single case was substantiated after investigation!

Churchly Challenges

Before a Midwest church, in process of construction, stood these two signs: "This Church Is Being Raised By the Hand Of God." And: "Plumbing By Olsen."

—*Brown Alumni Monthly*

Sign on a church lawn: "Be Square All the Week, And Then Be 'Round On Sunday." —ADRIAN BIRMINGHAM

Sign on a Manhattan church: "A Man Wrapped Up In Himself Makes a Very Small Bundle."

—LOUISE STEIN

Legend on an Arkansas chaplain's door: "If you have troubles, come in and tell us about them. If not, come in and tell us how you do it."

—*Tide*

WHO'S BORING WHOM?

by CARL H. WINSTON

For the answer, check these seven rules for good conversation; then listen very carefully—to yourself

AT A DINNER PARTY I attended recently, the host had playfully concealed a tape recorder behind a chair in the dining room. Later he played back a recording of every word of conversation carried on by his unsuspecting guests.

The reaction of the guests to the sound of their own voices was most interesting. Said one man: "Good Lord, how long it takes me to get to the point . . . what a bore I must be!" A woman said: "I never realized how brutally I overwork the word 'fabulous.' I'm going to force myself never to use it again." Others were astounded at how much they hemmed and hawed while talking.

These were all people of above-average intelligence. They were well-informed, well-educated and each had much to say that was interesting. Yet their self-criticism was justified; each of them was actually something of a bore to others because of unfortunate conversational habits.

Being intelligent, they were grateful for the chance to hear themselves as others hear them. It would be a splendid idea if all of us could engage in the same kind of self-analysis; could stand by, as it were, and listen to ourselves as we talk. The results, I am sure, would be most helpful.

A bore has been described as the kind of person who, when you ask him how he feels, tells you. While this isn't a bad gag, it is not necessarily true. There are many people who can tell you quite completely in a few words just how they do feel. Those who plunge into a sea of minute detail, who describe every ache, pain and symptom, who review their physical condition over the past six months—these are the ones who justify the definition.

Another expert says a bore is the man who never uses one short word where ten or twelve long ones will do *almost* as well. This is apt, but it takes in only one variety of the species, the long-winded type.

What, then, makes a bore? It is not nearly so much what he has to say as it is the tedious, annoying, inefficient methods he uses to say it. The leading arch-criminals of the conversational underworld are: repetitiousness, excess verbiage, irritating verbal mannerisms, the use of trite, shopworn phrases and terms, a welter of irrelevant detail, groping for words, fumbling, rambling, incoherence.

A few questions might help us determine if we are really the interesting speakers we like to think we are. If you can answer all the following questions in the negative, rest assured that you're no bore.

1. *Do you stress unimportant details?* I'm sure you're familiar with the talker who constantly pulls up in the middle of a sentence to ask himself: "Was it Wednesday I saw the accident, or Thursday? Maybe it was Friday. No, it must have been Thursday, because I was coming from the bank and I don't go to the bank on Fridays. It could have been Wednesday." By the time your friend is through deciding which day he has in mind, you find yourself wishing the accident would happen again—to him.

Unless the day of the week, or the month, or the time of day is important in the development of your subject, forget it. Remember, in ordinary conversation you are not under oath; nobody is going to check every infinitesimal detail of your story. If hearers want to know dates or times, they have the privilege of asking.

2. *Do you insult your listeners?* When you express an opinion to a friend, such as "I like my steak broiled medium rare," it is a reasonable assumption that your friend has a working knowledge of the English language and realizes the implications of your remark. Therefore it should be unnecessary for you to append the statement with some such supercilious question as "You know what I mean?" "You understand?" or "You know?"

There are others who find it impossible to open a new phase of a conversation by any other method than of asking: "Do you want to know something?" or "Do you know what?" Now, these people don't care if you want to know something or not; in fact, it would be worth your life to try and stop them from telling you either "something" or "what."

3. *Do you ramble?* We've all met Rambling Ray and his sister, Rambling Rachel, the famous non-sequitur twins. Their conversation may run something like this: "H'ya, boy? Ran into Fred Brown the other day and he said . . . say, that's a nice necktie you're wearing . . . I understand Joe Blossom and his wife are splitting up . . . how's the family? . . . my son's graduating next week from . . . remember Charlie Phillips? He's in a new line, I understand . . . selling those new . . . well, I gotta run along now. So long!"

The net effect of these words is exhaustion on the part of the listener. He hasn't heard a thing he can fasten on to. When you begin saying something, be sure to see it through! Otherwise your hearers must conclude that the subject you brought up is so dull that you don't even want to talk about it yourself.

4. *Do you overwork pet phrases and words?* The woman I spoke of at the opening of this article was crazy about the word "fabulous." The people she visited for a week end had a "fabulous" home; she had read a "perfectly fabulous" book; her friend's husband had bought her a "fabulous" fur jacket. By constant repetition, the word had lost all impact.

Are you certain that you, too, aren't using pet phrases and terms far more often than the occasion warrants? Are you sure they aren't cropping up in your conversation so surreptitiously that you yourself don't realize how you have come to depend on them?

5. *Do you always start at the beginning?* The wife of a former neighbor of mine had the unhappy trait of "consecutiveness" in all her conversation. If he asked her what they were having for Sunday dinner, she was congenitally unable to answer in one or two words. She couldn't say, "pot roast," or "fried chicken."

She would start at the beginning. "I went to the butcher at 9 o'clock," she would begin, and twenty minutes later she might get around to what she bought.

Unless the chronological sequence of an event is important for the listener to know, go straight to the point.

6. *Do you "milk" an anecdote?* A few people—maybe one in every thousand—are born storytellers. They can take the most casual incident and make it fascinating, gripping, exciting, amusing.

Unfortunately, such gifted yarn-spinners are scarce. Most of us, when given a good story to tell, can do an acceptable job by remembering facts and not putting embroidery on them. But all too often we run into a chap who takes what might originally have been an amusing five-minute bit and tortures it into a thirty-minute monologue. By the time he gets to the punch line, his hearers are so weary that the only applause they can summon up is weak smiles of relief.

7. *Do you champ at the bit?* Were you ever at a gathering of young married couples when the subject of children arose? Have you ever noticed how, when one person is speaking about his or her youngster, the others will listen with the most intense and stony silence? And then, when the speaker is finished—and often before he is finished—three or four others will break in with stories of their own?

You could positively *feel* that while these people were listening, they weren't paying the slightest attention to the speaker; they were framing a story in their own minds that they believed would "top" the previous one.

This is a most human trait, of course. Yet the rules of social intercourse demand that even though you are fairly bursting to get the floor, you should extend the courtesy of genuine attention to any other talker and permit him to finish what he has to say.

Observation of the above seven rules won't make a fascinating speaker out of you. After all, what you have to say is still the paramount factor. But if you try to clothe your thoughts with the same amount of attention you give to clothing your body, your friends will just love it. You'll love it yourself. Just listen and see.

Matrimonial Whistlestops

Bridal Veil, Ore.
Groom, Texas
Kissimmee, Fla.

Love, Ky.
Church, Ia.
Loving, N. M.

—Paul Stone

SOUND OFF!

"MAN TO MAN, now, why do you refuse this opportunity for Officer's Training?" asked the colonel.

"Well, man to man and off the record," the sergeant replied confidentially, "I've been in this Army long enough to know I don't mind saluting officers, but I'm blamed if I'm going to associate with them as equals." —*The Burning Question*

THE SKY over Hartford is a playground for jet training flights from Truex Field at Madison. One old inhabitant remarked as he watched a flight scoot by: "Darn near takes two people to watch those things—one to say 'here they come' and another to say, 'there they go!' " —Hartford (Wis.) *Times Press*

A WORLD WAR II veteran was griping about being recalled into the Army.

"What're you complaining about?" snapped a buddy. "You've had a nice five-year furlough!"

A BRASS HAT, inspecting a combat unit in Korea, singled out a bearded sergeant for interrogation.

"Getting enough to eat in the lines, sergeant?"

"Yes, *sir!*" replied the noncom, with emphasis.

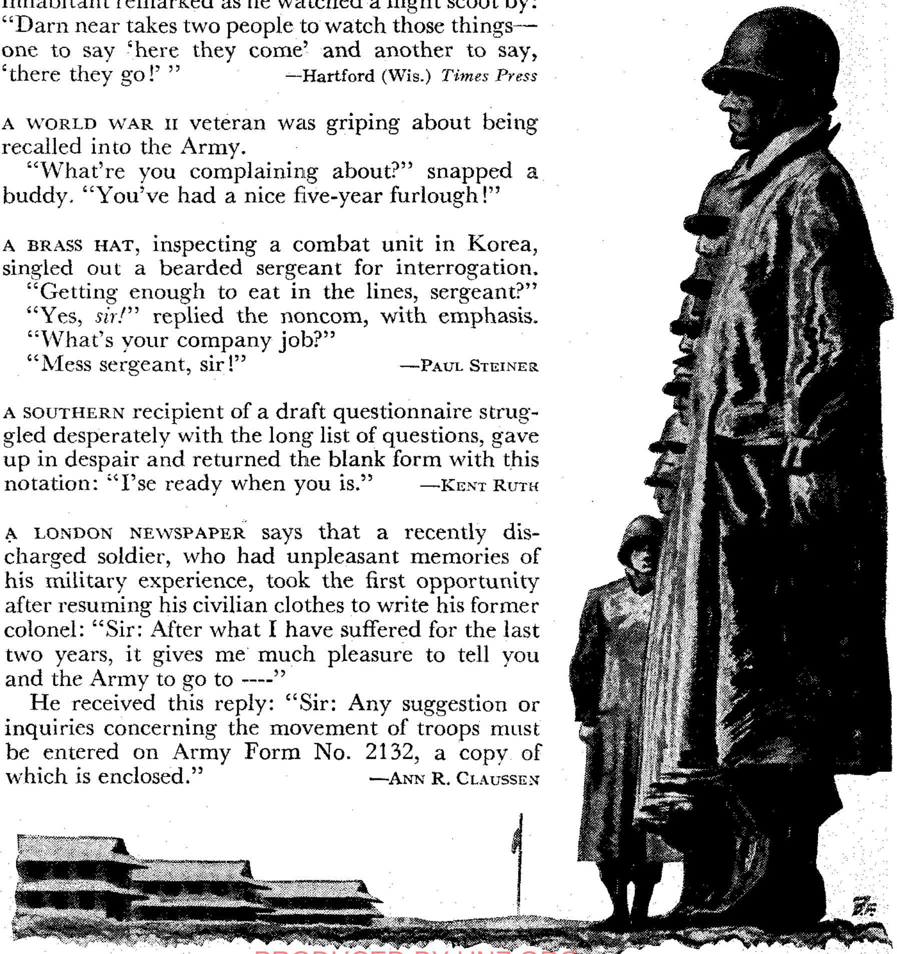
"What's your company job?"

"Mess sergeant, sir!" —PAUL STEINER

A SOUTHERN recipient of a draft questionnaire struggled desperately with the long list of questions, gave up in despair and returned the blank form with this notation: "I'se ready when you is." —KENT RUTH

A LONDON NEWSPAPER says that a recently discharged soldier, who had unpleasant memories of his military experience, took the first opportunity after resuming his civilian clothes to write his former colonel: "Sir: After what I have suffered for the last two years, it gives me much pleasure to tell you and the Army to go to ----"

He received this reply: "Sir: Any suggestion or inquiries concerning the movement of troops must be entered on Army Form No. 2132, a copy of which is enclosed." —ANN R. CLAUSSEN



It's Animal Love

by JAMES CERRUTI

Mating time produces some amazing phenomena in the world of nature

IF YOU THINK PEOPLE are "queer" when they're in love, take a look at the animal kingdom. Some of the strangest, most ruthless and wackiest behavior ever recorded is chalked up among our furred, feathered, finny, and myriad-legged friends when the mating season rolls around. In short, you can hardly tell them from people.

Perhaps the most marvelous thing about lower-order love is that the lovers ever get together in the first place. Animals have no mental image of themselves. The mackerel, for example, can see no part of his own body. Even mammals, when they see themselves in a natural mirror, are not intelligent enough to realize they are seeing themselves. How do they know, then, that another animal is a suitable object of their affections and not an alien or even hostile species?

Some animals don't. The Adélie penguins have a love ritual which involves presenting pebbles to the beloved, and several Antarctic explorers have been embarrassed to have piles of these penguin jewels laid at their feet. Both male and female penguins make pebble gifts, so the red-faced explorers couldn't even be sure the birds had the sexes straight.

In general, animals may not know how their mate should look but they do know how he or she should smell. As a result, perfumery is as popular among courting animals as among courting humans. In fact, some of the same smells that make us amorous make them amorous. The musk deer, for example, has been almost annihilated by hunters because the sweet effluvium he wafts toward his lady love is similar to that which *our* lady loves like to waft toward us.

How are we sure it's the smell that attracts? Scientists have tested by dyeing the wings of brightly colored species to resemble other species or to make males look like females—and the lovers still get together with no trouble. Then there's the nocturnal hawk moth who carries a scent too delicate for human noses to detect, but clouds of males were once observed to court an empty satchel which a few hours earlier had held some females.

In addition to perfuming themselves, lower-order lovers indulge in other romantic practices which we humans tend to consider peculiarly our own. Kissing is a favorite elephant pastime: the lovers cross trunks and place the tips against each other's lips. Romantic dancing is common; in fact, our rumba is simply an adaptation of the courtship dance of the rooster and the hen. The gentleman's preference for blondes (and redheads) seems to have a basis in nature, too: the

From *Esquire* Magazine, February 1953. Copyright 1953 by
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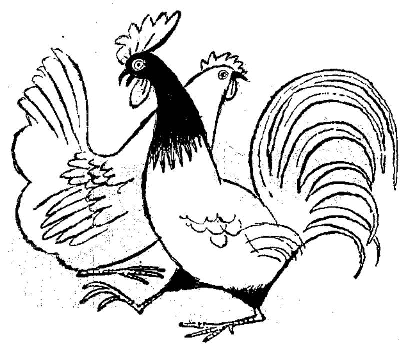
most brightly colored species and individuals are the sexiest.

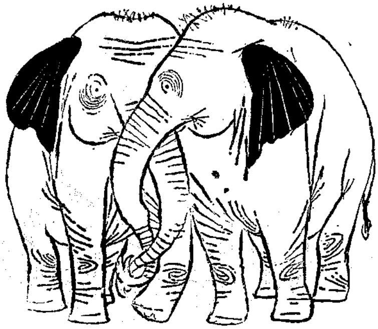
Fighting over women is as prevalent among our dumb cousins as among your dumb cousins. The dove of peace, sad to report, not only fights other pacifists but beats his wife. The tiny hummingbird tears out rivals' tongues. The Anolis lizard approaches the problem from the other end: he eats his vanquished rival's tail.

In spite of all parallels between human and nonhuman courtship, the ideals of romantic love, monogamy and lifetime fidelity, as conceived among us, are practically unknown to the lower orders. There are a few outstanding exceptions, among them the animal who has unjustly become the symbol of promiscuity—the wolf.

He is actually a paragon of fidelity, almost always mating for life, and conscientiously rearing his pups. The fox and the weasel, whose names have also been misappropriated for unpleasant human attributes, are other ideal husbands and fathers.

Perhaps the "most human" animal romance on record, nervous breakdown and all, occurred among our near relatives, the rhesus monkeys. Cupid, an experimental animal at the University of California, lived in normal wedded bliss with Psyche for two and one-half years. Then Psyche was taken away and Cupid was given another girl named Topsy.





At first he would have nothing to do with her, but eventually set up housekeeping. All went well; then Psyche was returned to him, and the two reunited. When, however, Cupid was given Topsy, he began to bite and tear his legs. As Cupid was led past Psyche's cage on the way to medical treatment, Psyche shrieked desolately at him; Cupid looked at her, then back at Topsy. Suddenly, overcome with guilt, he again began tearing gashes in his legs.

Realizing that Cupid was more human than they had imagined, University scientists restored him to Psyche. She nursed him back to health, but though his wounds healed quickly, his neurosis wasn't cured till a year later.

Polygamy is the more usual order of nature, but it is not exactly what some humans might envy. Look at the Northern fur seal, probably the world's greatest polygamist. The bulls come to the breeding grounds a month before the cows and spend the time fighting for territory.

Then, as the cows arrive, each bull drags as many as he can into his own territory. But soon he has more wives than he can handle (anywhere between five and 50). While he's pulling one cow into his harem, a neighboring bull is pulling another out; if he attacks this rival, there's an abduction from the seraglio by the bull on the other side. The only thing that stops the carnage is the cows giving birth to their pups, which they do within 48 hours of arrival—for that was why they came to the rookery, not to mate.

Even the scientists admit that polygamy is tougher on the bull than on his wives. For the entire month before the cows arrive he can't stop to eat; he has to spend all his time defending his territory. Then for two more months, he can't eat because he has to spend all his time guarding his wives. The wives, of course, eat regularly, going to sea every day while friend husband has another little tiff with the boys next door.

At the end of three months, with his delusions of grandeur still inexplicably intact, the starved and battered bull finally drags himself to sea for a fish dinner—provided he can still catch a fish.

In the undeclared war between the sexes, Nature on the whole is very partial to the female. Perhaps the most disheartening conclusion to be drawn from nonhuman courtship is that love, especially for males, is likely to prove fatal.

Consider, for example, the black widow spider, who has only herself to blame for her lugubrious name. The inevitable sequence of one night of love with her is to be eaten for breakfast. And Madam Scorpion also proves graphically that she loves her mate so much she could eat him.

Cellar spiders, however, have been known to turn the dinner tables on their girl friends. After mating, one male was seen to tear off the legs of his paramour—which probably proves it doesn't pay for a girl to overdo making a sucker out of a fellow—especially a literal-minded fellow like a spider.

DESTRUCTION of both star-crossed lovers is not as rare as one might hope. It is usually a consequence of "flying to the ends of the earth" with one's beloved. The European eel travels up to 4,000 miles to mate. He (or she) may live in the Adriatic or Nile, but in autumn, if he's ten years old or so, he starts on a nuptial journey to a special part of the Atlantic south of Bermuda. There, a third of a mile under water, he finds the only suitable environment for eel romance, the proper salinity and high temperature for egg development.

Even if he is isolated in some Italian or Yugoslav pond, the love call is so strong that he will wiggle at night across dew-wet meadows to a river, thence to the Mediterranean, and never stop till he hits that particular spot in the Atlantic. There he mates, and exhausted, dies. The young hatch out, and after two years, guided by a mysterious instinct, swim right back to the old country in astronomical numbers.

As if Nature weren't hard enough on animal lovers, man sometimes horns in to subvert the animal's amorous instincts to his own ends. Innumerable jokes have been made about the hunter imitating the call of the lovesick moose, but it's no joke to the responsive moose, who gets shot between the antlers.

The lek or capercaillie, a bird common in Sweden, becomes so excited in the throes of his love song that the blood vessels of his hearing gear congest and deafen him. Swedish hunters choose this time to shoot him.

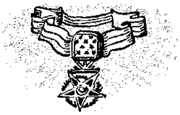
Siamese fighting fish are most pugnacious in the breeding season and are then matched by the Siamese in "fish fights." This was once a lucrative source of revenue to the King, who required all such exhibitions to be royally licensed.

Among some species, the conditions and consequences of love are so bizarre that the grand passion must be considered no fun at all. Take the hive bee. The queen bee, about to establish a new hive, enthusiastically begins by tearing off the waxen coverings of unhatched but potentially fertile females. Taking no chances on their developing into rival queens, she stabs them to death in their cradles. Rid then of competitors, the queen is followed high into the sky by thousands of drones, the weaker dropping out of the race, until only one has managed to reach the queen's altitude. This paragon mates with her there and immediately plummets earthward, dead.

The queen returns to the hive. The males are allowed to hang around a while longer, but soon the barren female worker bees realize that the drones are eating lots of milk and honey and no longer serving a useful purpose. Out the males go, fatally wounded, unable to defend themselves because they have no sting. The few survivors perish outside the hive of cold and starvation, their wings bitten through by their enraged little sisters.

Is there any final cheerful lesson for humans in all this? Perhaps. Scientists trying to correlate sex drive and intelligence have discovered that, among rats anyhow, the most efficient maters seemed to be the biggest and smartest!

Frankly Speaking



WE CAN'T all be heroes, for someone has to sit on the curb and clap as they go by. —Will Rogers

NO PERSON was ever honored for what he received. Honor had been the reward for what he gave.
—Calvin Coolidge

IF YOU WILL HELP run our government in the American way, then there will never be any danger of our government running America in the wrong way.
—General Omar N. Bradley

IN GIVING ADVICE, seek to help, not to please. —*Solon*

YOU WILL NEVER "find" time for anything. If you want time, you must make it. —Charles Buxton

Get in Line—or Get Out!

by **ELBERT HUBBARD**

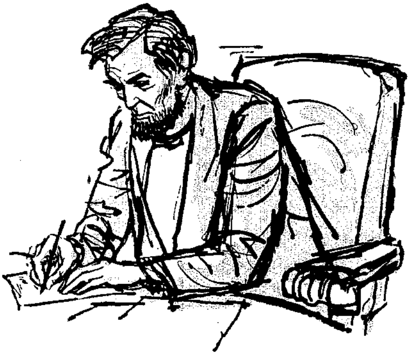
A great classic of inspiration, by the man who wrote "A Message to Garcia"

IF ALL THE LETTERS, messages and speeches of Lincoln were destroyed except one letter he wrote to Major General Hooker in January, 1863, we should still have a good index to the heart of the Rail-Splitter. Here we see that Lincoln was in command of his own spirit, and that he could command others. The letter shows frankness, kindliness, wit, tact, wise diplomacy and infinite patience.

General: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right.

You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the Army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.

I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the Army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders.



I much fear that the spirit you have aided to infuse into the Army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Hooker had harshly and unjustly criticized Lincoln, his Commander-in-Chief, and had embarrassed Burnside, his ranking officer. But Lincoln waives all this in deference to the virtues that he believes Hooker possesses, and promotes him to succeed Burnside.

In other words, the man who had been wronged promotes the man who had wronged him over the head of a man whom the promotee

From *Get Out or Get in Line*, published by The House of Hubbard, East Aurora, New York

had wronged and for whom the promoter had a warm personal friendship. Yet all personal considerations were sunk in view of the end desired.

One point in this letter is especially worth consideration. I refer to the habit of sneering, carping, grumbling and endless criticizing of those who are above us.

The man who is anybody and who does anything is surely going to be vilified and misunderstood. This is a part of the penalty of greatness and every great man understands it, and understands, too, that it is in itself no proof of greatness. The final proof of greatness lies in being able to endure criticism without resentment.

Lincoln did not resent criticism; he knew that every life must be its own excuse for being. But look how he calls Hooker's attention to the fact that the dissension Hooker has sown is going to return and plague him. "Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it." Hooker's fault falls on Hooker—others have suffered and will suffer, but Hooker, himself, suffers most of all.

Not long ago I met a Yale student home on vacation. I am sure he did not represent the true Yale spirit, for he was full of criticism and bitterness toward the institution. The President of the University came in for his share of abuse, and I was supplied items and facts, times and places. Very soon I saw the trouble was not with Yale, but with the young man. He had mentally dwelt on some trivial slights until he had gotten so far out of harmony with the institution that he had lost the power to derive any benefit from it. Yale is not a perfect institution—a fact, I suppose, that most Yale men are willing to admit. But Yale does supply certain advantages and it depends upon the students whether they enjoy these advantages or not.

If you are a college student, seize upon the good that is there. You get good by giving it. You gain by giving—so give sympathy and cheerful loyalty to the institution. Be proud of it. Stand by your teachers—they are doing the best they can. If the place is faulty, make it a better place by an example of cheerfully doing your work every day the best you can. Do this, or take your leave. Get in Line, or Get Out!

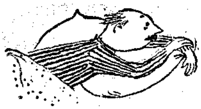
If you work for a man, then really work for him. If he pays you wages, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and the institution he represents. If, however, you must eternally criticize, then resign your position, and when you are outside, damn your former boss and his ways to your heart's content.

Every employer is constantly looking for people who can help him. Everything and everybody that is a hindrance has to go. This is the law of business—do not find fault with it; it is founded on Nature. The reward is only for the man that helps, and in order to help, you must have sympathy.

You cannot help the boss so long as you are explaining in undertone and whisper, by gesture and suggestion, by thought and attitude, that he is a fool and his system dead wrong. You are not necessarily menacing him by stirring up discontent and strife among your co-workers but you are doing this: you are getting yourself upon a well-greased chute that will give you a quick ride down and out.

General Hooker got his promotion in spite of his failings, but the chances are that your employer does not have the love that Lincoln had—the love that suffers long and is kind. But even Lincoln could not protect Hooker forever. Hooker failed to do the work at hand, and Lincoln had to try somebody else.

So there came a time when Hooker was superseded by a man who criticized no one, railed at nobody—not even the enemy. This man who knew the wisdom of silence and ruled his own spirit took the cities. He minded his own business, and did the work that no man ever can do unless he gives to his job absolute loyalty, perfect confidence and untiring devotion.



Patients! Patients!

Unable to sleep nights, a man went to see his doctor. After a careful examination, the physician advised: "When you retire tonight breathe deeply and exhale slowly, repeatedly. Form a vision in your mind of a lovely beach in the South Seas with wave after wave rolling up on the shore."

The following day the man went back to his doctor, complaining that he still couldn't sleep.

"Did you follow my instructions carefully?" asked the medico.

"I did," replied the man.

"Well, what kept you awake?"

"It was those lovely creatures in grass skirts dancing on the beach."

One clever veterinary who runs a dog hospital has a splendid system for "treating" dogs who are overfed by indulgent owners. He places the animal in an abandoned brick kiln with a crust of bread, an onion and an old shoe. When the dog starts to gnaw on the bread, the anxious owner is informed that the little darling is doing nicely. When it starts on the onion the report is that the pup is much better, and when the dog starts in on the old shoe the owner is told that the dog is ready to go home completely cured.

A patient at a health resort had gone around all day complaining about the weather, the food, the service, and, in fact, everything. Finally, another patient asked him what was the matter.

"Well," admitted the complainer, "last night an old friend of mine cornered me and spent three hours telling me about his arthritis."

"Why didn't you trump his story with the story about your diabetes?"

"Couldn't," was the disgusted reply. "I led with that!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

The oculist pointed to the sight-testing chart and asked the lady who had come to be fitted for glasses to read it.

She stared in the direction of the chart, then: "I'm afraid you'll have to read it for me," she apologized. "You see, my sight is not very good." —Donald O'Shea

Jonah the Second

by KATE SMITH

IN THE LATE SUMMER of 1891, the whaler *Star of the East* was headed homeward, weeks earlier than anticipated. Not only had great luck filled her holds with blubber and oil, but before the eyes of her crewmen had occurred one of the most incredible dramas of the sea.

The trim square-rigger had been cruising off the Falkland Islands when her lookout could have sworn he saw a small island move. When a great spout rose from the sea, he alerted the crew.

A whale *that* big? As quickly as sails could be set, *Star of the East* closed the range. In half an hour, the monster was identified as a prime specimen of the *Cachalot*, a large sperm whale.

Worsening seas became an increasing problem as the distance lessened. But preparations went on at fever pitch. When the ship was near enough for its men to distinguish sea birds standing on the monstrous back, a freak wave smashed up over the quarter-deck and washed crewman James Bartley into the sea.

Two boats put over the side and searched, but in vain. With Bartley given up for lost, they joined others in approaching the *Cachalot*. No time could be wasted: one flip of his mighty flukes could send the leviathan plunging to safety.

The lead boat drifted close to the massive head. Then a harpoon, delivered with accurate might, seemed to trigger an upheaval of the ocean. When the whale rose, it was in the agonies of death, and was quickly killed.

By noon he was lashed alongside *Star of the East*, with men wielding razor-sharp knives. One man suddenly pointed to the stomach, which contained an unusually large lump. That much ambergris, of which finest perfumes are made, would make all hands rich!

The tension rose as a knife slit along one side of the huge stomach. The lump was James Bartley! He was pasty white but, miraculously, still alive.

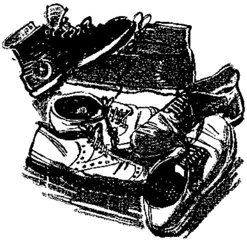
It was a day and a half before Bartley returned to consciousness. *Star of the East* was only two days from port when he could whisper intelligibly: "Soft, mushy something, pressing me—"

Everyone scoffed when crewmen spread their story ashore. But Bartley offered himself for examination and doctors confirmed a strange over-all exposure to something the equivalent of powerful gastric juices. Overnight, and for many years after, James Bartley was an international figure of wonder—the ultimate of adventure shared by men of the sea.

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

So This Is Father's Day?

by CEDRIC ADAMS



COME ON, MY SONS, and let's the four of us get down on the floor and have a little visit together. This is Father's Day. It's Pa's turn now.

I know your mother has schooled you in the speeches you'll make when you hand me your little gift. This is one day when your mother is very obvious. On all other days, mothers are pretty subtle. That means they're cunning like a fox. When they're nice to us fathers, we don't know what they might have up their sleeves.

But today, mothers and children all over the land are going to be nice to their fathers as a sort of tradition. I don't expect your mother to hold out, though. Along about 4:30 this afternoon, I expect her to say: "Hasn't this been a glorious Father's Day?"

Then the next breath will sound something like this: "I saw the best washing machine advertised in the paper today," or, "Do you think those printed slacks would look nice on me?"

And Pa, having been made a lot of all day, will probably go for those or similar items. Anyway, it's a good day for fathers to sort of take stock of themselves, to look back over the year, to see what kind of fathers we've been. That's what I want to do with you boys for just a little while this morning. But first, I want to tell the washing-machine salesmen not to come trotting out tomorrow morning, because maybe it won't be washing machines that she'll pick on. . . .

Now, let's go back over the year and see how things stack up. Ric, you remember the other morning when you caught Pa just as he was going to work. I recall how you asked, "Pa, will you fix my trike?" And I told you that I couldn't because I had to go to work.

Remember that? Well, that was a pretty big mistake for Pa to make. I should have realized that the trike is the biggest thing in your life and a whole day without it means a lot more than Pa's getting to work five or ten minutes late. Just the other day, Pa took his car in to get it fixed and, when the mechanic said he couldn't do it right away, I remember that I didn't like it too well. That day with the trike got me, if you must know. I could see Ric's blue eyes looking up at me asking for that one little favor. And his look of dis-

From *Poor Cedric's Almanac*, by Cedric Adams. Copyright 1952, by the author, and published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York.

appointment haunted me throughout the day.

And, David, that trick of yours of waiting till Pa gets sprawled out reading the paper and then coming up and asking me to read Dick Tracy to you. Several times, I've sent you to your mother to let her read the comics. I'm not going to do it any more. If you've shown enough interest in Pa to ask him to do something, then I'm not going to alienate that affection by sidetracking you to your mother.

I think maybe if fathers forgot some of their own problems when they're around their kids, and considered more deeply the problems that, at the moment, concern the youngsters, we'd be better off all around.

Now here's a secret I want to let you boys in on, too. Not even your mother knows about this yet. You know how she saved those first little booties of yours? Somehow, mothers always have a sentimental attachment for babies' booties. Well, down in Pa's desk at the office, I have tucked away three pairs of your old shoes.

The laces are out, the shoes are scuffed, the heels run over. They're no good to anyone except Pa. And when the going gets a little rough or things seem to be breaking on the dark side, I open that drawer for a long look at those shoes. That does something to me. Those old shoes pep me up when I imagine you boys running and playing and living life with scarcely a care.

Maybe if all fathers had some kind of symbolism that would function for them, it would help. For instance, if a father were speeding across Forty-fourth Street and suddenly he thought of a pair of shoes, maybe that would remind him of a boy who might be darting out into the street and he would slow down to a safer speed.

Well, that's what I meant when I said that Father's Day is a good time to take inventory. This business of being a father is a pretty serious matter, and sometimes we don't give it quite the attention we should. I don't want you guys to get the idea that Pa is going to be a pushover for any little thing you might want, but I will promise you now that I will be more considerate of what you suggest.

Father's Day is a good time to bring this up, too. Your mother does all the wrestling in connection with getting you boys to bed. She handles the neck and ear scrubbing department. And then Pa comes along and cashes in on the kisses.

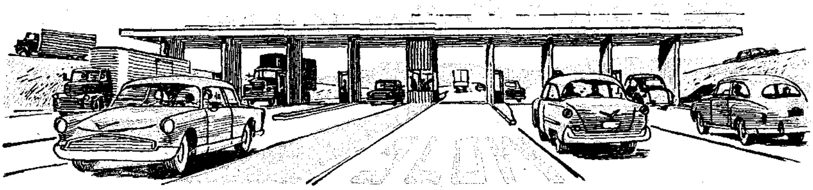
You don't know it, but every night before I go to bed I sneak into your rooms and give each of you a smack on the cheek. And if there's a father who has neglected or quit that custom, let him revive it tonight.

It's the one way that any father can get his full compensation.

Costly Opportunity

AMERICA IS STILL the land of opportunity, where a man can start out digging ditches and wind up behind a desk—if he doesn't mind the financial sacrifice. —*The Pipe Line*

Tired of Paying Highway Tolls?



by **JOHN L. SPRINGER**

What started out as an aid to better driving is fast becoming a national scandal

RECENTLY a young Navy seaman at Portsmouth, Virginia, given a short leave, decided to visit his family in Massachusetts. Happily he climbed into his car and began the journey.

His automobile motor was barely warm when he was stopped and told to dig into his pocket for 30 cents for the Portsmouth-Norfolk tunnel. At Norfolk, he was stopped again and paid $1.25 for a five-minute ferry ride across Hampton Roads to Newport News. A few miles later, he paid 75 cents at a York River bridge. Soon there was a similar toll for him to pay at the Potomac River Bridge.

Dazed by the parade of outstretched palms, the sailor drove on. He paid tolls on the Delaware Memorial Bridge, on the New Jersey Turnpike, on the George Washington Bridge spanning the Hudson, on the Henry Hudson Parkway, on roads up to Massachusetts. When he finally reached his home with a flattened purse, he added his expenditures.

On the 597-mile drive, he had paid $6.60 for tolls—over a cent a mile simply for the privilege of riding on roads and bridges. This was only $1.75 less than he had paid for gasoline and oil on the entire trip!

This shocking example of how toll collectors are taking over our travel facilities is not unusual. In many sections of the U. S., it is almost impossible to ride 100 miles without encountering a collector demanding tribute. And the millions of motorists taking vacation trips this summer will find toll roads blossoming where they never bloomed before. For on top of all the burdensome auto, gas and oil taxes that have already been laid on motorists, states are piling on toll taxes at a record-shattering rate. And these are probably the unfairest taxes of all.

Fifteen years ago, toll roads were virtually unknown. Even five years ago, they totaled only 300 miles throughout the country. Today, the total is 854 miles. In a few years, it will be more than 3,000 miles, and a few years after that, experts estimate, it will be 6,000 miles.

Nine states, mainly in the East and Midwest, already are grabbing coins from motorists. Seventeen others have approved or proposed pay-as-you-ride highways. Soon, a motorist traveling from Maine to Minnesota will find a toll-taker's outstretched palm on almost every modern road he uses.

"What's wrong with that?" ask some supporters of toll roads. "Why shouldn't motorists pay for the roads they use?"

The answer, often overlooked by the public and by the victimized motorists themselves, is that motorists have *already paid in advance for toll roads through gasoline taxes.* And the appalling fact is that motorists who ride on toll roads usually pay for them not just twice, but *three* and *four* times!

WHEN AUTOMOBILES grew in popularity, state officials realized that better roads would be needed. "We'll tax the gasoline these cars use, and build roads with the money," they decided.

For years, this idea worked. Gas-tax rates soared. As millions poured in, state politicians came up with another clever thought: "Let's use these taxes for things other than highways."

Thus began the sinister practice of diversion—the use of gas-tax money for purposes never originally intended. Since 1924, says the Federal Bureau of Public Roads, states have used *three billion dollars* of motorists' taxes to grow oysters, support public cemeteries, operate ski schools, and for other purposes as far from road building as the mind can imagine.

In 1951, out of every dollar that poured into state treasuries in highway-use taxes, only 53 cents was used *directly* on highway work. Another 37 cents went for administration and tax collection costs, to state highway police and payments to holders of highway bonds. Yet in that year, states diverted $266,771,000 to other purposes. This sum could have built a modern, two-lane highway from New York to California—a *free road.*

Every year, the motorist pays for such a 3,000 mile coast-to-coast highway—a road he never gets! "Since 1934," says the National Highway Users Conference, "121,487 miles of road could have been built with monies diverted by state governments"—the *equivalent to 40 coast-to-coast highways!*

Through the years, needed roads remained unbuilt. Then, when highway congestion became so frightful that road building could no longer be delayed, state officials threw up their hands helplessly. "We don't have the money to build free roads," they said. "So we'll charge tolls for them."

But building a toll road is not like building a free road. Often, it is three or four times costlier.

First, consider the financing. Instead of paying for the roads out of their own treasuries, the states borrow the money. To attract investors, they pay high interest rates. Recently, the state of Ohio advertised bonds for its new superhighway with an interest rate of 3.1 per cent a year. But this interest is *free of tax.*

A man with an income of $100,000 a year, seeking the same return from investments *not* tax-exempt, would require an interest of 31 per cent. Obviously, when a wealthy man escapes a tax, however legitimately, the mass of taxpayers must carry the burden.

Secondly, toll roads are more expensive to build. Free roads open to the public may have many intersections. Toll roads must eliminate these to prevent motorists from coming onto the roads free. Costly overpasses must be built.

Third, hundreds of employees must be hired to man toll booths day and night.

Because of these factors, the American Automobile Association states flatly: "The per-mile cost of the toll road is substantially higher than the cost of an equivalent free road." Who pays? The poor, helpless motorist, of course.

NOW CONSIDER another way in which toll roads milk the taxpayer. Bondholders who finance the roads usually demand that, to protect their investments, the profits from gasoline, restaurant and other sales be added to tolls collected. When new thruways open, they inevitably draw traffic from nearby highways. Often, private owners of gas stations, restaurants and roadstands along older roads are squeezed to death.

U. S. Highway 130 once was a bustling road, teeming with traffic from Philadelphia and the South to New York. A main link in the Eastern Coast highway system, it was used by big trailer-trucks and private cars. Along the highway, business prospered. Merchants spent millions to improve service stations, diners, motels. They paid out hundreds of thousands more in taxes.

Then the Jersey Turnpike opened. Business on U.S. 130 dropped at once. Motels which once served 100 customers a night now served ten. Receipts of gas stations were halved. Dozens of taxpayers, who had spent years developing their businesses, were forced to sell out at huge losses.

The AAA warns that officials may "deliberately retard the improvement of free roads which compete with a toll highway, especially if a toll road is having trouble making ends meet."

On one free highway paralleling a toll road, state inspectors set up weighing stations and stopped all trucks for checkups. When truckers complained of long delays, the inspectors jerked their thumbs toward the toll road.

"That road is built to take heavy trucks like yours," they said. "Use it, and you'll have a lot less trouble with inspections."

Furthermore, even if turnpike authorities guess wrong and build an unprofitable road, the bondholders probably will not take the loss—*if they can stick the motorist.* In 1947, bondholders financed a new toll road in Maine. Motorists were charged 50 cents to drive 44 miles from Kittery to Portland.

But revenues failed to reach expectations. The rate was raised to 60 cents. Still revenues lagged. Up went the toll again—to 75 cents, or 1¾ cents a mile. This is as much per mile as most motorists pay for gas *plus* gas taxes!

Despite the gross unfairness of most toll roads, many persons continue to praise them lavishly. Let us see why.

"These roads are marvels of scientific engineering," they argue. "They are generally far better than free highways. They are attractively landscaped, unmarred by billboards or other eyesores. They enable you to travel long distances speedily without traffic jams. Their advantages far outweigh the annoyance of having to pay tolls."

True, toll roads usually are better than existing free roads. If they weren't, motorists would not pay to use them. True, they are often more attractive. But only because state officials have misused the gas taxes that could have made free turnpikes attractive, too.

Also, on toll roads, speeds far greater than average are permitted. But is this an advantage? In a dozen years on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, 395 persons have died in accidents. In 1950 alone, there were 949 accidents, involving 1,641 vehicles. Many big truckers ordered drivers to take other routes because of the dangerous accident rate on the Turnpike.

Another warning: if your car is old and in danger of a breakdown, don't drive it on toll roads and expect to save time. One Eastern motorist recently blew a tire in the middle of a 35-mile stretch between service stations. On a free highway, she might have pulled over to the roadside and found aid within walking distance. But on the superhighway, she drove her car to the side of the road and waited two hours for help.

Finally a stranger stopped and offered to change the tire. At the service station, she waited another hour before a clerk could be relieved at the tank to mount a new spare. Then she discovered that the tire cost considerably more than it would at service stations on free highways!

This experience is not unusual. Similar tales of frustrations, waiting and exorbitant prices due to lack of commercial competition along toll highways, can be told by thousands of other drivers whose cars have gone out of action on these gleaming "Roads of Tomorrow."

The idea of forcing motorists to pay to use government-built roads is recent. During the Depression, public works projects were sought to make jobs. Why not blast a super-road through Pennsylvania's mountains and charge the public to ride on it? Throughout the nation, state politicians watched the Turnpike's progress with hungry eyes. Many considered how they, too, might snatch the public's coins. In 1939—a year before the Pennsylvania road was even opened—Connecticut set up toll booths along its new Merritt Parkway. The snatch for dimes was on.

Today, toll roads already in operation, under construction, approved or proposed, total 6,000 miles and involve 26 states: Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania,

Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

In nine states, individuals or agencies already have authority to build toll roads *at will*. In some, a highway department legally can designate toll routes as it pleases. In others, only the governor's approval is needed.

If officials propose a toll road in your state, ask what has happened to the gas tax revenues. Why can't these taxes pay for the road? If gas taxes have been diverted and misused for political purposes, states should not plead poverty and turn to tolls as an easy solution.

If a toll road appears needed, put traffic experts on record that the estimated volume will pay for it. Obviously, a toll road that cannot pay for itself should never be built. But such roads have already been put over on the public.

Make certain that once the toll road is paid for, it will be made available to the public *free*. Any bill your legislature passes authorizing a toll road should contain specific guarantees that the road will become a freeway when paid for.

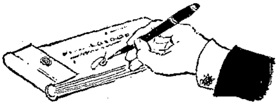
Meanwhile, some states are proving dramatically that adequate roads *can* be built without extra charge.

Consider what California is doing in teeming Los Angeles. In the metropolitan area alone, 2,250,000 cars are registered. Almost every family owns a car, and millions in nearby areas use no other means of travel. Of all America's cities, traffic problems here should be the most acute.

Instead, driving into Los Angeles is a motorist's delight. Smooth six and eight-lane highways run from downtown through the city. Fifty miles of such roads have been built since World War II at a cost of $200,000,000; an additional 100 miles are under construction.

But—motorists use these roads without charge. *Almost every penny of cost has been paid out of state gasoline taxes.*

It should be this way *in every state.* If motorists fight the political diversion of gasoline taxes, and insist upon receiving the good, free roads that they have already paid for, the American driver can beat back the toll-road grab which is fast becoming a national scandal.



Tale of One Rockefeller Gift

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR. has long been interested in Tuskegee Institute. On a visit there, the class in business methods was reciting, and giving demonstrations on the blackboard for his benefit.

One of the brightest students was asked to write a correct promissory note. The boy complied, in a fine Spencerian hand, as follows:

I promise to pay to Tuskegee Institute the sum of $10,000.

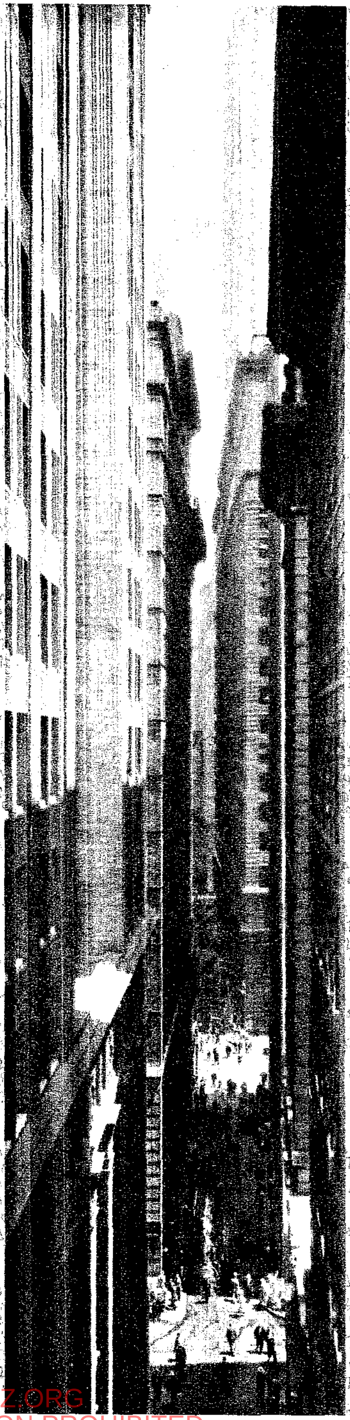
(Signed) John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

The millionaire was so amused that he wrote out a check for the amount. —B. C. FORBES, *101 Unusual Experiences* (B. C. Forbes & Sons, 1952)

Picture Story

Wall Street

It is just 300 years since the hardy Dutchmen at the lower end of Manhattan Island built a wall around their settlement as a defense against bands of marauding Indians. No one knows when the stockade crumbled, but everyone knows that the cowpath which paralleled it finally became Wall Street, financial center of the world. In the gray buildings that line its six narrow, twisting blocks from Old Trinity Church to the East River, more than twice as much money changes hands every day than is handled by the U. S. Government. Here the resources of a nation are funnelled into industry, trade. The very words, Wall Street, have become a symbol of America's economic might. This is the story behind that symbol.



A CLERK RECEIVES THE ORDERS TELEPHONED TO THE FLOOR, BUT ONLY MEMBERS CAN BUY AND SELL AT THE EXCHANGE'S 18 TRADING POSTS.

An ironclad rule of the Exchange is that all purchases must be clearly audible.

Behind the façade at the corner of Wall and Broad is the most important auction place in the world, the New York Stock Exchange. From the chaos of sound on its 140-by-115-foot floor emerge decisions and transactions affecting the financial fortunes of some 6,500,000 shareholders and about 1,500 corporations in the United States.

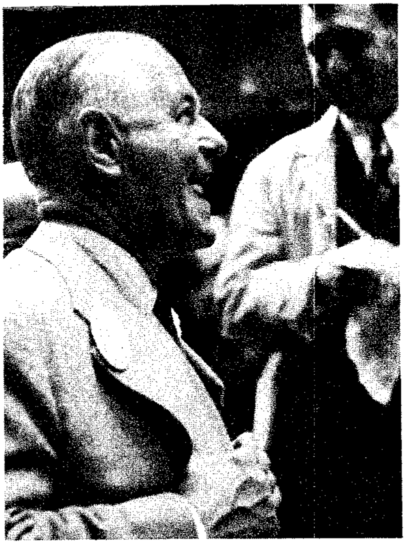
Seemingly, confusion reigns supreme. The clacking of the call board punctuates a perpetual murmur of meaningless words:

"Monkey . . . 62 . . . one-half."

But the bedlam is purposeful, the words far from meaningless. Attuned ears understand "Monkey . . . 62 . . . one-half" (Montgomery, Ward: 62 bid; 62½ asked). Somewhere in the throng are two men who, in a moment of frenetic talk, will agree on a figure between those two points. Another transaction has been completed.

Brokers wear large identifying badges.

The Board flashes their signal numbers.



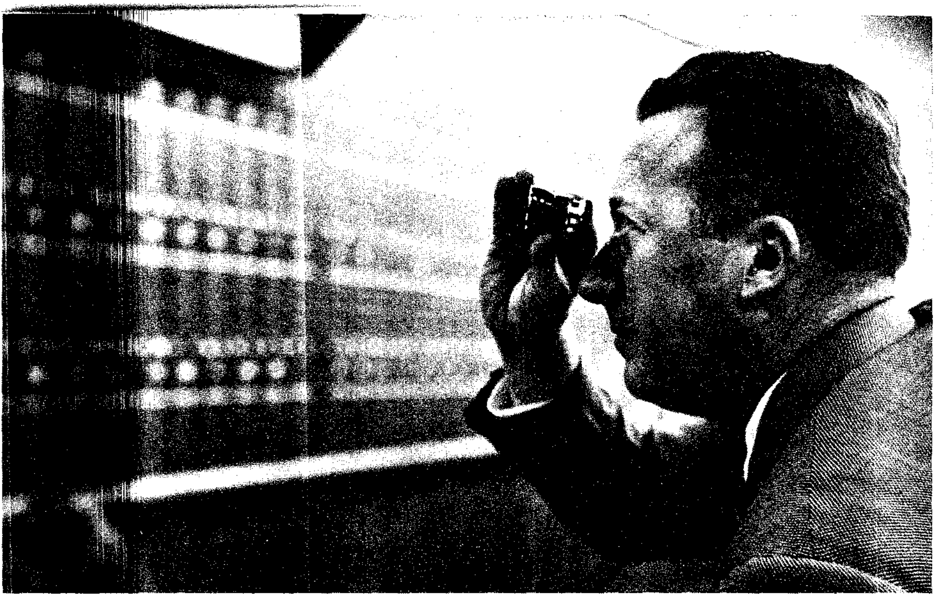
At every moment, the broker on the floor personally represents one customer.

His orders are usually in lots of 100, and take only a minute or so to complete.

No matter what the customer wants, he will do his best to fulfill the order.

IN THE "QUOTE ROOM," SOME 90 OPERATORS KEEP AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE RECORD OF MARKET PRICES BY DIRECT WIRE TO EACH POST.

AT THE END OF THE DAY, ALMOST A TON OF TICKERTAPE AND MEMOS AND NEWSPAPERS MUST BE SWEPT OFF THE FLOOR OF THE EXCHANGE.



Binoculars are needed to see the board at Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane.

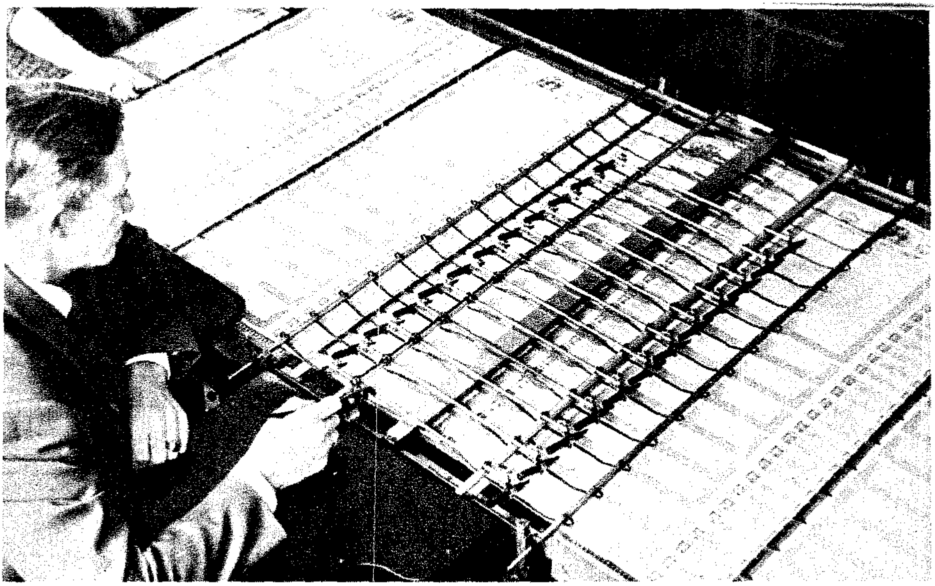
The men who make the ticker clatter are the stockbrokers. Stringently regulated both on the Exchange floor (they can be fined $50 for running) and in their nationwide network of brokerage houses, their operations involve millions—mostly of other people's money.

Their careers are overseen from the moment they apply for Exchange membership. Their business lives, harassed and dedicated to doing the customers' bidding, leave little time for the amenities—a ten-minute lunch is typical.

Brokers will buy for you 100 shares of American Telephone & Telegraph at the price limit you specify. If you want to buy or sell less than 100 shares, "odd-lot" dealers will handle your order. All floor brokers must be members of the Exchange—price of a seat: $50,000. One and all, they are at work for the American investor.

They are Wall Street's biggest brokers . . .

. . with 1,100 executives in 110 cities.



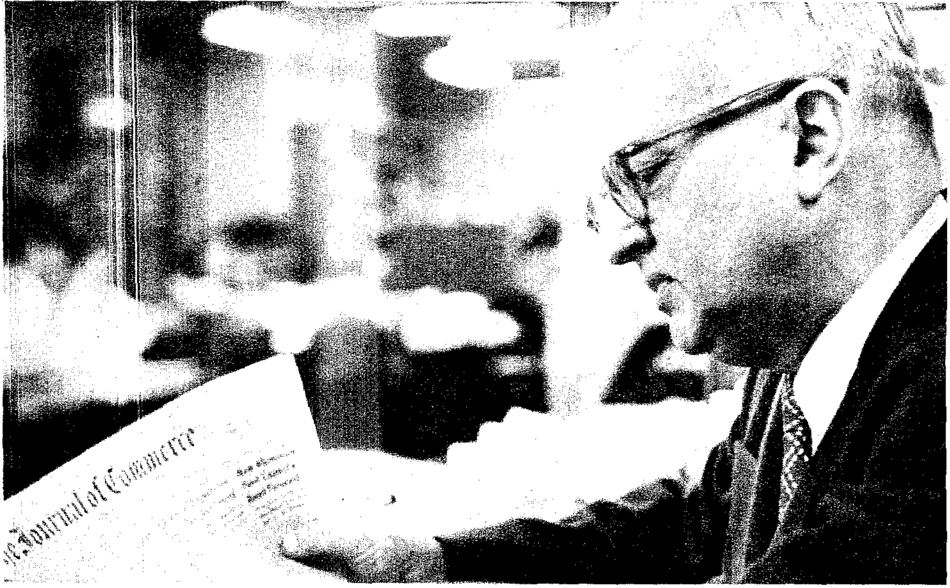
A Chase representative authenticates bonds for which the bank is trustee.

Coin-counters handle 70 tons a month.

A Chase man verifies a stack of bills.

In a variety of roles—trustee, underwriter, depository—the mammoth banking institutions "downtown" are almost as active as the Exchange itself. Their sound approach to corporate finance serves as both anchor and ballast on The Street. The Chase National, for example (assets, $5,500,000,000), reflects, in a courtly air and the quiet cut of its officers' clothing, the stanch conservatism that has made it, in many ways, the most influential bank in the U. S.

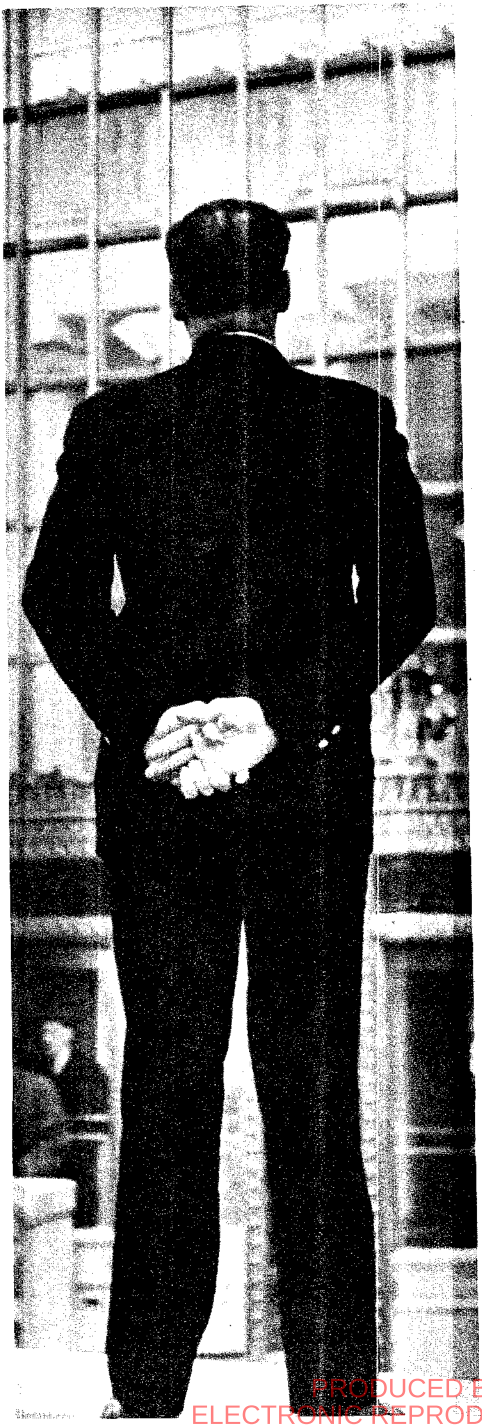
There is a story that Baron Rothschild, the English financier, once saved a small investor from ruin simply by walking arm-in-arm with him across the London Exchange. The Chase can't walk across the New York Exchange—"Only Members Permitted"—but when it accepts the XYZ Corporation as a client, it is announcing that XYZ is sound and solid.



This is the managing editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, a daily financial paper.

Next to the nation's capital, Wall Street is covered by more newsmen than any city in the U. S. The *Wall Street Journal* alone has a readership of almost 450,000. Reporters for trade journals and financial magazines patiently plow through reams of figures and statistics for trends and highlights. Their readers have a stake in America.

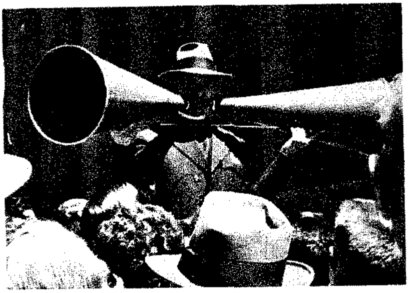
This newsman has been on The Street for 50 years, is now with the *Wall Street Journal*.



A clerk takes an order for an odd lot.

Runners deliver what can't be phoned.

Ever-active are clerks on the floor.

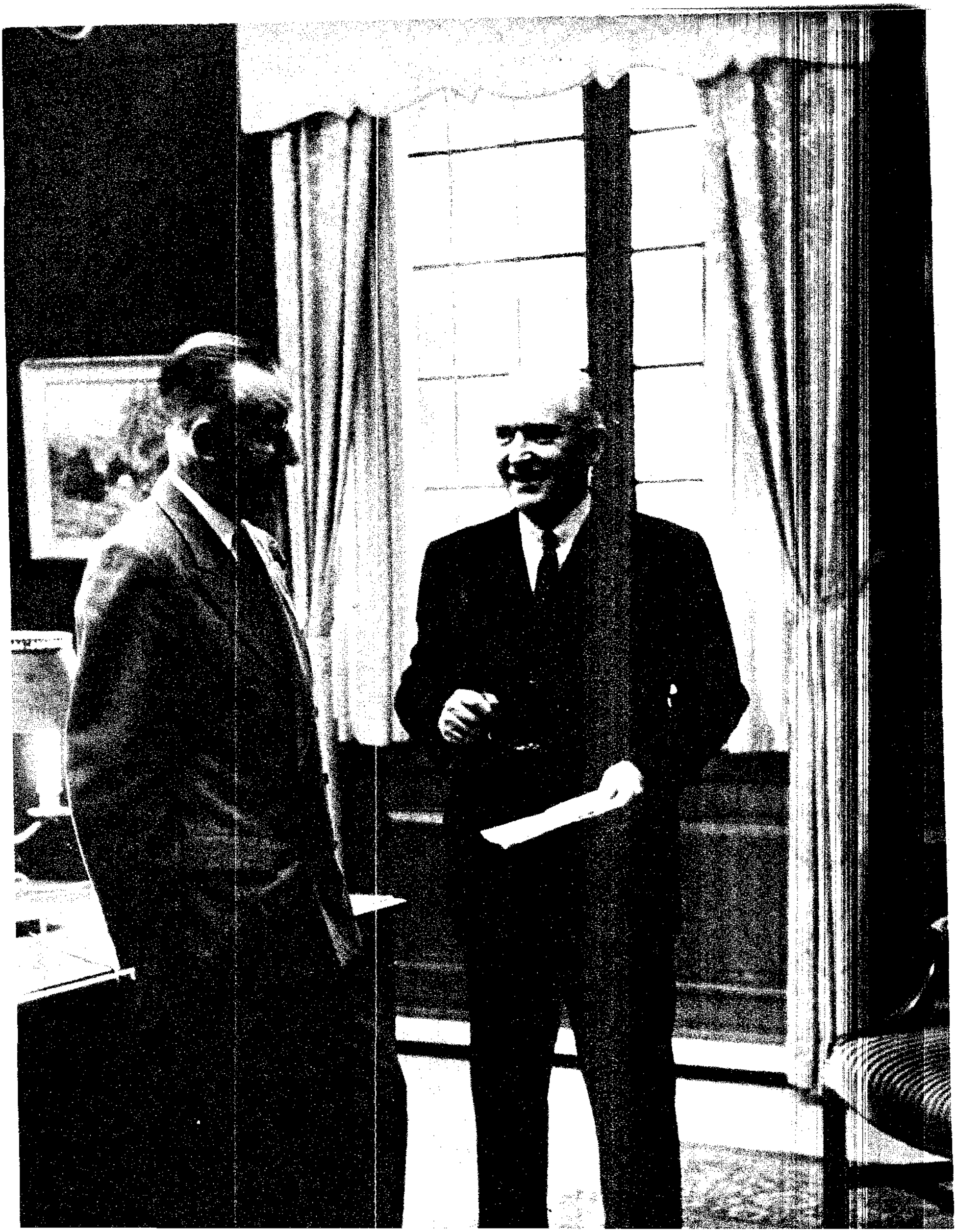


Street missionaries are landmarks.

Once a secretary, Joan Handel is a registered representative at Bache & Co.

It takes a working population of 40,000 to keep The Street going. It takes operators to man the ends of some 500,000 miles of telephone and telegraph wire. It takes brokers and guards and IBM operators. Most of the people on Wall Street are paid from the small brokerage commission taken out of every dollar that crosses the market. Each one helps to maintain a world-wide and fabulous financial operation.

An ex-newsman, Hugh Harley, now a trader, lives and works at 108 Wall Street.



Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange, was a college president.

J. P. Morgan is gone, and so is his era. Today's Wall Street titans, their fortunes linked to the U. S. economy, are more concerned with stability than with coups. So it is that the men on these pages—the Street's most powerful—are interested in the small investor: his dollars mean a broad base for the nation's financial structure.

(Left to right) Winthrop H. Smith, managing partner of Merrill Lynch; Peter Byrne, New York S.E.C. head; Edward McCormick, American Stock Exchange president.

BANKERS AND BROKERS RELAX AT THE WALL STREET CLUB. IT IS EXPENSIVE, EXCLUSIVE AND THE SCENE OF MANY A FINANCIAL DISCUSSION.

On a busy night, liveried chauffeurs wait for their bosses to go home.

Of the more than $15,500,000,000 in stocks and bonds, traded on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange last year, the Exchange itself neither bought nor sold a single share. In function, it is no different in 1953 than it was in 1792, when 24 men first gathered under a buttonwood tree on old Wall Street and traded some government bonds. It is a market place.

Should a salesman in Phoenix, Arizona, call his local broker and give him an order to buy 100 shares of U. S. Steel, the salesman would be the owner of that stock some five minutes later, just as surely as if he himself had walked across the Exchange floor to Post Two and made the purchase. All of Wall Street, its miles of telephones and ticker tape, its Big Board (New York Stock Exchange) and Little Board (American Stock Exchange)—and all the people who run them—is geared to just such an operation.

What has the salesman in Phoenix bought? In effect, his stock represents a part ownership—together with millions of other stockholders—of the factories, laboratories, patents, good will and management of the U. S. Steel Corporation. He will share in its profits and, as its assets increase, so will the value of his stock. Should he want to sell, he will have as little trouble as he had buying. The great market place of finance is on Wall Street, but the nearest buyer is no farther than the telephone on Main Street, be it in Dallas, Des Moines or Seattle.

The history of Wall Street is tied to the history of the U. S. Both have known crisis and triumph. Both have survived. Both are now stronger than ever.

EVEN WHEN THE EXCHANGE CLOSES, THERE IS ACTIVITY IN THE NARROW DOWNTOWN CANYONS. BUT UNTIL MORNING, THE TICKER IS QUIET.

The Madman of Mattoon

by REED MILLARD

Women lived in fear of the phantom who seemed to haunt this Illinois town

ONE SEPTEMBER NIGHT in 1944, eight state police cars converged on what had once been a quiet, peaceful Illinois community of 17,000 people. What they discovered there ended the desperate search for the man who had thrown a city into panic, baffled detectives and astounded scientists. The almost incredible story has given the name of Mattoon, Illinois, a unique place in the history of American crime—and in textbooks on sociology and psychology.

The police got a hint of the terror to come on the night of September 2nd, when they received a frantic call from a hysterical woman. "My friend—a man tried to kill her with poison gas!" she cried.

A squad car screamed to the scene and the victim of the strange attack gasped out her story. She had been alone, her husband working on the night shift at a nearby factory. At about midnight she awakened "with a feeling I was being suffocated . . . The room was filled with a peculiar sickish odor like sweet smelling flowers. I tried to get up but my legs seemed paralyzed. Finally, I crawled to the telephone and called next door . . ."

Patiently the patrolman examined the window screen, which seemed to be properly in place. With equal care, he checked the doors, noting the fact that one was unlocked. He went outside and played his flashlight carefully on every part of the yard. There were no recently made depressions on the damp earth and grass.

Then he went back to talk to the still distraught woman. "Maybe," he suggested to the victim, "you just had a bad dream."

The woman shook her head. "I was gassed," she said positively. "I'm still sick."

"You didn't see anybody?" the patrolman persisted.

This time there was some hesitation before the admission, "No, but

I know there was someone there."

His questioning getting him no place, the officer urged the woman to go back to bed.

The whole thing was puzzling, he had to admit, but he filed a routine report and dismissed it as the sort of zany happening that every policeman encounters.

The next day the telephone at police headquarters rang with calls reporting two similar incidents. And three nights later there came a call that again sent a patrol car racing along darkened streets. The policeman who rushed into the house found a hysterical woman, apparently partly paralyzed and violently ill. Her story checked exactly with the one reported earlier.

The harried police had no sooner finished their checkup of this curious repeat performance, when a third call sent them to another address. Again, they found a paralyzed woman who sobbed out the now familiar account.

Doubting the possibility of a strange marauder being abroad in this peaceful neighborhood, the police could only shrug their shoulders and put it down as a bizarre, but insignificant, episode. A search of the area in daylight turned up no clues, and the women, though no longer hysterical, could do no more than repeat their descriptions of the strange "sickish sweet" gas.

However, the police soon had reason to take a grimmer view of what had happened. Whoever—or whatever—was stalking the city was apparently hurrying swiftly through one section of town after another, making his weird attacks.

Alarmed, Chief C. E. Cole summoned the town's entire force of ten policemen to meet what was fast developing into an emergency. Yet, though a dozen women reported identical assaults, not a single helpful clue was turned up.

Chief Cole began to suspect, almost hope, that the women, often alone and jittery anyway, had smelled the fumes of chemicals from a nearby war plant.

Impossible, the manager snorted. "There's no gas escaping. We've been operating for years; surely it would have been noticed before."

Doctors examining the victims also shook their heads at the explanation. Unquestionably, some of the women *had* been paralyzed.

The next night the Chief's theory took another blow—and the case got its first break. One terrified woman screamed over the telephone, "I saw him!"

When the squad car arrived, she calmed down enough to describe what had happened. An unfamiliar sound had awakened her, and in the shadowy outline of the window she had caught a glimpse of a dark figure. He seemed to be pumping something like an insecticide sprayer. Then she smelled the mysterious gas, and screamed.

The marauder turned and ran, but as he did, she saw that he was tall, thin, apparently dressed in black. He was, she was sure, wearing a black skull cap. The next night, police got another baffling clue. This time, the victim was drinking coffee with her husband when she happened to glance out the window. On the porch she saw a piece of white cloth with what appeared to be a red stain on it. She went out and picked it up.

Almost as if compelled to do so, she held it up to her nose, then staggered and screamed. Her husband rushed out to find her lying on the floor. She was rushed to a doctor, who reported that she appeared to be partially paralyzed.

Later, she told questioning police, "It was as if a charge of electricity ran through me. It burned—but I couldn't move."

Here at least was a tangible exhibit, the first actual object that might be connected with the macabre events. Perhaps the piece of cloth had been left here by the phantom, after he saturated it with the paralyzing chemical he used.

The Illinois Criminal Investigation Laboratory rushed down a chemical expert, Richard T. Piper. After studying and analyzing the cloth, he decided that it might have been soaked with a substance called chloropicrin, but he wasn't sure. However, Piper had to admit that he was mystified, for if chloropicrin was involved, it did not seem that this would explain the paralyzing effect of the rag. FBI experts expressed similar bewilderment.

Meanwhile terror stalked Mattoon, for the weird attacks on women increased. In a single night, 7 calls came in. The town's policemen, hollow-eyed from lack of sleep, were given no rest. The Department was deluged with calls from citizens demanding protection. Reporters swarmed in from news services and big Chicago dailies.

Soon, angry, worried citizens acted to take the law into their own hands. Cars filled with men carrying shotguns began to prowl the streets. Neighbors organized their own vigilante squads to patrol groups of houses.

When frantic businessmen planned a mass meeting to discuss the thing that was happening to their town, Thomas Wright, police commissioner, gave them warning.

"If this goes on any longer," he said flatly, "somebody is going to get killed—and it won't be from gas. The people here are losing all control of themselves. They're getting hysterical. I wouldn't walk through anybody's back yard right now for $10,000."

Admitting that the local police were indeed at their wits' end, Commissioner Wright sent out an SOS to the state police. They took the affair as seriously as did the excited citizenry, for into Mattoon they rushed eight squad cars and a mobile radio unit.

Carefully Captain Harry Curtis, in charge of the contingent, planned a shrewd deployment so that one of his cars could arrive at any point in the city in a matter of seconds. Each was in touch with the others by two-way radio; if need be, all could converge on a single point almost instantly.

But Captain Curtis had other plans which he was not talking about, except to Mattoon police and a few citizens who would be needed to carry them out. One of them was Dr. B. Raymond Cole, who was ready at Memorial Methodist Hospital.

Tensely the officers waited for autumn darkness to fall. At 10 o'clock, the first call came. A frantic woman was crying the familiar words. "Help . . . help . . . I've been gassed . . . the madman . . . "

Smoothly the call went out to the nearest patrol car. Thirty seconds later it was in front of the house, where stern-faced state patrolmen rushed inside.

Picking up the hysterical woman, they raced to the hospital, where Dr. Cole stood waiting. He immediately examined the victim.

His report was an amazing one. "There is nothing wrong with her. Pulse normal. No temperature. No mouth burns. No indications of paralysis. I advise taking her back to her home."

She had hardly left the hospital when news of another attack reached the police. It occurred in a strange place—in a downtown theater. There, a woman suddenly screamed and collapsed on the floor. Officers entering the theater had to fight their way through a milling crowd of excited patrons.

This new victim was hurried into the hospital. Again Dr. Cole made the same quick appraisal, "Nothing wrong with her."

Through the evening, more of the frantic calls came in. Each time the frightened victim was examined, and each time the doctor's verdict was the same.

Finally, the calls stopped. The telephones at police headquarters would never ring again with a report of an assault by the phantom.

Who was the madman of Mattoon? The answer is as fantastic as it is simple. There never had been a madman who sprayed a strange gas at unsuspecting victims. He was a phantom that lurked only in the human mind.

Hysteria, pure and simple, had driven a town to the verge of civic insanity, with who knows what explosive consequences had not the authorities suspected and uncovered the true culprit—an almost unbelievably swift network along which spread the fearful rumor. Nothing more than this grapevine, combined with the impact of unreasoning fear on suggestible minds, had created the incredible affair.

Fortunately, the police guessed correctly that rushing victims to the hospital would provide sobering news, to be quickly spread on this fear-born communications system, jolting the potentially hysterical back to their senses.

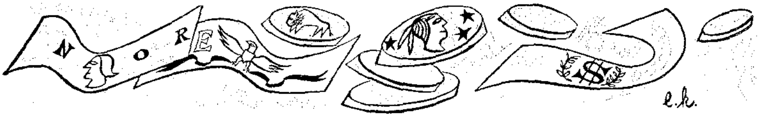
Let no one scoff at the mad thing that happened in Mattoon. For it was a form of the same kind of crazy panic that sent people streaming out of big cities on the night of Orson Welles' "War of the Worlds" broadcast. It is a form of mass hysteria that psychologists warn could be a sinister tool for any enemy nation, fiendishly clever at using rumor and hysteria as a weapon.

That New Car

Father: How many miles to the gallon?
Mother: What color is the upholstery?
Son: How fast will it go?
Daughter: Has it a cigarette lighter?
Neighbor: How can they afford it?

—*The Height Accelerator*

WHAT DO YOU SEE?



KEN MURRAY, star of "The Ken Murray Show" (CBS-TV, alternate Sundays, 9:30 to 10 P.M., EST), has been a variety headliner for 30 years. As quiz master, he wonders how observant people really are. The objects mentioned below are all familiar to you, but how well do you really know them? Take the test and see. Answers on page 166.

1. What other group of four words besides "In God We Trust" appears on most U. S. coins?

2. Does Lincoln wear a tie on a penny?

3. How does Washington wear his hair on a quarter; Jefferson on a nickel?

4. Identify the building on the back of the Jefferson nickel.

5. What seven-letter word other than America appears on all U. S. coins (less than a dollar) issued after 1883?

6. Does Jefferson face the same way on both the nickel and the three-cent stamp?

7. Does it say "post" or "postal" on the cards you mail?

8. What words appear on the lid of a mailbox?

9. Which letter doesn't appear on your phone dial?

10. If you're a man, give the total of lace holes in your shoes.

11. Which two groups of three letters on a typewriter are arranged in alphabetical order?

12. What time do the clock signs advertising a jewelry store usually indicate?

13. Which way do you turn the knob of a door when opening it?

14. If you're a cigarette smoker, identify the person pictured on the revenue stamp of a pack.

15. Of the 13 bars in the American flag, which are in the majority—the red or the white?

16. Where is the coin-return slot on a public phone, left or right side?

17. An ordinary fork has how many prongs?

18. Wearing a man's wrist watch? Don't look now, but does it have a number 6?

19. A policeman wears his badge on which side?

20. The Statue of Liberty holds what in her left hand?

21. How many keys on a full piano?

22. On which side of *your* radio and/or TV set is the volume control?

23. How many spade pips (suit markings) on the Ace of Spades?

24. Which king in a standard pack of cards usually has no mustache?

25. How many jacks in a standard pack of cards show only their profiles?

26. A fresh book of matches usually contains how many matches?

27. An inch on an ordinary ruler is usually divided into how many equal parts?

28. If you're a man, do you know how many buttons are on the sleeve of your jacket?

29. Do you move both jaws while chewing?

30. When water goes down the drain, in any place above the Equator, does it swirl clockwise or counter-clockwise?

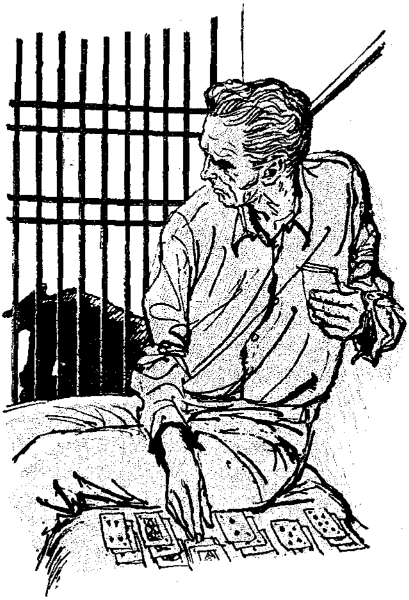
31. How many columns in your favorite newspaper?

32. Don't look now, but how many joints on your fingers; on your thumb?

His Last Card Trick

by MURRAY T. PRINGLE

Willie Kogut used macabre ingenuity to escape the hangman of San Quentin



WILLIAM KOGUT liked two things too well—women and cards. One put him in the Death House and the other took him out.

When Kogut, a lumberjack, was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of a woman in Oroville, California, he let it be known he didn't like the verdict. "You'll never hang me!" Kogut screamed at the judge.

Then he was led away, still screaming defiance.

Whether he planned to cheat the hangman via suicide or escape, Kogut didn't say, but word of his threat was passed to Warden James B. Holohan of San Quentin. Holohan in turn issued orders that Kogut be stripped of everything that might conceivably serve as a means of escape or suicide.

Guards went over every inch of the condemned man's clothing and shoes. They removed Kogut's necktie, suspenders, coat and shirt, leaving him with only his trousers and laceless shoes.

From his trousers, guards confiscated a handkerchief and key ring. They were about to take a deck of worn playing cards but Kogut pleaded with them. "Please! I like to play cards. Gotta have something to do while I wait." The guards checked the pasteboards one by one, decided they were harmless and returned them.

The warden inspected the cell personally to make certain the guards had overlooked nothing, then ordered a special guard posted to keep watch on Kogut. Days passed during which Kogut sat on his iron cot, playing solitaire or entertaining the special guard with card tricks. And that was the way things went until Saturday night October 9, 1930.

Hour after hour passed with Kogut sitting on the edge of his bunk, absorbed in solitaire. The guard grew sleepy watching the prisoner and toward morning he dozed off. The snoring of the guard wrought a startling change in the man who had apparently been so absorbed in solitaire. A wild gleam came into his eyes as he realized the moment he had so long awaited was finally at hand.

Shortly after daybreak on Sunday, an explosion rocked Death Row. Fearing an earthquake, prisoners set up a howl; in a twinkling the penitentiary was in an uproar. Guards came on the run and found that William Kogut had made good his threat; he had "escaped" the hangman.

Warden Holohan, flanked by guards, entered the cell which was filled with suffocating fumes. The prisoner was lying on the floor, his head bathed in blood, most of his face blown away.

Pieces of metal, two used matchbooks and a deck of mutilated playing cards, plus considerable brain cudgeling by the prison coroner and his chemist finally enabled officials to reconstruct Kogut's "impossible" suicide.

Fantastic as it sounds, Kogut had actually blown himself to death with his deck of cards! While the guard slept, the condemned man had used his thumbnail to shave all the red spots from the heart and diamond suits. These he soaked in his tin cup of water, reducing them to a wet pulp.

Next, he stuffed the pulpy mass into a hollow knob wrenched from his cot. He plugged this with a second knob, making it airtight. Now he had put together a potentially deadly bomb, for the bits of playing cards were composed of cellulose and nitrate.

Somehow he had managed to secrete two paper packs of matches and with these, he built a tiny fire in his tin cup. Over this he held his homemade "grenade" until the flame brought the lethal pulp to explosive heat. Then, in the instant before the explosion, he bent his head, took the bomb in his hands, held it tightly against his compressed lips—and waited.

Willie Kogut knew a lot of card tricks, but he had saved his biggest and best till the very last. There was but one thing wrong—it was good for only one performance.

The Language of Love

BACHELOR: A man who will consent to get married if he can find a girl who loves him as much as he does.

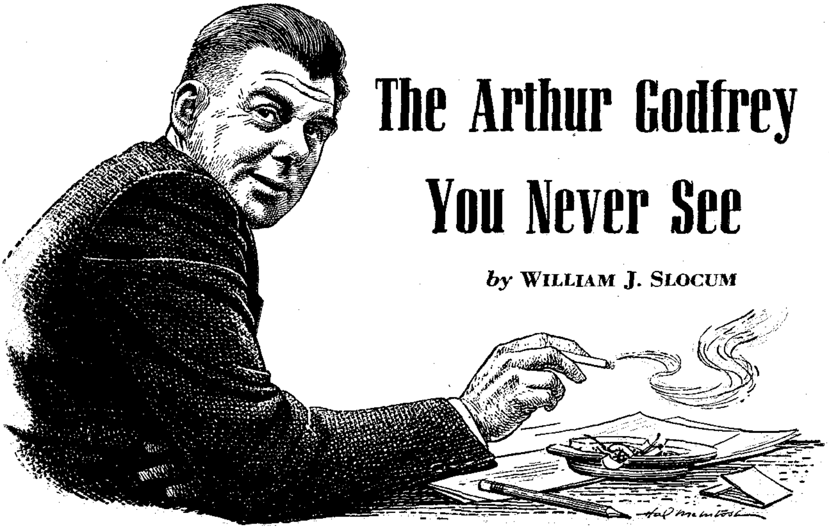
—*The Weekly Animator*

FEMALE SOPHISTICATION: Knowing how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it. —BETTY MUELLER

COURTSHIP: A game of hide-and-sex. —HENRY W. PLATT

ALIMONY: Money a man is forced to pay his loved-once.

—*Wall Street Journal*



The Arthur Godfrey You Never See

by **WILLIAM J. SLOCUM**

Here are the intimate and revealing facts about TV's top entertainer and his troupe

ONE OF THE MOST beloved figures who ever ambled across the entertainment world's horizon is a gimpy-legged, freckle-faced, red-haired clown called Arthur Godfrey. Like all great clowns, he knows us mortals only too well, yet is not really one of us.

He is one thing when he unfolds his art for our delight—gay, ingratiating, and wonderfully talented. But when the curtain is down, he is quite another man—a little fey, never shy but always withdrawn, a mite suspicious but always generous, and always—but always—his own creature and nobody else's.

Godfrey is a true American phenomenon and has attracted endless journalistic gushings about his technique, his talent, and his boyish charm (although he is about as boyish as a veteran bank president). I have known Arthur for 15 years as a co-worker, an employee, and more recently as an acquaintance, and I think there are many sides of him that remain undisclosed—sides of a complex human being who is as intriguing off-stage as on.

I met Arthur in 1938 at station WJSV in Washington, D. C., where he was the biggest and bitterest frog in the local pond. He had the highly cosmopolitan town of Washington at his feet, but CBS executives in New York steadfastly refused him a chance at the big time—the coast-to-coast network. Perhaps they thought his humor a trifle too broad for national distribution. He had accepted two spots as a commercial announcer on network shows and was fired both times.

In one instance, the reigning comedian of the day found Arthur's personality too vibrant even in his minor role. In the other case, Arthur found the reigning quiz master of the day too pompous for sufferance. And, hungry as he was for network acceptance, he was still Arthur, so he scornfully refused to pull his forelock to the comedian or to put up with the quiz man's arrogance.

These setbacks left scars in 1938, and Arthur's outlet took the form of endless needling of any man who represented constituted authority, as it was understood in radio. He retains this scorn to this day. He was never nasty, nor did he josh the errand boys—only the big shots.

Arthur is never nasty. He is either bubbling and loves everybody, or morose and politely noncommunicative to anyone, friend or foe. He will argue when he is feeling well, but the seriousness of such debates is determined entirely by the opposition. Arthur can always be laughed out of anything—except his moods of withdrawal.

These rare moods are pretty much a mystery to everyone. He has never explained them. My guess is that Arthur's leg is hurting. He incurred 47 separate fractures in an auto wreck in 1931, and he still limps despite special shoes. When the weather is dank or he is tired, the limp is pronounced. And it is this limp which creates the never-ending tale that Godfrey sometimes performs his show in a slightly plastered condition.

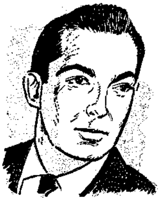
Last year, he missed half a show, and as he limped through the second half, millions of knowing heads and tongues wagged. He explained he had been lost in good conversation in his hotel room, and then swamped in extra heavy traffic engendered by a Manhattan rain storm. Arthur named his conversational partner, who became increasingly outraged as the tale of Godfrey's alleged indiscretion built up through the weeks.

"Drinking, indeed!" his partner scoffed when I taxed him on the matter. "I sat with Arthur for two hours swapping stories, and I could have used a drink, believe me. But we just got to talking, forgetting about the time, and then the traffic was murder. Drinking? Arthur rarely thinks of whiskey."

Today, Godfrey is the mildest of drinkers. When he was a kid in the Navy, he got some bad Prohibition hooch that turned him into a virtual teetotaler. He is, however, well aware of the drinking legends about him, and they pain him deeply. But he doggedly refuses to say over the air the few words that will explain to viewers why a limp looks like a stagger.

Another, and possibly greater irritant to Arthur, is censors. He has always been a headache to censors—to network censors, to self-appointed censors, and to legally constituted groups such as the Federal Communications Commission. But nobody has ever proved that he uttered a dirty line, even though his words, in transcript, have been minutely examined for blatant blueness and/or double entendre for two decades.

He has said many things that might raise the eyebrows of a Singapore saloon-keeper but, when transferred to paper, these things come out innocuous. Sometimes amusing, sometimes dull. But never dirty. There is never any carefully



Tony Marvin

planned construction of a gag designed to titillate the listener and confuse the censor. And I have seen Arthur throw away good jokes that might by some stretch of the imagination possibly prove offensive to somebody.

Godfrey never leers, facially or vocally. He shrugs, he doesn't finish a sentence, he puts an unusual emphasis on a word. It comes out a little less than immaculate *only* when Arthur is getting unexpected cooperation along such lines from the listener.

Godfrey's huge nighttime audiences belie the legend that only women listen to him. He does, however, have a vast female following. Arthur likes women immensely and they cotton to him. They seem to understand each other. The talk in show business is free and easy, and Arthur is an old sea-going gob who knows all the words and how to use them. But no girl who works with him ever hears anything untoward, either from him or from any man in his presence.

GODFREY THE WORKMAN is, like Godfrey himself, a wonderful contradiction. The hardest working beachcomber in the world, he is, far and away, the U. S. champion at long-distance sitting with feet on the desk. He is both a silent, looking-into-space sitter and a talking sitter. He is an accomplished conversationalist and at his best on the subject of Godfrey. But he never takes himself seriously. He only takes seriously people who try to use Godfrey.

This is not an uncommon practice in his chosen field and when it happens, Arthur gets those feet off the desk, clears the area of all ladies, and lets loose a fo'castle blast that no man has ever yet stood up against.

Arthur is at once a joy and a source of amazement in conversation. It is not surprising that he is witty, yet people have long forgotten that when he was just an announcer, he won diction awards. He speaks colloquially, but any mistakes he makes in grammar are made for emphasis.

People who have read of his meager half year of high school are astonished by the range of his interests and knowledge. Actually, he owns the equivalent of a good college education, thanks to his endless search for perfection which made him gobble up all available courses of instruction when he was in the Navy, and then later turned him into an avid student of the International Correspondence Schools.

When Godfrey stops gabbing and gets those feet off the desk to go to work, he is a demon. But a demon always with a purpose and a plan. He doesn't rehearse much for his morning shows because he has been doing such shows for 20 years. It's much the same with "Talent Scouts." The talent needs the rehearsing, not Arthur. He simply checks his gags, the names of the sponsors, the timing, and goes to work. And it all comes off as smooth as glass.

Such a conservation of energy is the mark of a great "pro"—the master of a craft or art. It explains why Arthur can do so many shows.

But "Godfrey and His Friends," the big Wednesday night full-hour show, is something else. It is his favorite, and he slaves on it. He makes everybody else slave, too. A few months ago he told all the girl singers he had arranged for them to take lessons. Nothing compulsory, of course. But all the girls are now taking singing lessons.

Early in 1953, he looked at some kinescopes of the show and was displeased. Next day he got the entire cast around him and made a brief statement: "You didn't look at ease on the show. I have hired a ballet master and he will be available to all of you starting Monday. Nobody has to study with him, of course." Everybody is dutifully taking ballet lessons now.

Arthur drives himself even harder. Next time you see him swinging on a circus trapeze, or swimming, or dashing about on ice skates, think of that leg with the 47 fractures and wonder if this is not a perfectionist to end all perfectionists. These arduous and dangerous stunts are Arthur's own innovations. They were born because he wanted to improve the show, although the show was already the highest-rated in the land. Everybody was delighted with the show, everybody but Godfrey, that is—a condition which frequently occurs and results in a lot of hard work and heavy thinking by the Old Perfectionist.

Archie Bleyer

Arthur was always like this, his muscle-bound and battered associates might be pleased to learn. In the late Thirties, when he was making $2,500 a week in Washington, he realized that his singing, a minor item in his portfolio, left much to be desired. He had a sound musical background, he could read music, play the piano and the ukelele, and had even written a couple of songs. But his singing was inadequate, so thrice a week at 4 in the afternoon—12 full hours after he had risen and ten hours after he had started working—Arthur took singing lessons.

Janette Davis

He brought Ethel Stoll down from New York for these lessons. Today, Miss Stoll screens talent for the "Talent Scouts" show and gives the ladies of the Godfrey gang the weekly lessons he suggested.

JUST AS ARTHUR worked to learn to sing in Washington, he also worked hard to master the art of using gag writers. He didn't actually need them in Washington, but his eye was always on New York and the national network, and he felt it necessary to learn the technique of telling somebody else's jokes. So he hired writers (among them me) and experimented endlessly, molding their efforts into his personality.

Today, he needs writers fully as much as Hope, Benny, Skelton or any other comedian. But where his peers use their anonymous distillers of ad libs as the very foundation of their performances, Arthur uses his wags as a source of relaxation. As an endless line of writers can tell you, he is funniest and most effective when using his own material.

Arthur once explained his philosophy about writers to me. "I get my money's worth from you fellows. I don't have to use your stuff, but I like to have it in my hand. If I dry up, I know I've got something to get by with. So I don't worry about drying up. If I'm not worrying about it, it probably won't happen."

What effect has a $3,000,000 business and the acknowledged supremacy in his field had on Godfrey's way of life? Well, he has been playing the ukulele professionally for a quarter-century. But early this year, he decided he didn't like what he was hearing, so now he is taking three lessons a week from Remo Palmieri, a great guitarist.

What happens when all this striving for perfection, this grueling work by a man who doesn't much like to work, builds up inside Godfrey? He simply disappears into himself. Sometimes he does it by sitting with his feet on the desk and watching the aerial acrobatics of pigeons over Park Avenue. But somebody is always walking in to break up that reverie.

Sometimes he gets on a tractor at his Virginia farm or plays with his two kids around the barns. But people come from all over the country to perch atop surrounding hills and peer at him through binoculars. There is only one foolproof sanctuary left to him—the wild, blue yonder.

Julius La Rosa

The Mariners

Godfrey has two planes and in them he is alone. He flies them with consummate skill and flies them high and far away. They require a copilot, but he is just part of the mechanism and Arthur is alone. Or Godfrey goes off to Pensacola, to climb into a Navy jet plane and go whistling through tropic skies.

When he comes back from a week of jet jockeying and a week of eating and laughing with the young Navy pilots, he is a completely relaxed man. His leg doesn't ache for a while. And even network vice-presidents don't bother him.

Godfrey is basically a "loner." There is no intimate pal in his background, because he never had a pal, although he makes friends as easily as he makes money. Like so many men who have had to miss a meal or two along the way, Arthur appreciates friends—but never counts on them. Experience has taught him that when the going is rugged, the one man he can always count on every time is that stout fellow, Godfrey.

Arthur is a devoted family man and shares with his wife, Mary, an almost fanatical desire to keep his two young children protected from the effects of his fame. Mrs. Godfrey and the youngsters live on an isolated and luxurious farm in Virginia. Because Arthur uses a plane like suburbanites use an automobile, this arrangement is cosier than it sounds.

Mary Godfrey was a secretary at NBC in Washington when Arthur met her in the mid-Thirties. He had long been divorced. Theirs is very much a "You-raise-the-kids-and-I'll-tell-the-jokes" family. Mary never mingles with his business associates and that is their great loss, because she is a delight to the eye and the ear.

An old and knowing friend assessed Mary's role in Godfrey's success with: "Arthur has always had talent, but he didn't get any sense until he married Mary."

Much of Godfrey's companionship in New York is provided by his co-workers, who have the wit to recognize that he likes conversation, laughs and debate. But not toadyism. He loathes stooges, and keeps himself almost entirely free of them in an industry where they sprout like toadstools. His favorite conversational sparring partners are his writers and musicians, whose senses of satire match his own.

Godfrey keeps a sophisticated and wary eye on the comings and goings of his radio and TV "family." Without exception, these performers owe everything they have to him. He doesn't "baby" them but is always ready to help in a serious jam. And, as more than one has told me, when the jam develops, they don't have to go to Godfrey. He usually comes to them, checkbook in hand.

This "family" of Arthur's seems forever growing as the Old Perfectionist sees or hears somebody he likes, waves his magic wand, and overnight transforms a sales clerk into a nationally known glamour girl or a gob into a bobbysoxer's dream boat.

Only a few of the performers in the morning shows and the big Wednesday night show are graduated from the "Talent Scouts". Of the regulars, Frank Parker was an old friend, who unhesitatingly points to himself as an example of Godfrey's generosity. He says, simply: "I went to see Arthur about getting a job and he gave me the best one I ever had in my life, all because I had done him some favor a dozen years ago when I was on top. I'd forgotten about the favor. Arthur hadn't."

Archie Bleyer, the Mariners, and Janette Davis were CBS artists whom Arthur heard and had promoted to his shows. Marion Marlowe was doing a one-night stand in a Miami hotel when Godfrey dropped in for a bite to eat. He heard her and four days later she was working on the Wednesday night show.

During a Honolulu vacation in 1950, Godfrey was listening to a chorus sing his beloved Hawaiian music when Haleloke Kahauolopua did a solo part. Godfrey grinned, applauded and Haleloke's been part of the "family" ever since.

Lu Ann Simms

In 1950, when Arthur was taking jet training in Pensacola, he was presented with a petition signed by a large segment of the crew of the *U. S. S. Wright*, an air-craft carrier. The petition begged Lt. Commander Godfrey to listen to an Electronics Mate 3/c, named Julius La Rosa. Arthur heard La Rosa and said at the end of the audition, "When your hitch is up in the Navy, there's a job with me." And so there was.

Announcer Tony Marvin is possibly the greatest example of Arthur's knack of finding fine talent where others saw little. Marvin, a handsome and genial frustrated basso, was an undistinguished member of the CBS announcing staff, devoting his time to soap operas and dance-band broadcasts, when he was assigned a minor substitute chore on the Godfrey show. His imposing mien and almost ghoulish accents suggest an insufferable pomposity, at first glance. Pomposity acts on Godfrey like a scarlet cape on a bull. So it wasn't long before Arthur tried a little stuffed-shirt deflating.

Frank Parker

He quickly discovered that Tony was, in fact, a young man of great charm and presence. He played along with Arthur's gags just so far. Then, coolly and efficiently, Tony would top the great ad libber and leave Godfrey gasping, first with surprise, then with laughter. Arthur recognized a quick wit and sound showmanship. Since 1946, Tony, Arthur and Arthur's audiences have profited handsomely from the frequent exchanges between Godfrey and his insouciant Jeeves.

There is more method than meets the eye in this seemingly unplanned gathering of artists. For every pretty young recent store clerk, there is an equally pretty veteran professional. For every beardless crooner, there is an experienced artist who wouldn't flat if the stage blew up beneath him. Arthur has patiently welded this youth and experience into a great team.

IT'S ONLY WHEN you see them backstage—as I did one night recently—that you separate the men from the boys, the women from the girls. You see Julius La Rosa sing his song beautifully, but when he comes off-stage his eyes are worried and he mutters, "When in heck am I gonna stop shaking out there?" Frank Parker, on the other hand, finishes his stint, and coolly ambles back to the little corner that he occupies relentlessly every second he is backstage.

The McGuires and Lu Ann Simms get to gushing all together about Marion Marlowe's new dress, until stage manager Chet O'Brien growls, "Ladies, you're being overheard as far as Dallas, Texas." Lu Ann Simms, only a few months from behind a music counter in Rochester, checks her horsetail hairdo for the eighteenth time in twenty-one minutes, while veteran Janette Davis calmly glances at a theatrical newspaper.

Then something goes wrong onstage and you see the kids and the veterans become a combined team-and-rooting-section. The Vagabonds, a singing comedy group making a guest appearance, have clowned a bit too long and run over their allotted time. Producer Larry Puck shakes his head and says, "They won't finish. They'll be cut off before they finish."

Then Parker joins the Vagabonds in a song. Frank knows the timing problem, so he picks up the beat. Faster and faster he goes, his enunciation still perfect. The Vagabonds are surprised; the song was rehearsed at a slower pace. But they have to follow Parker's breakneck beat, and they do.

Backstage, the kids and the vets all crowd around the monitor screen, their eyes swinging back and forth between the picture and the big clock on the wall. In 20 seconds, CBS identification will come on automatically, wiping off the Vagabonds and Parker before they are finished. It will look sloppy. But ten seconds before the identification card falls, Parker hits the last note of the song. The audience out front roars, Parker and the Vagabonds bow, and as the applause continues, the CBS identification falls on the screen. A perfect ending.

The older artists and artistes like to work for Godfrey and fully enjoy their success, but rather wish Arthur would toss his ice skates, swimming trunks and trapezes into the nearest river. The young performers wouldn't blink if Godfrey suggested a battle scene with real bullets. He recognizes all this and enjoys taunting the veterans about their brittle bones while he keeps a fatherly eye on the hat sizes of the children he has brought into his "family."

The McGuire Sisters

Marion Marlowe

This sense of responsibility of Godfrey for his kids is apparent when La Rosa talks about him. "Ten days after I took off my sailor suit, I sang on my first show for Mr. Godfrey," La Rosa explains. "Afterward I went to his office to say 'thanks.' Mr. Godfrey said to me, 'You won't have anything to worry about here. Just be yourself. Don't let any of it get too important—the good or the bad.' "

La Rosa shook his head, wonderingly. "Mr. Godfrey predicted everything that would happen to me. But everything. He seems to get almost as much kick out of it as I do. And every so often he reminds me, gentle-like, that it's not very important and it helps me keep 'being myself'."

How well Arthur has helped this 23-year-old star retain his sense of values can be seen in an unconscious aside that La Rosa made when we were talking of his first record, "Anywhere I Wander," which sold 500,000 copies in three weeks. Five top singers had made recordings of the song before La Rosa, and all five had failed to score with it. I asked La Rosa to tell me the five famous names and he told a little white lie and said he

Haleloke

didn't remember. I pressed him, and reluctantly he disclosed four. The fifth escaped him. I suggested perhaps it had been Perry Como.

He snapped out of his concentration and looked at me. "Como!" La Rosa exclaimed. "Why if Perry Como had made that record, I wouldn't have sold a single copy. Not even to my relatives."

If Godfrey can keep a tight rein on his artists' sense of reality, he is helpless along the same lines with their fans. It is the firm opinion of several millions of Americans that Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe are in love. Miss Marlowe and Parker sing melting duets with such ardor, usually looking deeply into each other's eyes, that it has become a social problem to both.

Naturally, they are delighted by this tribute to their artistry. But when Miss Marlowe accepts a young man's invitation to tea, ladies at nearby tables make it abundantly clear that they consider the doe-eyed Miss Marlowe an unfaithful hussy.

For the record, Miss Marlowe and Parker sing together. Nothing more. He has never so much as bought her a bottle of "coke"; she has never picked a solitary bit of lint off his lapel. Those probing glances, soft sighs and loving smiles are just part of a day's work. Like the teamwork of a riveter and his helper, only better paid.

Of his many friends outside the entertainment world, the five men closest to Godfrey make up a truly fantastic list—Dwight D. Eisenhower, Bernard Baruch, Eddie Rickenbacker, Walter Winchell (whom Arthur rightfully considers his discoverer), and Charles E. Wilson, ex-president of General Motors and now U. S. Secretary of Defense.

If Arthur's closest friends seem somewhat on the austere side, it is no indication that those "who knew him when" are forgotten. The fact is, of course, that nobody knew Arthur "when"—or "now." But those of us who have crossed his path along the way have found that his memory is good. The incidents run from the tragic to the ridiculous.

What favors Arthur does are always done in deepest secrecy. Such secrecy, in fact, that another old friend, the sheriff of Loudon County, Godfrey's home area in Virginia, almost lost his job. The sheriff mentioned that his office needed a police radio and Arthur bought him one, on the strict condition that the gift be forever anonymous. The County Supervisors demanded to know from whence came this expensive gift, and the Sheriff wouldn't tell until he was subjected to such pressure that he had to beg release from secrecy from Arthur.

OCCASIONALLY I drop into the New York offices of this man who once was known as "Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist." There have been changes since I had my cubicle next to his suite of two cubicles in Washington. Now he has roughly an acre of desk space.

His entire Washington staff consisted of Margaret Richardson. His writers, accompanist and teacher were part-time hired hands. Today, it takes 27 people to do what

"Mug" Richardson did by herself in Washington.

There are five full-time authors in residence. In Washington, when Arthur got tired of talking, he put on a record. Now he has two 17-piece orchestras and one seven-piece band, plus eight arrangers, plus 12 singers, plus guest artists, plus Tony Marvin.

In his office you find the Old Perfectionist as always. He is dressed in the best clothes money can buy, no matter what they look like. Arthur was always the master of the utilitarian garment, and neither the demands of TV nor the skills of great tailors are going to get him into anything different. His feet are still on the desk and he is still complaining about the same things that infuriated him 15 years ago: nobody appreciates the U. S. Navy, and "those politicians" are going to ruin the country.

Arthur is violently interested in politics, but scorns the straightjacket of party affiliation. He was a staunch and vocal FDR man, but began touting Ike for the Presidency back in 1946.

Another great Godfrey hobby is the United States of America. Perhaps it would be more accurate to call it a love affair. He talks about his native land like a college boy talks about Marilyn Monroe. This passion for America is a fearsome thing and is subject to no suspicion, since Arthur has always been ready to practice what he preached.

In civilian clothes throughout the war because the Navy refused to send a gimpy-legged man in his forties into the shooting zones, Arthur stayed mad from Pearl Harbor to VJ Day. But he did what he was told and raised gallons of blood. Today, he is flying jets because when mothers hear that an "old goat" like Godfrey can handle these modern monsters, their fears for their flying sons are lessened.

When Arthur has concluded his lecture on the beauties of America and you depart, he swings those feet off the desk and courteously limps to the door to shake hands. Everything is the same. The grin is the same, the necktie is awry, and the red hair still keeps falling forward, unlike any other hair in the world. Even the yelp of derision is the same when a vice-president preens past.

WHERE DOES GODFREY GO from here? Although he will never admit it, he would like to do something for those United States which he loves so much.

Just prior to the Eisenhower Inauguration, Washington columnists Stewart and Joseph Alsop revealed that Charles E. Wilson had recommended to Eisenhower that Arthur be given a Government job, working on our overseas propaganda. The Alsops saw in this recommendation a sure sign of "amateurism" in the new Government. It is difficult to say just what is amateurish about suggesting the nation's best propagandist to do the nation's propaganda.

It is not beyond possibility that Godfrey will wind up in Government. He would like it, and it would do Government good. No matter what the job assigned, he would have everybody in it whirring and sweating inside of a month. And never miss a guitar lesson doing it, either. ♛ ♛ ♛

Marry-

WESTERN GIRLS are influenced by the long distances between their homes and neighboring ranches. The distance brings a man's intentions right out into the open. You don't even have to be able to talk. They know that if you've ridden 60 miles, you haven't come to borrow a cup of sugar. This tends to eliminate most of the preliminaries of courtship. They're so glad to see you that they start shouting "yes" when you ride into sight. It's nothing for a cowboy to gallop into a corral and be married before his feet touch the ground. —BOB HOPE

HUSBANDS with excellent memories sometimes forget that they are married men. —OLIN MILLER

A YOUNG ACTOR had asked permission from his girl's parents to marry her. The father agreed immediately, but the mother expressed keen disapproval. The next evening the boy was discussing the matter with the girl.

"I'm afraid Mother is going to be a bit difficult," said the girl. "She thinks that because you're an actor, you're effeminate."

"Well," confessed the young man, "compared with her, I suppose I am." —*Wall Street Journal*

THE FAMILY never thinks that their daughter married as well as she should, and the neighborhood always marvels that she married as well as she did. —*Pick Topics*

THE DISPLAY in the window of a large California department store was apparently only partly finished as I walked by one morning. Four mannequins were to be seen completely unclothed in various graceful poses. The title in bright red letters of this startling display announced boldly: "Proper Attire for Your Honeymoon." —DAVID ADAMS

EVE may have been an unsatisfactory spouse in many ways, but she never cited to Adam the names of all the men she could have married if she'd just wanted to.

—*Harbor Pilot in Quote*

A NEWLY MARRIED young man, encountering a very polite friend whom he had not seen for several years, proudly produced a picture of his bride. The friend looked at it for a long time and the husband began to wonder how he would phrase his compliment. At last he returned the photograph.

"Well, after all," he said, "what's the difference? The main thing is that you are happy." —ERNEST MAASS

THE GREAT SECRET of successful marriage is to treat all disasters as incidents, and none of the incidents as disasters. —HAROLD NICOLSON

NOT LONG AGO a certain young woman experienced a change of heart, which moved her to write the following communication:

"My Darling George: I ask myself how I could have been such a fool as to break our engagement, you great big, gorgeous, wonderful,

Go-Round

adorable man! And only silence is the answer. Will you come back to me, and forgive me, my darling? I cannot, I will not live without you! Without you life is unbearable! I love, I adore, I worship you!

"Eternally yours,
"Marjorie

"P.S. By the way, my heartiest congratulations on your winning the Irish Sweepstakes."

A TRULY HAPPY MARRIAGE is one in which a woman gives the best years of her life to the man who made them the best.

THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING a smart girl looks for in a husband—is something certain. —JEROME SAXON

THE LATE KEATS SPEED, editor of the old New York *Sun*, matched his devotion to his paper only with his affection for his wife. He once settled a tiff with his spouse through an ingenious letter. At the time of the difference, they had been married many years. In the middle of the day, Mrs. Speed received a special delivery note: "My beloved bride, please let's put off quarreling until our honeymoon is over. Your devoted husband, Keats."

—JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

SOMEBODY asked Tallulah Bankhead if separate beds were conducive to a happy marriage. "Separate beds?" boomed Bankhead. "Separate TOWNS ! ! ! !" —MIKE CONOLLY

ASKED who introduced him to his wife, an unhappy looking little man replied: "We just met. I don't blame anybody." —GENERAL FEATURES CORP.

SIGN on newlyweds' car: "Under New Management." —*Hudson Newsletter*

THE YOUNG COUPLE, recently married, were in front of the cheery glow from the fireplace, and just sat and sat and sat. Finally, he turned to her and murmured: "Honey, you are going to say something beautiful and soulful. I can see it in your lovely eyes!"

"Yes, I am thinking of asking you something," she responded.

"Yes, yes! Anything! What is it, honey?"

"Won't you begin wearing a rubber band around your head at night, so as to train your big ears not to stick out?" —*Wall Street Journal*

PLACARD on the rear of a gaily bedecked honeymoon car: "Till Draft Us Do Part." —IRVING HOFFMAN

A SUBURBANITE, sitting at his window one evening, casually called to his wife: "There goes that woman Charley Jones is so in love with."

His wife dropped a plate she was drying, burst through the door, knocked over a lamp, and craned her neck to look out the window. "Where, where?" she panted.

"There," the suburbanite said. "That woman in the gabardine suit on the corner."

"You idiot!" the lady hissed. "That's his wife!"

"Yes, of course it is," he agreed, smiling. —*Kreolite News*

Do You Remember Izzy and Moe? . . .

Clown Princes of Prohibition

by DAVID A. WEISS

PROHIBITION SADDLED the country with its wet-dry blanket in 1920, and with it came tommy guns, one-way rides, bathtub gin, pocket flasks, flappers and two of the weirdest characters who ever worked for the U. S. Government—Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith, Prohibition agents.

"Those two guys will never get a chance to show their ugly faces in here," boasted the waiter in New York's fancy Tick-Tock Club as he set a bottle of bootleg Scotch before two fat customers with bushy moustaches, checked suits, and elk's teeth dangling over their vests.

Out-of-town buyers, he figured, in town for the fall season. And also—he gave the flashy blondes hanging on their elbows the once-over—in for a good time.

"Our boys out front would spot them before they got one foot in the door," he went on. "We even have their pictures pasted over the bar, just to make sure."

The party squinted at the photos. "Hey, sweetie," one of the blondes giggled. "That pudgy guy looks something like you. Without the moustache, I mean."

The fat man stood up, tore off his fake moustache and whipped out a badge. "It *is* me. I'm Izzy Einstein and this is Moe Smith—and this place is pinched!"

Prohibition Agents No. 1 and 2 had scored again. Clowns they were, comic-opera detectives right out of Gilbert and Sullivan with a dash of Weber and Fields thrown in. But they always got their man, and the public loved them.

Moe was the straight man of the act, short and fat. Izzy was the thespian *de luxe*, just as fat and even shorter. The man of a thousand disguises, the newspapers called him.

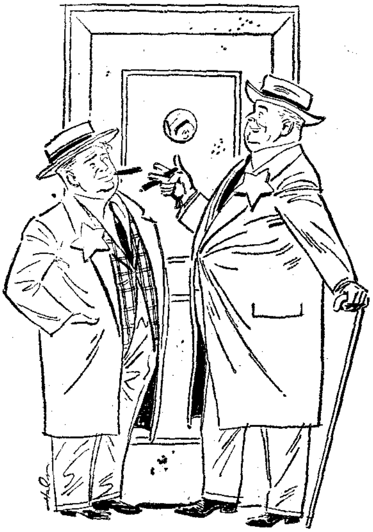
His repertoire as a Prohibition agent included everything from a Bowery bum to a Wall Street millionaire. At Cornell, he donned plus-four knickers and masqueraded as a student. In Coney Island, he dashed into a bar in a wet bathing suit, shivering—and crying for a drink.

As grave diggers, Izzy and Moe spaded dirt for two days in a cemetery before they got the evidence on a speakeasy across the street. After marching all day in a Brooklyn wet parade, they carried their "We Want Beer" signs right into an unsuspecting saloon. They could even disguise themselves as Prohibition agents and get away with it.

"Who's there?" growled the bartender of a New York speakeasy as he peered through the barred, peep-holed door.

"Just two Prohibition agents," giggled a pair of weaving fat men, pointing to two huge silver badges pinned to their overcoats.

The bartender unlocked the door. "Where did you get them badges?"



he asked as he poured a drink. "They sure look real."

"They *are* real," cried fat little Izzy, sobering up before his eyes. "And you're under arrest!"

Almost 5,000 such arrests were made by Izzy and Moe in the five years they worked together as agents. They also found time to destroy thousands of dollars' worth of saloon fixtures and seize some $15,000,000 of illegal booze.

Sometimes the public laughed so hard over their escapades that it forgot the cool, efficient way they went about their business. Chief Justice William Howard Taft, in handing down a Supreme Court decision, described them as agents of prudence and caution.

The truth was, Izzy and Moe *had* to be careful. In 14 years of Prohibition, 86 agents were slain in the line of duty, and a lot more ended up in the hospital.

The law stated specifically that an agent must not only be served a drink himself, but must also carry away a sample as evidence. To Izzy, some give credit for inventing a bottle device with a rubber tube which he concealed under his vest and down which he dumped the alcohol when a bartender served a drink. The invention soon became standard equipment for all agents, and helped account for Izzy and Moe's remarkable record of 95 per cent convictions.

Prohibition was ushered in when the clock struck 12 on January 16, 1920, and down the hatch went the last gulp of legal whiskey any American would get for 14 years. No one expected any trouble.

"There won't be any violations to speak of," said John F. Kramer, first of many Prohibition Commissioners. "Our agents are prepared to handle any emergency."

A few days later, roly-poly Izzy gave up his job as a post-office clerk and applied to the Prohibition Bureau for an agent's commission, only to be told bluntly that he "wasn't the type." Admittedly, his 5-feet-5-inches and 235 poundage didn't give him the sleek appearance of one of E. Phillips Oppenheim's suave secret agents.

But that was just the point, Izzy explained to the interviewer. No one would ever mistake him for a detective. He could pass unnoticed almost anywhere and get along with almost anybody.

Izzy had been doing just that ever since, as a boy, he rejected his father's suggestion of becoming a rabbi and took on the job of pushcart peddler on New York's lower East Side. He could converse fluently in half a dozen languages. Always the comedian, he kept his friends in stitches with his practical jokes and funny sayings.

Unfortunately, the hiring officer wasn't of the same opinion—at least not until Izzy started rattling off the names of some politician friends. Then the officer not only gave him the job but also made an agent of his old pal, Moe Smith, who ran a small stationery store.

The government never regretted hiring Izzy and Moe. From the very beginning they distinguished themselves. In their five years of service as a team, they never had to take one drink of water, and in many cases the illicit alcohol was actually forced on them.

"It's because we were fat," Izzy once explained. "Everybody trusts a fat man."

Often they reported for work in the morning with 30 summonses in their pockets. One Sunday, they made a record 71 arrests.

Most Prohibition agents flung $10 bills around promiscuously. Not Izzy and Moe. Their pocketbooks looked as though only a safecracker could open them. When faced with the choice of a 75-cent or 25-cent drink, they took the cheaper one.

Although Izzy and Moe never went to college, they could have qualified for degrees in practical psychology. Izzy walked into a Chicago saloon and introduced himself as Izzy Epstein from Baltimore.

"You don't have to be afraid of me," he told the bartender. "I got the same name as that famous Prohibition agent."

"You mean Einstein."

"No, Epstein. Izzy Epstein."

"Look, mister—it's Einstein!"

"Don't tell *me*. My wife's brother-in-law knows him. Ask your other customers. If I'm wrong, I'll buy you a drink."

The customers proved Izzy wrong and the bartender glowed—until the Prohibition agent handed him a summons along with the money for the drink.

Once, Izzy borrowed a musician's card and, with a trombone in hand, hopped to a speakeasy that was looking for talent.

"Play me something," the proprietor told Izzy, and the agent obliged with a fine rendition of *How Dry I Am*.

"You're hired," the man said. "Come back at 11."

Izzy returned, but instead of the trombone he brought a summons.

Not even Rube Goldberg thought up more complicated props than did Izzy and Moe. One Saturday afternoon while patrons of a saloon sipped their beer, a loud commotion was heard outside. Two stout men were arguing vehemently beside a Model-T Ford. One was kicking the tires, to test them; the other was crying, "That price'll kill me."

Only after ten minutes of such goings-on did they shake hands and enter the saloon. "Could we borrow your fountain pen?" one fat man asked the bartender. "I just bought this man's car and I want to write a check."

"Well, that's that," said the other fat man when the deal was completed. "What do you say we have a drink on it?"

The bartender didn't hesitate to pour the bourbon—and down on the record went a saloon that had eluded agents for more than a year.

By 1924, Izzy and Moe had become so famous that the best compliment a newspaper could dig up for a newly appointed chief inspector of Scotland Yard was: "He's a veritable Izzy Einstein." Another called Izzy a "mastermind of rum ferrets." Another succinctly headlined: "IZZY STILL BIZZY."

WITH AN ESTIMATED 100,000 saloons operating in New York alone, and with 60,000 violators of the 18th Amendment jamming the courts each year, Izzy and Moe were indeed busy. Most of the bootleggers were only too content to pay the $1,000 fine (but not to serve a prison sentence if it was imposed) and let the government padlock the front door for a year. All they did was open up the back door, and they were in business again.

A new type of institution—the nightclub—came into being. More often than not, it was owned by a bigtime gangster. It sold aerated cider as champagne at $25 a bottle, and it put everything from wood alcohol to embalming fluid in a $20 fifth of Scotch.

To help stem the tide, the Prohibition Bureau sent Izzy on a nationwide tour. Posing as an auto worker, he nabbed saloons in Detroit. As an Italian opera singer, he caught a Chicago speakeasy in the alcoholic act. Donning the pink tights of a movie extra, he raided a Hollywood saloon near the Universal Studio.

Izzy kept a record of how long it took him to get a drink in each city. In Mobile, Alabama, a bootlegger knocked on his hotel door ten minutes after he unpacked. In New Orleans, the whole process took just 35 seconds.

One morning, while Izzy was going to work in downtown Manhattan, he was tapped on the shoulder by a burly truck driver.

"Are you the guy I'm supposed to make the delivery to?"

Izzy puffed his cigar a little harder. "What you got this trip?"

"One case of whiskey and a case of Baccardi."

"You came to the right guy," Izzy said as he pulled out his badge.

Although 49 agents were killed the first six years of Prohibition, Izzy and Moe had a genuine horror of guns and told everyone they never carried firearms. Often they stopped bullets from being fired solely on the weight of their personality.

When a bootlegger shoved a gun into Izzy's ribs, the agent looked him squarely in the eye and calmly mentioned some facts of life. "Murdering me won't help your family a bit, son," he said. And the man meekly lowered the gun and followed him to the Federal Building.

At one time or another, most agents were suspected of taking bribes, but Izzy and Moe had not a blemish on their records. Although one of their colleagues reputedly accepted $300,000 a month, they were content with their $3,600 yearly salary.

They only reported one bribe offer—from a man nabbed with ten barrels of whiskey valued at $1,000 apiece. When Izzy walked away after handing him a summons, the man came running after him.

"He wanted to give me his wife if I didn't turn him in," Izzy explained to reporters. "But what would I do with a wife? I got one."

Newspapers played that story up, unfortunately. Some Prohibition officials were annoyed with Izzy and Moe's headlines, despite the convictions that accompanied them.

Once before Izzy had been called to Washington and told bluntly, "It's about time you remember that you are merely a subordinate and not the whole show." On Friday, November 13, 1925, the ax fell: Izzy and Moe, together, it must be acknowledged, with 150 other agents, were dismissed for "the good of the service."

Leading Drys registered vehement protests. Wayne B. Wheeler, head of the Anti-Saloon League, interceded in their behalf. But all was in vain. Izzy and Moe turned in their badges and became insurance agents.

In 1932, Izzy wrote his memoirs, which he dedicated to the 4,932 people he had arrested, "hoping they bear me no grudge." Obviously they didn't, for some of the people Izzy and Moe signed up for insurance were former bootleggers they had apprehended.

In 1938, Izzy died in a Manhattan hospital following complications from a leg amputation. His old pal Moe accompanied the funeral procession with tears in his eyes.

"It was a great life, Moe," Izzy had once said. And so it was. No one made America laugh so hard in the early '20s as did these clown princes of Prohibition. It never seemed quite the same after the boys left the Service.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

What Happens When You Don't Tip, by Mort Weisinger

In hotels, restaurants and nightclubs, the author played the part of a "stiff"—a non-tipper. The reactions of waiters, bellhops and hat-check girls ranged from anger to indifference, and shed new light on the tipping evil, which only *you* can do something about.

Husbands, Wives and "Other Women," by Lelord Kordel

Over every marriage hangs the *threat* of the husband's infidelity. Sooner or later, the "other woman" will appear, but whether or not the husband turns to her will be the responsibility of the wife. In this frank discussion of an intimate problem, the author tells what wives should do to safeguard their marriage and defeat the other woman—in advance.

Behind Those Records, a 16-page Picture Feature

More than 200,000,000 recordings are bought each year by Americans. Where do these disks come from, how are they made? Coronet gives you the answers in dramatic photographs of the leading stars and personalities at work in an industry built on science and song, bebop and Brahms.

KARSH, OTTAWA

QUEEN BEA OF COMEDY

by MARTIN ABRAMSON

LATE IN 1932, a young vaudevillian paced nervously backstage in Broadway's famed Palace Theater. He was muttering, his arms flapping seal-fashion. Dan Friendly, booker of the Palace, stepped up to him and asked: "What's the matter, kid? Worried?"

"Worried? Sure, but not about me," the vaudevillian retorted. "I'm a last-minute replacement as M.C. So what? I'll kill 'em, I tell you! Trouble is, you've got that dignified English Lady in the show. She'll slow the bill so much that it'll curl up and die!"

A little later, the young man stood silently in the center of the stage while applause broke like torrents of thunder. The applause wasn't for him. As master of ceremonies, he had had little to do except make his introductions and beckon that "slow" Englishwoman back from the wings for interminable bows.

Desperate to get in some licks of his own, he finally decided to rid the platform of this interloper by ridiculing her. Aside to the audience, he quipped: "You know, she's supposed to be a real, fancy English noblewoman? Is it possible? Can this gal really be a Lady?"

From the wings came the British voice, properly dignified and only gently dipped in acid. "Y'er damn right I am!"

It was on this insouciant note that Beatrice Lillie, England's Lady Peel in private life, made her debut in American vaudeville, traditionally the "entertainment for the masses." And it is this incident, more than any other, that exemplifies the incongruous career of this queen of world comedy. As the distinguished Lady of Britain's Drayton Manor, she occupies the loftiest social position of anybody in show business, yet her unique success has been achieved by satirizing the very class of people that she represents.

As the grand dame who flounces in late at the theater, as the mock Britannia, Ruler of the Waves, as the patronizing London dowager embarked on a shopping spree, her façade of stilted elegance becomes unbearably funny when she tries to preserve it—even while suffering a spray from a seltzer bottle, being knocked about scandalously, or being harangued by any other number of Fate's cruel harassments.

The Lillie forte is deft caricature and pantomime, far more dependent on the meaningful arch of the brow, the twitch of the eyelid, the languid flip of the wrist, the jaunty backswing, or the flexing of a pliable face muscle than it is on a scriptful of prepared jokes.

In her 38th year as a performer, the Lillie penchant for producing howls merely by having people look at her, has brought her astounding success on Broadway. She has put together an unpretentious personal show, titled "An Evening With Beatrice Lillie," using sketches and bits that have been identified with her in the past.

While major extravaganzas featuring splashy production numbers, costly costuming, and bevies of dancing girls, have exploded duds at the box office, this lone-wolf entry has become the outstanding hit of the season, bringing Miss Lillie one of the greatest financial bonanzas in stage history.

The show presents a special attraction for Bea Lillie. She is her own creative force, thereby relieving herself of a chore she has attended to for three and a half decades—the infusion of oxygen into a moribund book or plot. She has starred in 35 plays, five movies, in vaudeville, radio and TV, yet to check back on all her American, Canadian and British reviews is to be trapped by a broken record, saying over and over again: "Miss Lillie is superb . . . the production is feeble . . .

With husband, the late Sir Robert Peel.

Bea and her young son, Robert, who was later lost at sea in World War II.

Miss Lillie is superb . . . the production is feeble . . . etc. . . ." She has been the most consistent personal success in the face of a collection of flop vehicles unworthy of her talents.

Miss Lillie insists the poverty of the material that comes her way is due to her own peculiarities as a comedienne. "You see, they all seem to write for Lillie, and that's a terrible mistake," she says. "How can they say, 'This will make Lillie funny,' when I don't know myself just what makes Lillie funny? I violate every rule of comedy. My beat is wrong, my emphasis is wrong, everything is wrong, but it usually comes out all right."

"You never know what that Lillie woman will throw at you next," says Bert Lahr, who has co-starred with her in a number of productions. "Some years back, we were doing a revue called *The Show Is On*. There was one sketch in which Bea played a ticket seller at a box office and I played a patron. The routine called for me to step up to the box office and start exchanging funny lines with her.

"Well, one night when I stepped up, she slammed the window in my face. Then she shouted, 'So sorry. Box office closed for the night!' "

Actor Anton Dolin was similarly flabbergasted by an outburst of Lillie zaniness in the show, "Seven Lively Arts." He and Miss Lillie did a take-off on a drama in which a husband accuses his wife of all kinds of imaginary thefts in order to drive her insane.

One night when Dolin was upbraiding her on stage, Miss Lillie suddenly hit upon an idea to relieve a creeping sense of boredom. Turning her back, she picked up a prop teapot and stuffed it into her bodice with the spout protruding. Then she turned on Dolin and shouted, "Next thing you know you'll accuse me of stealing the teapot!"

Despite the fact that a TV show is a "one-shot" performance, the rehearsals alone are enough to bore the capricious Lillie into creating sly mischief. Recently, Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town" offered a one-hour program based on the highlights of the Lillie career. The comedienne did one sketch with Reginald Gardiner, called "Double Damask Dinner Napkins," which centered about a London matron who goes shopping for napkins in a department store.

As Gardiner, playing the very starchy clerk, stooped down behind the counter to search for his wares, Miss Lillie abruptly pulled out a long, crudely twisted shillelah. "Pardon me, sir," she said, very primly. "Would you mind straightening this for me?" Gardiner doubled up in such a frenzy of laughter that he nearly toppled the entire set.

Out of all the bits of buffoonery that Miss Lillie has romped through on stage and off, her favorite remains her time-honored parody of stiff-necked concert singers. This is because she considers it a parody of herself. She was born in Toronto in 1899, and at an early age joined her mother and sister in a concert singing ensemble called "The Lillie Trio."

This threesome went on an extensive tour, but although Mother Lillie and sister Muriel were received with polite regard by the strait-laced music audiences, they looked down the ends of their noses at the littlest Lillie. Her defect was a mischievous quirk in her voice and manner which she could not down, no matter how long or how hard she practiced.

She still fancied herself a concert singer, however, until she went to London with her family and met producer Andre Charlot. When she auditioned for Charlot, she primly sang her classical numbers, then noticed that the producer wasn't even listening. Something exploded inside her. She let her natural gift for mimicry and pantomime pour out, burlesquing every operatic performer she had ever seen.

Charlot doubled up on the floor with laughter, then recovered sufficiently to give her a three-year contract. "Of course, you're not a singer," he said. "From now on, you're Beatrice Lillie, comedienne."

Shortly after she joined Charlot, Miss Lillie found a young man standing outside the stage door, drenched with rain. He had written some songs, and wanted to play them for Charlot, but didn't have gumption enough to go inside. Miss Lillie dragged him in and shouted

Bea, Nelson Keys and Gertrude Lawrence starring in "The Charlot Revue of 1924."

to Charlot, "Here's a young genius wants to play for you. Better listen!"

When the young man finished, Charlot shouted at Miss Lillie, "How dare you bring such an untalented person to waste my time?" Then he dismissed his petitioner.

The young man eventually did all right, however. Down through the years, Noel Coward has co-starred with Miss Lillie in a number of musical comedies, and remained one of her closest friends.

In 1920, Miss Lillie married her most persistent suitor, Sir Robert Peel, scion of one of Britain's oldest families. She spent the next two years dutifully living up to her proud social station. Finally, at a cricket match at Drayton Manor, she decided she couldn't stand it any longer. Stifling innumerable yawns while the match was in progress, she suddenly heard the umpire shout "Over," a term indicating that the batsmen change ends.

"Splendid!" she shouted, jumping out of her seat. "Now let's get out of here and have some tea!"

A year and a half after her son, Bobby, was born, the comedienne gave up the dispirited social struggle and took her Lady Peel title back to the stage. She became the toast of American musical comedy for the first time in 1924, when Charlot presented her here in the first of a series of "Charlot Revues." After making her entry into the Palace and vaudeville, she toured the country, then played the Palace two more times.

Miss Lillie, in conversation, displays all the ebullience of a modest-sized volcano. A frolicsome spirit is as basic to her nature as breathing. The visitor to her East End Avenue apartment in Manhattan will promptly mark the small, trim figure, the clear profile, the luminous eyes, the sleek, close-cropped hair now flecked with gray, and the long, angular nose and forehead, topped by the inescapable red fez hat (without which Miss Lillie insists she would be "overwhelmingly naked").

He will assess this overall appearance as being distinctly British—indeed, a prototype of British nobility. It will not be long, however, before he will find the Lady evolving into a mad-eyed sprite. Her face becomes contorted in mock gestures of arrogance, despair, exasperation, penitence, anger, or giddiness, depending on what incident in her life she is re-creating.

"She is the original pixie," says Ed Sullivan. "A few days before

Squaw Bea and Chief Jack Haley in the popular Broadway musical, "Inside USA."

she appeared on my show, I went through her scrapbook and noticed a newspaper picture showing her in front of a baronial mansion in Toronto. The caption described it as the 'birthplace of the famous Bea Lillie.' I remarked that her folks must have been the richest people in Canada, and she laughed so hard she nearly fell off the couch.

" 'Good heavens, I was born in a shack on the other side of the tracks,' she told me. 'The newspaper boys in Toronto took me in a car one day and asked me to point out the house where I was born. When we passed this fancy castle, I couldn't resist pulling the boys' legs, so I shouted gleefully, "That's it—that's the Lillie place!" You know, Ed, I've often wondered who *really* lives there!' "

The Lillie personality is, in essence, indistinguishable from her theatrical role, and she cannot for the life of her see why this should be surprising.

"Good Lord, you can't make people laugh if you don't feel like laughing yourself," she says. "I don't believe those tall tales about comedians being basically unhappy. A feeling for comedy and fun is inborn. You can't learn it in school. You can't learn it even through years in the theater. Sure, comedians have worries and tragedies like other people, but if you can't see the lighter side of life, your humor won't come across."

MISS LILLIE has had more than a casual brush with tragedy in her own life. Her husband died many years ago and she has never remarried. Her only son was lost at sea during World War II. The fateful wire from the Admiralty Office arrived in 1942 at a theater in Manchester, England, just as she was about to go on in a musical comedy. She shut herself up in her room for a few minutes, then characteristically went out and posted this backstage notice: "I know how you all feel, my darlings. Now let's go on and wow Manchester."

For the next two and a half years, she entertained British servicemen all over the world at an average of five to six shows daily. She refuses to discuss her tragedy and never permits any master of ceremonies who introduces her to make reference to the fact that she is a Gold Star mother.

The real Lillie, like the stage Lillie, takes particular delight in ridiculing the pompous. None of her stage friends treats her title with more irreverence than she does herself. At a vaudeville appearance in Cleveland, she was shocked to find herself billed by title rather than by name.

"The worst is going to happen tonight," she told herself. It did. The audience wouldn't laugh at a Lady Peel—they assumed she was there for a formal lecture, and sat very self-righteously throughout, applauding ever so faintly at the end. Miss Lillie left the stage murmuring, "I knew that title would give me bad luck."

The only time she has ever made serious use of her title came in Chicago. She was on a road tour with a musical comedy and went with the other women in the cast to a fashionable beauty salon. The wife of a *nouveau riche* meat-packer was annoyed because she had to wait for her hairdresser and Miss Lillie

heard her wail, "This is positively disgusting. To think that I have to wait my turn just because some music-hall performer has taken *my* hairdresser!"

When Miss Lillie was finished and ready to leave, she got up and, in a well-pitched stage voice, remarked to the proprietor: "You may tell the butcher's wife that Lady Peel is finished now!"

Whether in private or professional life, the comedienne is wholly dependent on a live and alert audience. At rehearsals, she shuffles about apathetically, staring at the deserted seats. Her excursions into movies and radio, though financially successful, remain the most aggravating experiences of her life. "They say they're applauding me in theaters all over the country, but how can I tell if I don't *see* anybody," she lamented. Likewise, she resisted overtures to invade TV until she found she could look past the cameras and gain intimacy with studio audiences.

The capricious Lillie loves to shorten or lengthen her acts to suit her mood of the particular evening, or to suit the mood of the audiences. Above all else, she hates rigid regularity. Once, she missed three consecutive trans-Atlantic sailings to England.

The first day she overslept, and the second day she repeated the trick. The third day, she inquired what time the boat was sailing. "Ten A.M., just like the other days," she was told.

"Then I think I'll miss it again," she said. "It serves them right for always sailing at the same time. I'll have to teach them to use a little imagination!"

Breeder of Champions

by Robert Q. Lewis

As a youngster in England, Anthony Neary was fascinated by the small gray Bedlington terriers that went into the mines each morning to rid the shafts of rats. When he himself became a miner, he vowed that someday he would reward these alert, springy-stepped creatures that looked like lambs but had the courage of lions.

In 1929, Neary bought his first pair of dogs, and brought them from England to America, where he and his wife Anna were determined to help bring these spunky terriers the recognition due them.

They rented a tiny house on Long Island and bred their dogs. There were days when they went without food so the dogs could eat. There were nights when they went without sleep to nurse an ailing litter. And on weekends, they piled their dogs into a ramshackle car and drove to elegant dog shows.

But the judges invariably ignored them. They were looked upon as intruders in a pastime chiefly patronized by the rich.

As years went by, however, people sneered less at the little Bedlingtons, and began to recognize their finer points. Then came a day in 1940, at the Westminster Show in Madison Square Garden, top dog show in the world. After heated competition, a Bedlington was judged the best American-bred terrier.

When the judging was over, photographers crowded into the ring, but instead of focusing their cameras on the Bedlington, they concentrated on a more popular breed.

The terrier, sensing Neary's disappointment, raised his head and kissed the trainer on the cheek. The crowd roared. Too late, the photographers realized they had missed the best picture of the show.

One night, as the Nearys sat in their tiny living room, the phone rang. Anthony answered it.

"Who is it?" Anna asked.

"The Rockefellers!" he cried.

"Anthony," his wife rebuked him, "this is no time for joking."

"I'm not joking! They saw the dog at the Show and they've decided to breed them."

Next morning, the William A. Rockefellers rang the doorbell. There and then, they bought a Neary Bedlington, and, within a year, had purchased all the Neary dogs, retaining Anna and Anthony as kennel managers.

But the real triumph was to come years later. On February 12, 1948, "Rock Ridge Night Rocket," a Bedlington owned by the Rockefellers and trained by Neary, was chosen "Best In Show" at Westminster, top prize in dogdom.

Robert Q. Lewis stars on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, CBS radio, Monday through Saturday, and on *The Name's the Same*, ABC-TV Tuesdays.

The Super-Salesman of Freeport, Maine

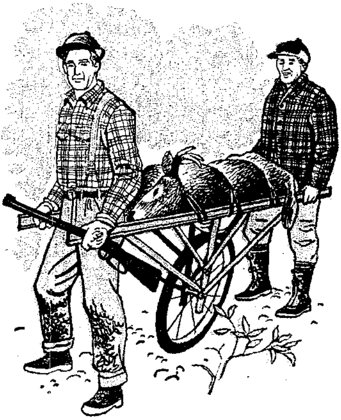
by **Earle Doucette**

L. L. Bean knows how to satisfy the shopping needs of outdoorsmen and their families

TWO HUNTERS deep in the Maine woods last fall witnessed a strange spectacle. Coming toward them they saw two other hunters wheeling a big buck on a stretcher-like contraption with a single bicycle wheel suspended from its center. They were making easy work of what otherwise would have been a back-breaking job—that of dragging a 250-pound deer out of the woods.

"Dollars to doughnuts that rig is something L. L. Bean dreamed up!" one hunter exclaimed.

He was right. The "rig" that has not only lightened the task of toting deer out of the woods but also of getting supplies in, was an "L. L. Bean's Toter and Deer Carrier," one of the latest products of the fertile mind of a Down-Easter who for 40 years has operated a rambling factory in the little town of Freeport, Maine, where he invents, makes and sells almost everything that a hunter, fisherman, trapper or outdoorsman could ask for—plus a lot that many never dreamed existed.



Hundreds of thousands of men and women on this continent, and in many foreign countries, would no more think of using anything but Bean merchandise than they would of shooting the family canary. Furthermore, they consider Mr. Bean an oracle to whom the secrets of the outdoors are an open book.

Because of this, in 1953 he will sell some $2,250,000 worth of clothing and equipment by mail and over the counter. L. L. Bean has come quite a way from the day he was left a penniless orphan in a little backwoods Maine town.

"Never know who is going to drop in," he says in his booming voice. "Prominent folks that call to see me? There's Lauritz Melchior, the singer; Ted Williams, Jack Dempsey, General Ridgway, Mrs. Roosevelt—people like that. Nice folks."

Visitors find Bean a remarkable physical specimen. In his 80th year, he is still straight as a sapling, with a thatch of iron-gray hair, his own teeth, and a tanned, rugged, handsome face. Nearly six feet tall, he carries his 180 pounds with the easy grace of a young woodsman.

By his own admission, Bean entered into the successful life by way of the back door. Owner of a clothing store in Freeport, he failed because he couldn't tend to business when the bucks were running or the trout were hitting a dry fly.

"I made up my mind that if I was ever going to amount to anything, I would have to get into some business connected with the outdoors," he says.

Not long afterward, he saw his opportunity. Dissatisfied with the hunting shoes then on the market, he sewed leather tops on to a pair of ordinary rubbers and found that they worked fine, keeping his feet dry and warm and comfortable. Then better tops were sewed on to a heavier, more substantial rubber, and the famous "L. L. Bean Maine Hunting Shoe" was born.

"There wasn't much of a market for them here in Freeport, so I had the town printer print me up an advertisement and mailed it to every man's name I could get hold of," Bean remembers. "Darned if the shoes didn't sell pretty well!"

That they sold "pretty well" is something of an understatement. To date he has, as he would say, "got rid" of more than 1,000,000 pairs. Standard winter wear with outdoorsmen throughout most of the North country, their distinctive chain tread is seen in the snow from Hudson Bay to Alaska.

By some psychological quirk, almost everyone who buys anything from Bean seems to turn into an ambassador of good will for him. Those early shoe customers were no exception. They liked the boots, they said, but why didn't he pick up a little more money by selling socks to go with them?

Nothing loath, Bean soon had farm women for miles around busily knitting. One thing leading to another, he eventually found himself selling more than 400 items, a quarter of which he manufactures himself, the balance made to his specifications by others.

This Topsy-like development has resulted in one of the most bewildering factories on the face of the earth. Originally occupying 875 square feet of floor space over the Freeport post office, he just kept tacking pieces on to the original structure as his growing business demanded more room.

Today, the factory occupies 63,000 square feet not only over the post office, but around it, on the sides, and for all anyone can tell, under it.

To get to the salesrooms you go through an alley, up a flight of stairs, then through a labyrinthine succession of corridors, storerooms, workrooms and offices. Efficiency experts who visit leave with a dazed look. Despite the seeming confusion, everything runs like a newly oiled clock. Bean's big business-getter is a 108-page, profusely illustrated fall catalogue, specially geared to hunting (in the spring, Bean publishes a 100-page fishing season catalogue), a piece of literature that has caused almost as much discussion as Darwin's *Origin of the Species*. Written, edited and compiled by Bean himself, it blithely ignores all concepts of a well-organized, smartly written catalogue. In it, Bean waxes enthusiastic over some of his items, damns others with faint praise, and is openly critical of others. Departmentalization appears to be something he never heard of.

Glance through the catalogue and you feel that you have wandered into Alice's Wonderland. On page 40, for example, you find a vest with sleeves; and while you are still trying to visualize such an outlandish garment, you find in the spring issue a coat *without* sleeves. However, after reading the description of their special features, you wonder how you ever got along without them both.

"Bean's sport vest," the catalogue informs you, "is a heavy wool vest with sleeves as shown. The sleeves are medium weight all wool, red and black checked shirting. The back is about two inches longer than a regular vest. Makes a very sporty camp garment and can be used as an inside garment for cold weather, deer and duck hunting. Send for free sample of body and sleeve."

The sleeveless coat sounds equally credible: "Made of fine count, medium-weight poplin. Water repellent treated. Seven front button-flap pockets for fly hook, shells, leaders, cigarettes, etc., and large rear game pocket lined with rubberized material. A practical and useful garment for fishing and bird shooting."

Unaccountably, Bean sometimes slips into the third person in describing one item or another. You are informed on page 54 that: "Mr. Bean uses one of these Fish Grippers as shown on left, and wouldn't be without it when scaling and cleaning fish."

His ingenuity is evidenced throughout the catalogue. His "Bean's New Field Coat," beloved by bird gunners, features "two inside zippers that allow game pocket to be let down completely for a waterproof seat." Gunners who have sat on a frosty log agree that it is one of the greatest inventions since the wheel.

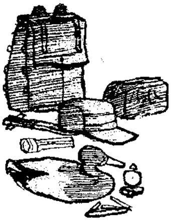
Leon Leonwood Bean's vast business is a corporation owned and operated by the Bean family. "L. L." is president and treasurer; L. Carl, Bean's son, is vice-president; another son, C. Warren, is clerk of the board of directors; another board member is Jack T. Gorman, a son-in-law.

Unlike usual corporation officials, none of the Beans except L. L. spend much time in the office. Mostly they are in the plant with their sleeves rolled up, working. The sons are quiet, efficient men who leave most of the talking to their father. By common consent, L. L. makes all the major decisions, the others handle the details. There are 100 employees, more or less, according to the season.

BEAN'S prescription for success is short and to the point: "Sell good merchandise at a reasonable profit, treat your customers like human beings, and they'll always come back for more."

His customers say that the kindly man acts more like a friend and an advisor than a merchant. He is a staunch believer that a man shouldn't waste his money, even though he spends it with Bean. To keep people from buying things they don't need, his clerks have orders to avoid high-pressure selling, an edict so rigidly enforced that they seem to sell merchandise with reluctance.

Instead of buying new hunting shoes when the bottoms of the old ones are worn out, the catalogue advises: "We wish to call your attention to the fact that leather is so high that throwing away a pair of Maine Hunting Shoes is about the same as throwing $8 away. Send them to us and we will attach our 1952 hunting rubbers, waterproof the tops, replace missing eyelets, make small repairs, and supply you with new laces."



Bean asserts that everything he sells has been given a grueling test by himself or his staff. He isn't kidding, although such work has never been exactly distasteful to him. To do the testing and, incidentally, to get in a little hunting and fishing, Bean maintains five camps throughout the state.

Within the past decade or so, the business has profited enormously by the new interest that millions of women have taken in hunting, fishing and camping. Somewhat more than a quarter of the business now comes from women.

A gregarious soul with a vast amount of old-fashioned courtesy toward the fair sex, Bean sometimes goes to almost ludicrous lengths to keep his lady customers contented.

"A young woman came to me last year and told me that she was a trout widow—her husband was forever away fishing," Bean says. "She wanted to know if I would rig her out with the proper equipment so she could learn to fish. Well, sir, I took her in the salesrooms and gave her a two-hour talk on fishing equipment and its use. Then for the next three days, I and members of the staff took turns giving her casting lessons.

"Finally I took her out to my private pond and let her catch trout. She got pretty good at it, too, and I suppose she and her husband lived happily ever after, as they say in the story books."

Bean's gallantry once got him into an amusing situation over which he laughs heartily. A clerk advised him that Mrs. Roosevelt was on her way to visit the factory. He missed the name completely, but ladies, whoever they are, must be greeted with Down-East courtesy, so Bean rushed to the dim staircase and saw a woman ascending.

"Well, well," he boomed, "awfully nice to see you again. Now let's see, how long has it been since you were here last?"

"Why, Mr. Bean!" the woman scolded. "You saw me just five minutes ago. I'm Hazel and I've worked for you for ten years."

Abashed, Bean slunk back to his desk, and the greeting the then First Lady received when she appeared was, understandably, a bit subdued.

Bean's personal mail is tremendous, most of it from people who want outdoor information of one kind or another. If he doesn't know the answers himself, he'll get them somewhere, so that no one can say he doesn't answer every letter he receives. Only once was he stuck.

"Fellow wrote that he was getting married and wanted to spend half a day hunting in Maine with his bride," he recalls. "Said he must have a modern cottage with all conveniences right near a paved road, and that he wanted to be sure of getting a deer, not any deer, but one with a big set of antlers.

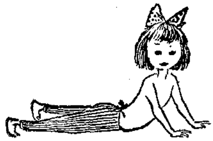
"I puzzled over the letter for quite a while. Then I gave him the only answer I could think of. I told him if I knew where a man could get a big buck that easy, I'd be there myself at daybreak."

The Bean establishment is never closed. During the hunting and fishing seasons, sportsmen speed into Maine all night long, intent upon being in the North country in the morning. Few pass through Freeport without taking a few minutes' break to see what Bean has thought up in the way of new outdoor items. Hence it is not unusual to see ten clerks busily waiting on trade at 3 o'clock in the morning.

During World War II, Bean was in Washington as consultant to the armed forces on outdoor wearing apparel. For cold-weather wear for the troops, the Army wanted leather-topped rubbers with 16-inch tops. Bean expressed the opinion that 12-inch tops and a lighter rubber would be better, more economical, and conserve leather.

He was getting nowhere when he thought of a convincer he had used in his catalogue. Whipping out a pencil, he started scribbling feverishly, then said: "Gentlemen, do you realize that if you insist on the higher-topped boot, that in a day's march of 36,980 steps, each soldier in the Army will be lifting 4,600 unnecessary pounds?"

Awe-stricken by this Down-East way of figuring, the Army capitulated—but not before giving Bean a whopping order for 12-inch boots.



Explanations Are in Order

LITTLE WANDA was lying on her back on the nursery floor, singing a happy song. The next time her mother looked in upon her, the child was lying on her stomach, shrilling a new tune.

"Playing a game, dear?" Mother inquired.

"Yes," Wanda replied, "I'm pretending I'm a phonograph record, and I've just turned myself over."

—PHILIP MUIR

HOME FROM prep school, an adolescent son hit his father for money to take two girls to the movies. "Why take *two* girls?" Dad asked.

"Because," said the young man, earnestly, "at school it's *all boys*."

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

AN OHIO WOMAN who was awarded a prize for having driven 117,671 miles in 11 years without accident, explained: "I drive as if everybody has the right-of-way except me."

—*Casualty & Surety Journal*

Book Condensation

TEACH YOUR WIFE TO BE A WIDOW

by DONALD I. ROGERS

THE AMERICAN HUSBAND is a curious alloy of sentiment and ambition. He works harder than any other husband in the world to "provide for the wife and kids" and then—in seven cases out of ten—passes to his reward before his wife does, leaving only a small bank account, an insurance policy and a mortgaged home. Seldom is this enough to provide the skimpiest existence for his survivors.

To most young and middle-aged Americans, death is not inevitable. This attitude prevails, even though more young people are killed by highway accidents and more middle-aged men are felled by heart attack in the U. S. than in any other country. "It can't happen to me," is the amazing outlook of the majority, and it results in only the most casual consideration of what will happen to the precious wife and children, once the family magnate has killed himself in the race against taxes and living costs.

For years, the insurance companies have been aware of the fact that a majority of widows spend their lump-sum life insurance money within a year after receiving it. The fact is, the best wives often make the poorest widows. Doting American husbands fail to realize this.

It's a rare wife, indeed, who knows all that can be known about her husband's business life, his income, his investments, his debts, and the way he handles his budget. Yet in this day of high speed on the highways and high pressure in the office, she may have the whole problem dumped on her lap without an hour's notice.

To the average wife, widowhood presents seemingly insurmountable obstacles and horrifying responsibilities, right at a time when she is least capable of dealing with them. It's not at all morbid—rather, it's only being sensible and kind—for a husband to spend years teaching his wife to be a widow. The odds are with the wife; he's more likely to die first.

Which brings to point the most important thing for a husband and wife to realize about widowhood: there will be less money for a woman as a widow than there was when she was a wife. This simple and logical fact of family economics is rarely faced squarely.

The same men who are known for their business acumen are the

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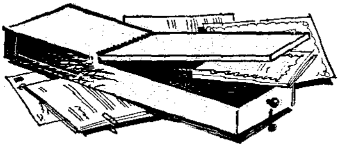


very ones who most frequently neglect to plan for their wives' welfare. A friend of mine, a veritable wizard at his business, told me he felt very comfortable about his wife's chances of getting along if anything happened to him. She was a secretary before they married, he pointed out, and she could earn her living again if necessary.

I knew a good deal about this family, and felt it my duty to point out some unalterable facts. They have been married 15 years and during that entire time the wife has never so much as typed a letter to a friend. Moreover, they have three children, the oldest 11 years old, all of whom require care. They live in a $25,000 home in a fashionable suburb. The mortgage payments and taxes come to nearly $150 a month.

A highly skilled secretary in New York can earn around $70 a week. That's what my friend's wife would get if she were widowed and forced to go to work. We are, of course, overlooking the fact that she's rusty at her trade, and that a great many younger and more proficient girls have come along since she tossed away her shorthand book.

But let's suppose she was lucky and landed a $70-a-week job. Thirty-five dollars would have to go toward the mortgage. (It's $150 a month.) There would be commutation fare and lunches to buy. And if she worked, she would have to pay someone to look after the children. It just wouldn't come out even. She'd be losing money.

The sole value of her secretarial background would be in supplementing the income her husband could arrange to leave for her. And she had better make it a part-time job, too, so she wouldn't be paying most of her income to a nursemaid.

There's no reason why her husband shouldn't have realized these truths. People just hate to think that they will die some day and thus, they hate to make any postmortem plans.

I told my friend it would be wise if they planned, together, how to handle her possible widowhood. Throughout the years, she could have kept her hand in secretarial work, just for practice. Perhaps she could have been secretary to a church committee and taken down the minutes of the meetings in shorthand. Maybe she could have helped her husband with his mail.

It's never too early to begin to teach a wife to be a widow. If the thought is repugnant, consider that you are teaching her to be self-sufficient—just in case you have a prolonged illness or incapacitation. An ideal time to undertake the business education of a wife is the day a bridegroom returns to work, following the honeymoon.

He has an easy approach at that time. He can claim—and with considerable logic and justification—that he's just too busy chasing the elusive dollar to handle such vexing details as bills, taxes and budgets. He can suggest that the bride could do a much better job of taking care of business matters than he could.

It takes only moderate preparation. Put a portion of your pay into a joint checking account. Then, after instructing the wife on how to make out checks and keep accurate records, turn over to her all the business chores of the household. Let her pay all the bills. Let her decide how best to balance the budget. Let her figure out how much insurance you can carry (and you should carry as much as you can afford).

Then there's one more, one very drastic step. Let her work out the income tax! Whether it's a joint return or a single one or two individual returns, let the wife do the work on it. Let her keep track of deductible expenses during the year, let her chart the entire tax program for the family from one March 15th to the next.

In this way, she will have to be acutely aware of your business, of your income, of your expenses, of your investments. With this simple expedient of making her share the responsibility, she will, through the years, acquire a fairly decent knowledge of the business world. It will be only a short time before she is asking you why you allow $200 to lie idle in the checking account when it could earn 2½ per cent at your savings bank or even more if it were properly invested. Women have a penchant for details that men seldom possess. Once she is inoculated with the business bug, she'll be the best business partner you could ever have.

The husband who makes a business partner of his wife will be rewarded tenfold. The free time he gains by having her handle the bills and checks and taxes is insignificant compared to the peace of mind he will acquire. He will know, once his wife is a capable business woman, that she can handle herself and her family alone if the need arises. He will know that if she should come into a large sum of money—say, the payment of her husband's insurance policy—she will not be stampeded into squandering it but, instead, will use the money wisely, exercising experienced business acumen, sound judgment and seasoned reasoning.

In short, she will be one of the few "well-fixed" widows, and not a worry to her relatives or, worse, a charge of the community.

Why You Need a Will

A man who has labored long to acquire a modicum of security and surround himself with a few possessions, has the moral and legal right to say how his goods and chattels will be handled after he dies. The law gives him virtual carte blanche (within reason, of course) as to what he can do with his belongings. However, it is an amazing commentary on American intelligence to realize that the majority of men do not leave wills. Yet a simple one costs only $10 or $15.

For some reason, the practice of drawing wills seems to be confined to the rich or near-rich—the people who most frequently need a will the least. Common sense should tell a man that it is the widow of moderate means, whose husband leaves an estate of diminutive proportions, who most needs the clear, red-tape-cutting help of a will.

In many states it is absolutely necessary for a man who has children to leave a will if he wants to give all his money and property to his widow. If he doesn't have a will, she will usually get one-third of the estate (depending on the state where they live) and the children will get two-thirds.

It is true that if the children are minors, the widow can usually get herself appointed guardian or custodian of their inheritance in the absence of a will, and thus can get control of the money. But imagine the difficulties a widow might have, getting along on one-third of her husband's estate while she waited for the probate court to give her permission to spend her children's money for their own necessities! If the children are adults, she does not get it at all.

Isn't it worth $10 or $15 to know that such difficulties can be avoided?

SURPRISINGLY FEW MEN realize how rich they are. Middle-income wage and salary earners leave some fairly extensive estates. Unfortunately, many of them die believing themselves poor men.

By the time he's 40, the average fellow has accumulated a great many possessions. He owns some real estate, a car, a house full of furniture, appliances, lawn tools and equipment, some workshop tools, sports equipment (don't forget the cost of those golf clubs), a decent wardrobe, and some hobby gadgets. Add up the money invested in these items and it would feed and clothe a widow and her children for quite a while.

It is well known by most who will leave estates of substantial size that a will can be important in saving taxes. It is not so well recognized, however, that a will can save tax money on small and moderately sized estates, if a trust has been provided. For instance, a will can save estate taxes, in some cases, at the time of the property owner's death. It may minimize or avoid excessive future taxes in the estates of beneficiaries and, in many cases, may be the means of reducing family income taxes. Here's why:

If property passes outright to a wife, it qualifies for a marital deduction up to 50 per cent of the adjusted gross estate. If there is no will, and if there are children, probably only one-third of the property would thus pass outright to the wife. A good part of the marital deduction would be lost.

Then suppose both husband and wife own property and there is no will. Should the husband die, leaving his property to the wife, and then, should the wife die, the combined properties would be subject to an unnecessarily high tax when they pass to the wife's survivor. Suppose the wife's survivor is a son who has managed to acquire an estate of his own. Addition of the combined estates of his father and mother would present an estate tax problem of serious proportions. It could be eased with carefully prepared provisions in a will—or in this case—two wills, the father's and the mother's.

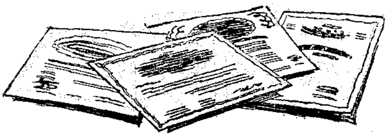
It should never be assumed, either, that the husband will die first and that he should be the only one to have a will. A mix-up sometimes occurs when property is jointly owned and neither husband nor wife has a will. It is true that jointly owned property passes to the survivor without need of a will, but consideration should be given to what happens to the property upon death of the survivor. Joint owners should each have a will, just in case both should die together, as in an automobile accident. Otherwise, there could be delay in settlement of the estate while the court tried to decide who predeceased whom.

A will, then, is a plan. It is a man's plan for the welfare of his wife and children in the event of his death. It indicates he has given some thought to the well-being of his loved ones, and shows unmistakably who he wants to act as executor of his estate, who he wants to assemble and protect the assets he has worked so hard to accumulate, who he wants to settle up his bills and shoulder the responsibilities he must relinquish.

I will say at the outset that the only safe way to have a will drawn is by a competent lawyer. It is not a costly job; the small fee buys a great deal of peace of mind. In fact, when one considers how many wills do become bogged in legal difficulties, it is not worth the risk to have one prepared by an amateur.

Before he prepares his will or before he sees his lawyer, a man should consider first of all his bequests. Does he want all of his estate to go to his wife? Does he want any of it held in trust for his children? Does he want his wife to forfeit any of it in case she remarries? And who is to be executor of the will?

There is the question, too, often overlooked, of what he wants to do with his property if he and his wife die together, say, in an automobile accident. This, in turn, leads to the problem of guardianship of minor children and an alternate executor to step in and manage the estate.



It is not wise to have more than one signed copy of a will, though there is no objection to having extra unsigned copies. If it is known, in some states, that more than one signed copy exists, the will cannot be probated until all known signed copies are presented.

NOW, A WORD about lawyers. They are not all the sinister, crafty conspirators sometimes portrayed in fiction, movies and television. By and large, they are an ethical lot, upholding high professional standards. Most lawyers do not charge exorbitant fees, though some get considerably more for their services than others. It is good to remember, though, that with lawyers, as with almost anything else, you generally get what you pay for.

A frame of mind is helpful to the preparation of a will. Before he sees his lawyer, a man should ponder at length the disposition of his belongings. In olden days, a will applied to real estate, while personal property was disposed of by testament. Today, a will disposes of both. So with the thought that he is going to distribute everything he owns, both real and personal property, a man should approach his lawyer with a fairly well-formed plan. Moreover, he should consult him as a friend.

Tell the lawyer everything about your life, your home, your finances, the success or failure of your marriage, your chances for business or professional success in the future. Lawyers are not called counselors through an accident in terms. That is their principal role—to counsel, to advise, to help. If you want, you can consider your lawyer as a paid professional friend who is bound by ethics and the standards of his calling to protect your confidences and act in your best interests.

He will tell you what should go into a will, and will respect your wishes so far as possible in drawing it up. His main job will be to see that it is a binding document, and has no legal loopholes that can knock your plans awry after you have died.

Once the will has been drawn, he will show it to you, probably page by page. If there are corrections or additions, the entire document must be retyped. Not until it is in completed form, ready to be signed, will he fill in the date. When the whole document has your approval and you have indicated your desire to execute it, he will call in witnesses.

He will ask you: "Is this your last will and testament? Do you wish to make any changes? Are you satisfied that, as now drawn, it expresses your will? Are you prepared to execute this will?"

Handing you the pen, he will ask you to request the witnesses to witness your signature. You will then sign your name at the end of the will, and initial each page. Witnesses will make it official by signing their names and addresses.

As a final precaution, the lawyer will fasten the pages together in such a way that they cannot be removed or even opened, without showing that they have been tampered with. Then the will is inserted into an envelope and sealed, and you are asked to write your signature across the envelope and flap (again, so that it will show if the will is opened).

Storage of a will is important. It can be kept in a strong box, safe-deposit box, or a home safe. If a bank is named as executor or in a trust fund, the bank will hold the will in its safe-deposit box free of charge. Above all, a will must not be moved about with too much frequency or with any amount of secrecy. You have a will drawn for one purpose only, to apportion your property after death to those you want to benefit from it, so don't make finding your will a hazardous game of hide-and-seek.

Money in the Bank

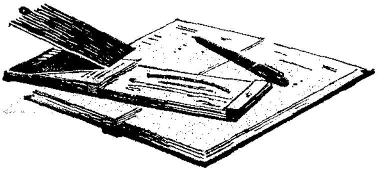
If it were not for banks, we wouldn't have much of an economy. Probably more than 90 per cent of the homes bought in any given year are paid for by mortgages from banks or savings and loan associations. A lion's share of business transactions are accomplished by checks drawn on private banks.

Even so, even though banks daily perform wonderful and inexpensive services for their customers and communities, there is a startling ignorance of bank laws and the restrictions imposed on bank services.

Upon the sudden death of a friend of mine, I learned a bit about the ability of highly educated people to misunderstand banking laws.

"We never had a joint checking account," his widow said a day or two after the funeral, "but it's all right because John always signed a whole book full of checks."

She displayed a book of checks, all signed by John. The poor widow



didn't know that the account was frozen the minute the bank learned of his death. No checks signed by John would be honored—even though they might have been drawn before his death.

This, in itself, results from the banks' desire to protect their customers. John was the customer, not his wife. A person who owns a checking account can always change his mind at the last minute and stop payment on a check. When his lips are sealed by death, the banks figure he isn't being given a fair chance to stop payment, so they refuse to honor any of his checks presented after they learn of his passing.

More important an influence on this reasoning, however, is the angle of state taxes. Most states have inheritance taxes, though many estates aren't large enough to be hit by the federal tax. But a bank has no way of knowing how large an estate may be.

The money in a checking account must be listed in the assets of an estate, and this might be taxable. If there were no bank regulation to prohibit payment of checks of a dead man, a widow of no scruples could write a check withdrawing all funds from the account, and in this way might avoid paying the estate tax.

Sometimes rules and regulations, which are drawn up to protect people against the hazards of the commercial world, work to the disadvantage of survivors and heirs. This is true, in some states, in respect to joint checking and savings accounts. The regulations vary from state to state, but in some, the death of one or the other of the joint depositors results in immediate freezing of one half the money in the account until taxes are settled.

This is a point to find out about in your own state. If you live in a place where your widow can draw quickly on only half your account, perhaps you had better enlarge the amount in the joint checking (or savings) account to tide her over the expensive and rough days she would have if anything happened to you.

And now a word about keeping insurance policies in a safe-deposit box. In order to collect insurance, it is necessary to surrender the policy. It will take a few days for the company to make the payment, so there is usually time enough to retrieve the policies from the deposit box. However, it is a good idea to have policy records at home: name of company, amount of policy, its number, date of execution, and beneficiary.

Some Final Instructions

It seems sensible to me to prepare a letter of final instructions and leave it with other valuable papers, where it will be found by your wife. Tell her about it, and let her know that you are covering such things as funeral arrangements, information about your business, and instructions on how to conduct her financial affairs.

This should not be morbid or sentimental. It is a business document, addressed to the most important business partner of your life. Give her the essential, practical details: how you want your funeral handled; whether you have paid for a cemetery lot; how and where to collect the life insurance; what she should do about any property you might own or any stocks or other investments you might have.

Does she know the names of your banker, lawyer, broker? What will she need to know about estate taxes and other taxes she may be required to pay? What do you want to tell her about a budget tailored to her new income?

My own wife will get a letter something like this:

Darling:

As you know, we own a small lot in the cemetery in Connecticut. Though it's quite far from here, where we have spent so many happy years, I think it wise for me to be buried there, and you, too, when the time comes.

Because we have never been to church much here, I think it is best to have brief services in a funeral chapel here, and then hold brief services at the church in Connecticut, for that is where most of our relatives live.

Now about money matters. I have tried to arrange things so you can handle them easily. There is a will in the office of Bill Evans, our lawyer, and he will handle all the details for you. The will leaves everything to you, and names you executor of my estate. That means that you will be free to sell anything you want, if it is necessary to raise cash.

The money you receive from my insurance may be the most we have ever had at one time. Don't let it throw you. The policies are in the safe-deposit box, but the policy numbers, names of companies, and amounts of policies are listed in that brown envelope marked "Insurance" in the strongbox.

I had a Mutual Fund program in the XYZ Fund. I sort of figured that the fund money would help put the children through college. Now they'll have to work, too, of course, but there's no reason why they can't go to good schools. So why don't you leave the money in the fund and collect the dividends until you need the capital to pay for the boys' education? Of course, you will know best what to do about this, as time goes on.

There may be a tax on the estate. Don't worry, they'll let you know; but make sure Bill Evans knows, too, just so they won't put anything over on you.

You're going to have to cut down on everything. If you were to try to maintain payments on the mortgage here, it would eat up your insurance money. I own five-eighths of the house in Connecticut, you know; my brother owns the rest. I'd suggest that you sell my share and use the money to pay off the mortgage here. Or else sell this house and use the money to buy the other three-eighths of the house in Connecticut from my brother.

There will be some income from the stocks I have invested. All my stocks are in the safe-deposit box, but you'd better check, too, in the strongbox at home, just to make sure I haven't some recent certificates which I haven't put in the safe-deposit box. Our brokers, as you know, are Blank & Co. on Broadway, and the fellows I always talked to there are Tom Staley and Josh Davis.

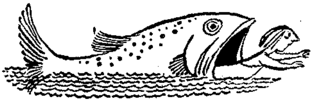
I always kept about 15 per cent of our investments in speculative stocks. I figure you've got to be able to lose money as well as make it, if you're going to play with speculative stocks, so they may advise you to transfer that 15 per cent into safer securities. I have taught you how to read the stock-market reports and to watch the financial pages for developments in business, industrial and economic news. Since this stock is your responsibility now, keep your eyes open!

After you decide about the house and have paid off the mortgage, either here or in Connecticut, settle down to a strict schedule on the amount of money you spend. Work out a budget and stick to it. That way, you can be comfortable, safe, and snug for years.

You will have a good deal of money that isn't "working." Don't listen to any investment schemes unless you first consult Doug or my brother Norm. You know the stories about how people connive to get insurance money away from widows!

So that's it, darling. We've worked it out quite carefully, though there are, of course, flaws to our plans, for we don't know what lies ahead. I'm glad we had the good sense to think and talk about this. We planned it together, and *our* plan will go on working now that I've gone. Perhaps it will prove to be, as Elizabeth Barrett Browning suggested in her sonnet, that "if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death . . ."

Professorial Deflation



THE CHAIRMAN was introducing the speaker of the evening, a noted scientist, with a biographical sketch of intolerable length and dullness.

"And so, my friends," he remarked in closing, "you can see that Professor Tucker is the greatest of all whale experts. No man, in the history of the world, has delved into the subject as deeply as Professor Tucker."

"Yeah?" came an impatient voice from the back of the audience. "How about Jonah?"

TO IMPRESS the guest of honor, the college-professor toastmaster was delivering a painfully erudite speech of introduction. Presently he mouthed a pretentious-sounding French word and, turning to the guest of honor, smirked, "That's the way the word is pronounced, isn't it, Professor?"

"Oh, my, yes," agreed the man of learning. "Frequently."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

A PSYCHOLOGY PROFESSOR reached home in the middle of the afternoon and found his sixth-grade son sitting dejectedly on the front steps. There was no one, it seemed, to play with, because all his friends were doing homework.

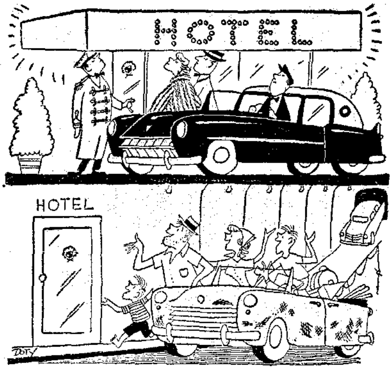
"And why," asked the psychologist, "aren't you doing yours?"

"Well, Dad," responded the youngster, "I never bring any home. You see, I've adjusted myself to inferior grades."—MARY ALKUS

Revolution in Hotels

by MADELYN WOOD

Tourists are in for pleasant surprises when they take to the road this summer



WE WERE DRIVING into a large Western city with the rain slashing against our windshield, the tightly closed windows making the air in the car warm and sticky, when we made the dismal discovery: there were no vacancies in the motor courts we passed on the highway into town. As the comforting lights of the downtown district loomed ahead of us, they triggered an idea.

"We could stay at a hotel," my husband suggested.

"A *hotel!*" I said, looking wildly around at the three youngsters tussling in the back seat. "I'll bet a hotel would just love to have them! And can't you see us walking across the lobby the way *we* look?"

But it was late, we were tired, and the prospect of driving on in the downpour was hardly an alluring one. Happily, we, who had traveled widely, but had never considered a hotel as a place to stay with a family, were in for a surprise. We found ourselves in a hotel that welcomed our children, and had everything fixed so they wouldn't bother anybody—including us. And, moreover, we never did have to cross a lobby.

Our experience was just one piece of evidence of a startling change in the way America's hotels are run. It is part of the larger story of a dramatic comeback of what is now the nation's seventh largest service industry. Though hotels prospered during the war, gloomy prophets were shaking their heads and saying that the hotel had lost its place in an age when most traveling is done by families in cars.

There would always be a need for the big glamour hotels in our largest cities, said the predictors, but in the average city or town, increasingly by-passed by superhighways, they wouldn't be able to compete with the mushrooming motor courts out on the highway.

Their suspicions were heightened when the American Hotel Association revealed the results of a survey. The public, it showed, just didn't naturally stay at hotels. In 1948, in fact, 69 per cent of the people polled admitted that they had never stayed at a hotel nor, for that matter, ever eaten in one.

When asked why, they had a number of disturbing answers. They didn't like the lack of parking space around most hotels . . . they didn't like the embarrassment of crossing a lobby in travel-rumpled clothes . . . they didn't think a hotel was a very comfortable place to stay with children.

With America increasingly turning to family vacations by car, that was grim news for the hotels.

THEN, IN THE MIDST of the gloom, a few courageous hotel men rolled up their sleeves and announced that they weren't licked yet. After all, their downtown location, the very thing that caused the trouble, also gave them certain advantages.

A hotel not only sold lodging but provided certain services and facilities along with it—restaurants, laundry and valet service; 24-hour switchboard service; credit service; availability of bellmen, porters, transportation information, the cigar and newsstand, the barber shop, and the specialty stores which fringe the lobbies of so many hotels. In addition, the hotel guest had the security of knowing a house physician was on call.

With so much to start with, the hotels weren't going to accept the verdict that they were relics of the Iron Horse Era. They were going to make a strong fight for a place in the Turnpike Age.

What they did was so resoundingly successful that today millions of tourists are discovering, as we did, that the hotel enterprise has undergone more changes in a few years than it did in half a century before. Since the war, America's hotels have spent the whopping sum of $2,500,000,000 for building and remodeling—much of it aimed at adapting to motoring families. More important, hotel owners have changed their whole approach to potential customers.

Take the business of parking facilities. Here were the hotels sitting on high-priced downtown real estate—and not a parking place in sight. The Midwestern hotel where a cop took up a nightly post with a pocketful of tickets for illegally parked guest cars was all too typical. Sending cars to garages blocks away was such an unsatisfactory solution that any innkeeper could not blame travelers for pulling into a motel, where the car could be parked right outside the door.

"We've got to get parking space," was the first cry of the reawakened hotels.

In some cases, like that of the La Fonda in Santa Fe, it took vast ingenuity to do it. With that city's quaint but narrow, winding streets, the parking problem seemed hopeless. The only space for a possible hotel parking lot was occupied by a school.

Surprised school officials were asked if they would be interested in moving the school. It happened they were. So pleased was the La Fonda that it made a contribution to the school that ran into six figures. But even then the problem wasn't licked, because the way the streets were laid out, the lot would be hard to get into. Would the city officials consider a trade: in exchange for some of the hotel's newly acquired property, would they reroute a street? Before long, the La Fonda had a workable parking area which the motorist could pull into with ease.

Scores of hotels have utilized basement space for parking. In

Salt Lake City, the Hotel Utah faced a tougher problem. There just wasn't any way to build a garage under the hotel, so it worked out an arrangement to burrow under the Mormon Church gymnasium to create a mammoth subterranean garage.

At the new Mead Hotel in Wisconsin Rapids, they solved both the parking problem and the one of keeping a car accessible to the guest with one ingenious solution. There the hotel has several outside entrances. The key to the traveler's room also fits the closest outside door. His car is parked nearby, in full view of his windows.

Once they had a place to put the cars, the hotels had only made a start on their uphill fight to win the motorist's heart. There were the lobbies. Hotels had always prided themselves on their swankiness. Now that was backfiring, as car-wrinkled patrons expressed embarrassment at venturing into a hotel.

There was one forthright answer: create special entrances for motorists. The results will show up this summer as hundreds of hotels, for the first time, boast of this innovation. One of the most spectacular is right in the heart of Manhattan, at the famed Commodore. Motorists may use a back entrance that opens off a ramp around the upper floors of Grand Central Station itself. Here there is a special reservation desk and direct elevator service.

Now the somewhat incredulous motorist can step out of his car; a hotel employee whisks it away to a garage. The traveler, clad in jeans or what have you, steps to the special registration desk and, in a second, is on his way to his room. He need never go near the lavish main lobby until he has had a chance to tidy up.

The idea of the motor lobby and special registration desk is becoming almost a commonplace, offered by such varied hotels as the New Statler in Los Angeles, the Adolphus and the Baker in Dallas, the St. Anthony in San Antonio.

Hotels that haven't turned to special motor entrances have, nevertheless, gone all out to assure guests that rumpled clothes are all right. "Come As You Are" signs now blazon the highways.

The proprietor of a Colorado hotel observed that he was being taken at his word when a mother came in to register, followed by two barefooted little boys. "We never let them wear shoes when we're traveling," she explained, "because they always throw them out the window."

The hotelkeeper tried hard not to show surprise when the father also pattered in, minus shoes. The crimson-faced mother went on, "He likes to slip his shoes off when he drives. This time, the boys got hold of them."

The request that came from a distracted father who called a Cincinnati hotel late one evening once would have jolted the management of almost any hotel. He was on his way to his home in Kentucky after a vacation in Michigan. He had expected to make it home that night, but had been delayed. Would the hotel have accommodations for him and his family?

"How many are there in your party, sir?" the room clerk asked.

There was a moment's pause. "Myself and my wife and our—

nine children," was the answer that finally came.

The clerk didn't even whistle. "Of course we can accommodate you," he said pleasantly. "We have special family rooms, and we'll put up some extra cots."

His response typifies one of the most striking changes brought to hotels in their effort to capture the family motor trade. Hostelries long allergic to children now not only tolerate them, but welcome them with warmth.

Any family driving up to the New Jefferson in St. Louis, which has undergone a million-dollar face lifting job, will probably hear something like this:

"I'll put your children in a separate room where you'll only be able to hear them if a riot starts." Then he may add, as do the managers of several thousand hotels: "If you care to go out for the evening, we have responsible sitters at reasonable rates."

Not long ago, taking valuable real estate for playground space would have caused head shaking in the hotel business. Now it's a commonplace with scores of hotels like the George Washington in St. Louis and the Schenley in Pittsburgh. Some hostelries have even put in wading pools for small fry and full-scale swimming pools for adults.

The high cost of boarding dogs these days, plus the fact that the children insist on hauling them along on the family vacation, has caused amiable hotel men to set up special kennels where dogs are lodged in canine luxury. They are also willing to stretch things to include other pets, such as cats, canaries, and even the pet raccoon accommodated by one hotel.

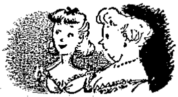
However, they have to draw the line somewhere, and for manager Jack Chaney of the Franciscan Hotel in Albuquerque, that line is definitely drawn at amphibious reptiles. Last year, a party of guests used the Franciscan's handy side entrance to slip out to the car and smuggle in their own peculiar idea of a family pet. The maid who pulled back the shower curtain to stare into the baleful face of a four-foot alligator didn't stop screaming until she reached the lobby.

With record-breaking summer travel in sight, the nation's hotelkeepers are in a jovial mood. "We're convinced this will be our biggest year," says Arthur P. Packard, president of the American Hotel Association. "The automobile once looked like our ruination. We are happy that we've been able to turn it into an asset, and even improve our reputation for hospitality by going family style."

Better Begin Now

JUST AFTER A white-haired visitor had left their home, a young girl said to her mother, "If I could be such a nice old lady as that—so beautiful and sweet—I wouldn't mind growing old."

"Well, Janie," the mother replied, "if you want to be that kind of old lady, you'd better begin now. She didn't become a lady in a hurry." —*Sunshine*



GENGHIS KHAN:
Greatest Conqueror

by M. H. CADWALADER

A ruler whose triumphs were limitless, but who failed to attain his highest goal

HIS NAME WAS TEMUJIN—"Finest Steel"—and he was 13 years old, almost a man as his people measured age. He sat cross-legged on a thick sheepskin rug and eyed the beautiful girl, Bourtai, as she kindled a cooking fire. He was making up his mind whether he wanted her for a wife, when his ears caught the racing sound of a horseman coming at a gallop through the desert twilight.

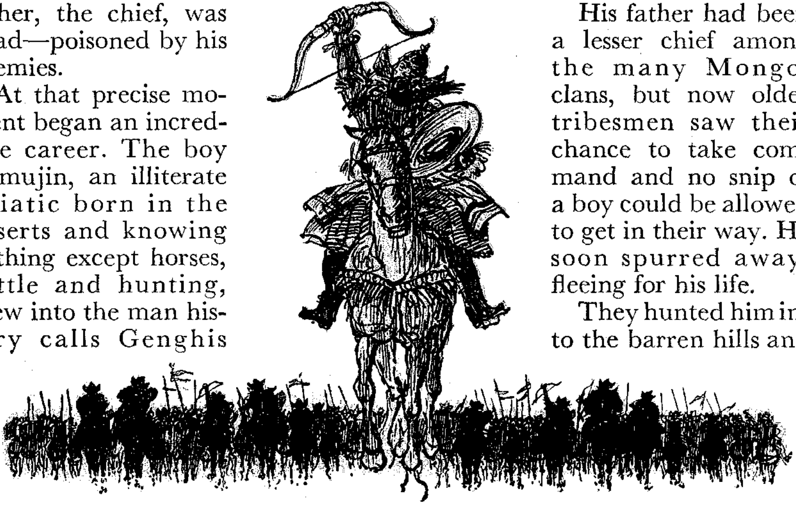
The hoofbeats thudded through the camp and halted outside the tent where the boy sat. In tumbled an old family servant, gasping the news that Temujin's father, the chief, was dead—poisoned by his enemies.

At that precise moment began an incredible career. The boy Temujin, an illiterate Asiatic born in the deserts and knowing nothing except horses, cattle and hunting, grew into the man history calls Genghis Khan. No Caesar, Napoleon or Hitler mastered as much territory as this ruthless ruler. As skillful in military maneuvers as they were in mass murder, he and his savage warriors destroyed more cities and more lives than could be snuffed out by a score of atom bombs.

The facts about Genghis are as sparse as the grass in the northern Gobi where he began. The legends are many: he was "born with a clot of blood in one clenched fist"; he belonged to a clan of gray-eyed men of mixed Mongol and Caucasian blood; and even, that he had red hair.

His father had been a lesser chief among the many Mongol clans, but now older tribesmen saw their chance to take command and no snip of a boy could be allowed to get in their way. He soon spurred away, fleeing for his life.

They hunted him into the barren hills and



left his family as tribal outcasts, without a horse among them. Temujin had to trap mice and eat fish so as not to starve.

The boy had nothing, except pride. He could have called for help from old Togrul Khan, a neighboring chief who had sworn brotherhood with Temujin's father—a binding oath in High Asia.

"I will not go to him with empty hands, to be scorned," said Temujin. Instead, he battled his way to manhood, to a livelihood for his family. He gathered a few cattle and sheep and horses, and gradually a few friends.

And he remembered the dark-eyed Bourtai and rode bravely off to claim her as a bride. He rode at the head of nothing more than a bunch of scrubby young men like himself, but "he has a clear face and bright eyes," Bourtai's father had said of him long ago. Now, looking him over again, Dai Sechen could see the man had strength, cunning, shrewdness and a growing power. He accepted Temujin as son-in-law.

Bourtai gave him one wedding gift—a rich sable coat. Temujin used it well. He gave it, in turn, to Togrul Khan, making an official visit of his trip to Karakorum, the Black Sands.

For perhaps the first time the nomad youth saw city life, merchants, houses, wealth. It gave him ideas. Temujin saw that instead of interminable quarrels and feuds, the tribes of the Gobi could gain peace and strength if they would federate. And Togrul Khan was the obvious leader.

Rumors of this old chieftain's strength had spread as far as Europe, where they called him by a different name: Prester John. Still, he could always use allies. Pleased with his young visitor's sturdy looks as well as with the sable coat he brought, Togrul accepted him.

For about 20 years this alliance lasted. Fighting alongside Togrul's people, the Keraits, Temujin helped bring other tribes to heel. When the Chinese Emperor made a foray against his wild "subjects of the Far Kingdoms", Temujin's Mongols squeezed the Tartars into defeat by tackling them from the west while they were busy coping with China on the east.

History grows murky at this point. Whether a genuine misunderstanding arose or whether either chief was guilty of outright treachery, a break with aging Togrul was the next major event. There was a hot, fierce battle—the Mongols' sole defeat in a half-century or more—but it cost the Keraits so severely that a year later, Temujin was able to press an attack and conquer them for good.

"We have fought a man with whom we never should have quarreled," said Togrul sadly. He fled westward, only to be killed by Turks, while his one-time ally rode into Karakorum and made it his headquarters.

Now it was the year 1206. Temujin saw his federation coming true. He called a council of chiefs from all parts of Mongolia, and proceeded to have himself elected the Kha Khan or Great Khan, with the title of Genghis.

Where this name came from no one knows, although the Chinese translate it Son of Heaven and, since the Mongols worshipped the

Wide Sky as their eternal guardian, very likely Genghis was an ancient term for semi-divine authority.

Now he sat on the white horseskin blanket, in front of the white tent and under his renowned banner of nine white yak-tails. He was called the Perfect Warrior, the Scourge of God, The Master of Thrones and Crowns. He ruled from the Great Wall of China to the Altai Ranges far to the west—but he was already 50 years old.

It is hard to guess what he looked like. Tall, swarthy, with the flat impassive face of the Mongol and the high cheekbones; perhaps a heavy beard. Bow-legged surely, for he spent his life on horseback. A fine marksman, since he had beaten all his men at games with the bow and arrow. Powerful he had to be to keep order in his hundred thousand tents. Gray-eyed? Maybe—but that is legend.

That he had real administrative ability we *do* know. He proclaimed the *yassa*, a rigid but effective code of laws: death to thieves and liars (a man's word, among the illiterate Mongols, was a vital matter); obedience from a child to parents, from grown men to their commanders; helpfulness from the rich toward the poor; no quarter asked or taken on the battlefield.

"They seldom quarrel," reported a traveling Italian monk, "and brawls, wounds and slayings hardly ever occur. Thieves and robbers are nowhere to be found, so carts and houses are never locked or barred. Toward other people they are exceeding proud and overbearing, and beyond belief deceitful . . . whatever mischief they intend they carefully conceal, that no one may prepare against it. And the slaughter of other people they consider as nothing."

In every corner of conquered territory, Genghis immediately set up administrators, tax collectors—and a lightning fast pony express to carry his orders, with hostels along the way to guard the caravan routes as well as to keep an eye on the Khan's subjects.

High Asia was his, but what was it? A desert, after all, with nothing to the north but soggy tundra and dank forests, nothing to the south but stupendously high and barren mountains. (He had doubtless hardly heard of India, beyond the Himalayas and out of mind.)

But when Genghis studied his massive, veteran army and then looked east and west, he must have licked his lips. From the Arab traders who for centuries had trekked across the great dead heart of the continent, he knew something of China and of the Khwarism Empire (roughly where Persia—now Iran—later stood). These countries formed the brackets of civilization at either end of his empty barrens. He decided first to have a look at what China had to offer.

Old Wai Wang, emperor of North China, unwittingly gave him a chance. The Golden Emperor innocently thought the Mongols were his subjects, and when his treasury got low, sent off an envoy to demand tribute.

Genghis stared at the envoy, spat toward Peking and refused. He angrily hoisted the nine yak-tails and set forth to snatch some "tribute" of his own.

Bitter campaigns were fought against China in the next 16 years.

In each the Mongols laid waste to province after province, only to come to a halt at the mammoth walls of the cities. They were cavalry raiders and they did not understand siege machines. Their arrows could not pierce the 20-foot-thick masonry, until Genghis used heavy battering rams schemed up by no Mongol but by a Persian captive from an earlier war.

In the fourth campaign, Genghis himself stayed outside the Great Wall and a trio of his finest generals actually took Yen-King (Peking). "All China north of the Yangtze River is mine," the Khan gloated. But the Sung Empire in southern China held out. Balked of his richest prey, Genghis gave up—for the time being—and swung his troops westward instead.

Mohammed Shah was boss of the Khwarism country, a big fertile arc stretching from near Baghdad all the way east to the ancient cities of Herat and Balkh and Samarkand. This was country with rich river valleys, irrigated farms and orchards; the towns had palaces, gardens, colleges, mosques, libraries and bazaars; there were pottery, silverwork, soft silks and leather—learning for a keen-minded student from the Black Sands. How to annex all this?

Here, Genghis' nearly 50 years of fighting experience and his splendid organizational sense took over. He had an army of 240,000 men, he had four able sons and two top-notch generals as his field commanders. He had knowledge of sharp tactics, amazing mobility, and above all he had what today's soldiers would call G-2. Spies and infiltrators told him every moment what his enemy was doing.

Mohammed Shah was ready too, with 400,000 men fighting to save their homeland. But when Genghis Khan's squadrons and regiments and divisions wheeled into battle, moving like a drill-team to the black and white signal flags, his light cavalry firing a barrage of arrows, three to every bow, and his heavy cavalry steam-rolling in regular waves, Mohammed had more than met his match.

Probably the most brutal campaign in the shortest space of time that history records followed Genghis' attack. In the year 1219, after crossing 3,000 miles of desert, living off the country and with no wagon-trains of supplies to feed them, the Mongol armies broke the Moslem Empire in one gigantic pincers. They wiped out three major cities, leaving "no stone high enough for a horse to stumble over." They drove Mohammed Shah to his death in the Caspian Sea, and pursued his son, Jelaled-din, to the banks of the Indus River on the fringe of India. In one city alone, one account has it, 160,000 Moslems were slaughtered.

It was time to rest and to plan the administration of occupied territories. It was time, too, for the Mongol ruler, 59 now, to think ahead, listen to his wise men—Chinese, Arabs, Uighurs—who told him of the wonders of science, mathematics, literature.

"My grandsons shall learn these things," said he, not realizing that Europe too would hear before long of the compass, gunpowder and the art of printing.

Slowly, with halts for huge hunting parties, with side trips into the cool foothills of the Himalayas, Genghis Khan started for his desert home. Wagon-trains preceded him carrying the rugs, the furniture, the utensils and gold to Karakorum.

The women were delighted and mystified by this glimpse of a way of life they had only heard of. The crude straw and mud huts of the town took on a new look.

But Genghis never let himself go soft. He stuck to the Mongol routine: a bowl of *kumyss* (fermented milk of mares) for breakfast, mutton at the evening meal, little else. He still lived in the saddle, led hunts, joined the archery games.

One thing nagged at his mind. China had never been truly subjugated. He had divided his lands fairly, apportioned the spoils, seen to it that government went smoothly from the Caspian due east to the China Sea. Only the Sung Dynasty, lapped in luxury and rice and wine, sneered at the Kha Khan.

The 65-year-old conqueror got stiffly into his saddle for one last campaign. He said goodby to Bourtai, still his most trusted wife after half a century and harems of half a dozen nations, and turned south and east.

Within a month he began to weaken. He took to his litter for the first time and was carried—but was adamant against turning back. He lectured his sons:

"Never quarrel among yourselves when I am gone. The strength of our empire is in unity."

Of the four he chose Ogotai, not the eldest but the steadiest, to rule after him.

"Let not my end disarm you," he told his men. "Do not mourn openly for me lest the enemy know of my death."

Years earlier he had come across a hilltop crowned by a tall tree and had fixed it as his last resting place. Now he gave orders that he be buried there, and drew a map telling his generals how to find it. (The site has never been located, but it is believed to be near the Onon River, east of the great Lake Baikal, where Temujin was born.)

Legends say the Mongols slew every living thing they met on their long journey back north to the Gobi hills with their ruler's body. But the facts tell only that one August morning in 1227, on the edge of Southern China, which he never saw, Genghis Khan died.

Subtle Psychology

THE YOUNG BRIDE was looking into the window of a jewelry store. "George," she said, "I'd love to have that bracelet."

"I can't afford to buy it for you, my dear."

"But if you could, you would, wouldn't you?"

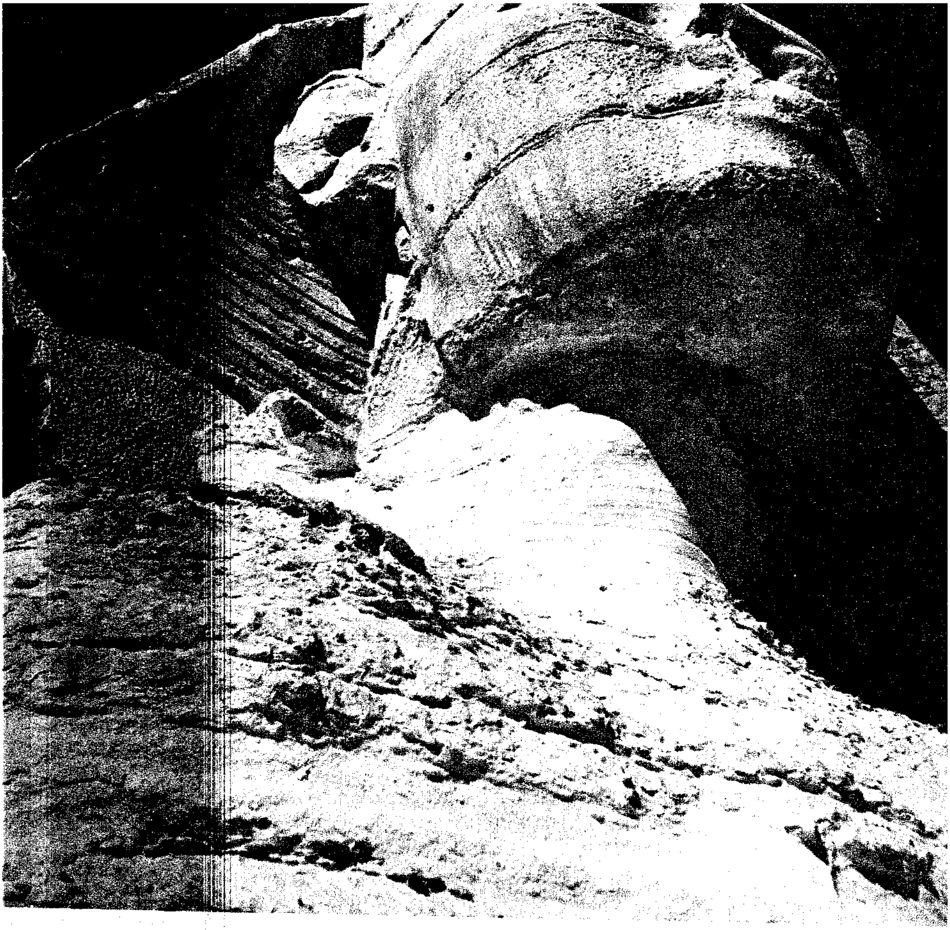
"No," said diplomatic George.

"Why?" said she, surprised and angry.

"It isn't good enough, dear."

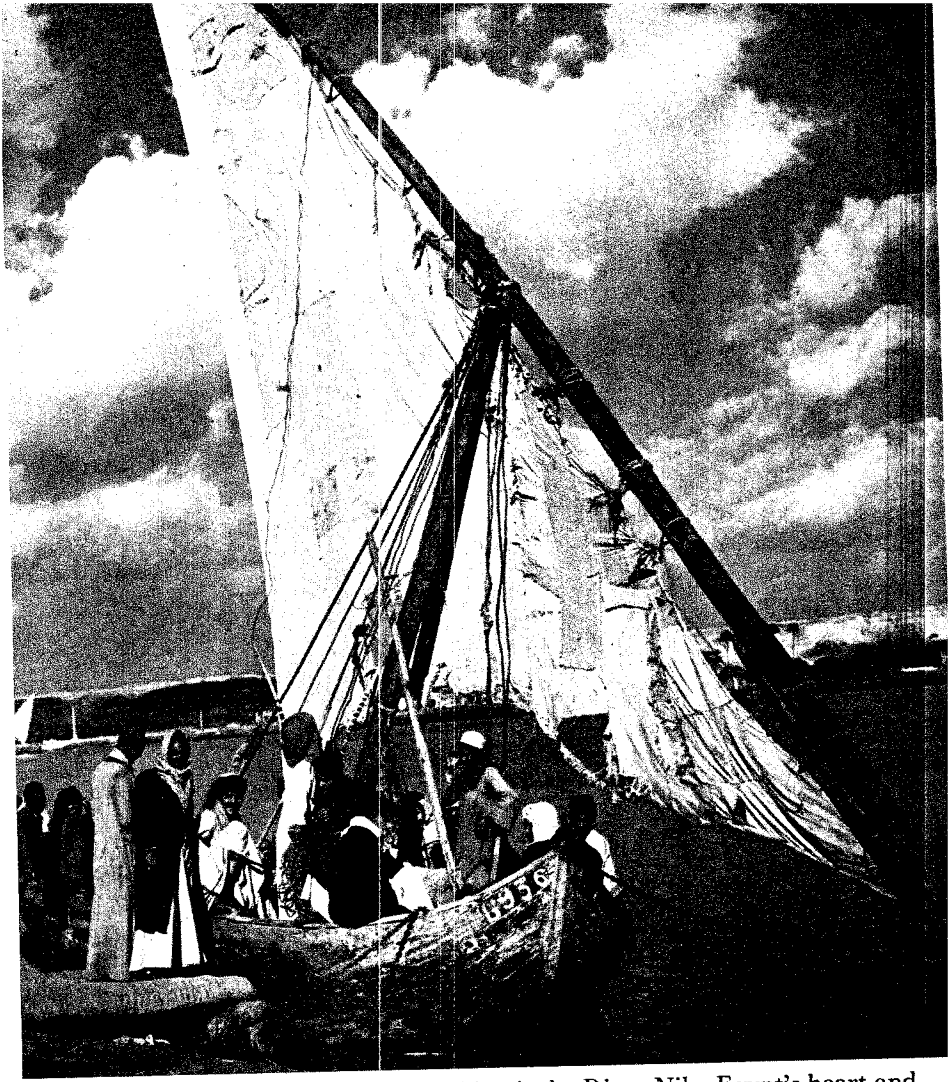
"Oh, you darling."

—*Evening Mail*



Land of the Nile

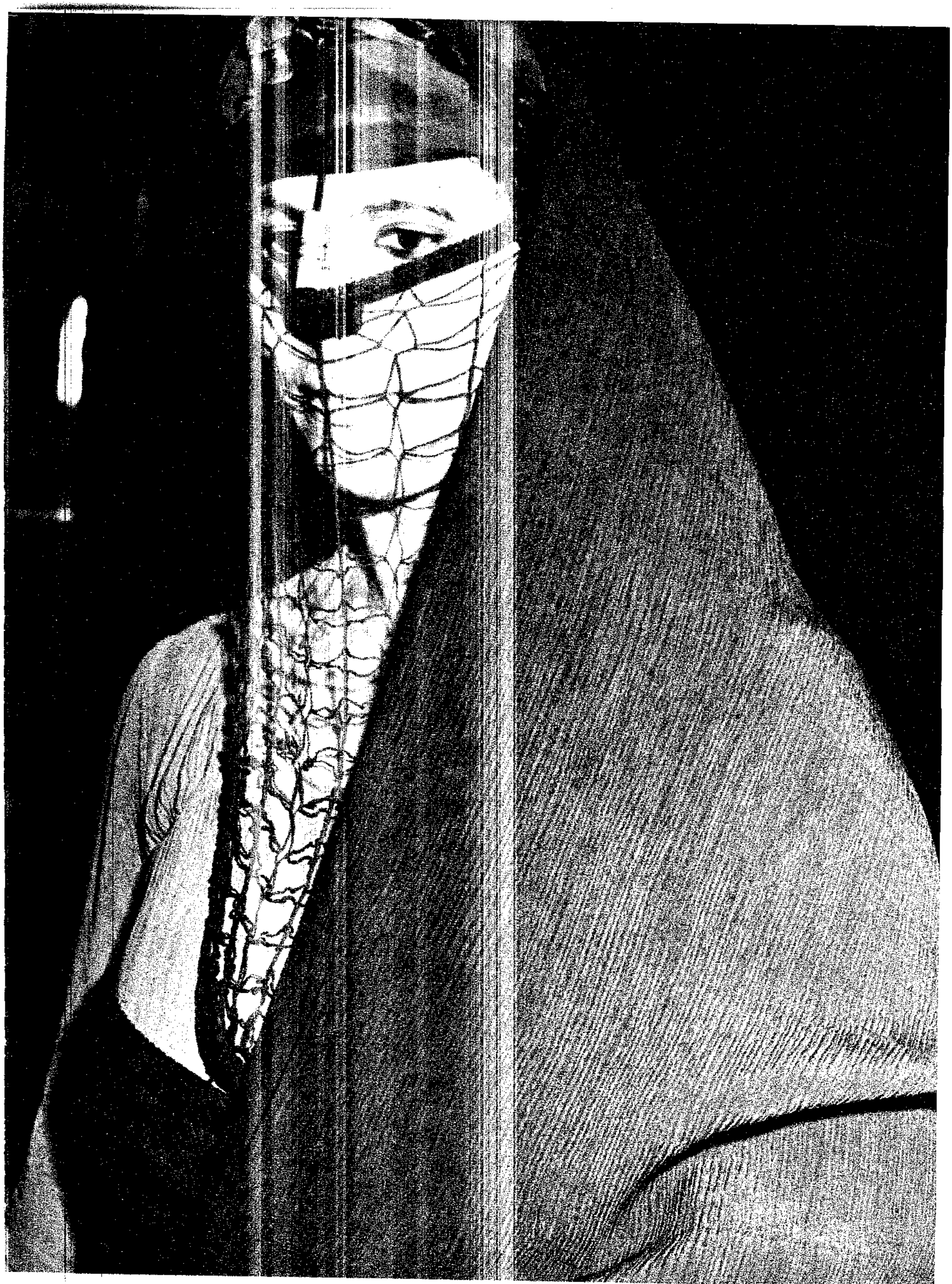
EVEN IN BIBLICAL DAYS, man looked upon the Sphinx and marveled, asking what enigma lay hidden in this colossus of stone with its man's face and lion's body. Incredible watcher from the past, witness to things unseen, unknown, it symbolizes an ancient land in whose desert sands are lost the footprints of man and dinosaur alike.



Yet, more ancient than the Sphinx is the River Nile, Egypt's heart and pulse beat. Its waters carry her boatmen, feed her peoples, enable the desert to bring forth fruit. It is the father of the land, the giver of life.

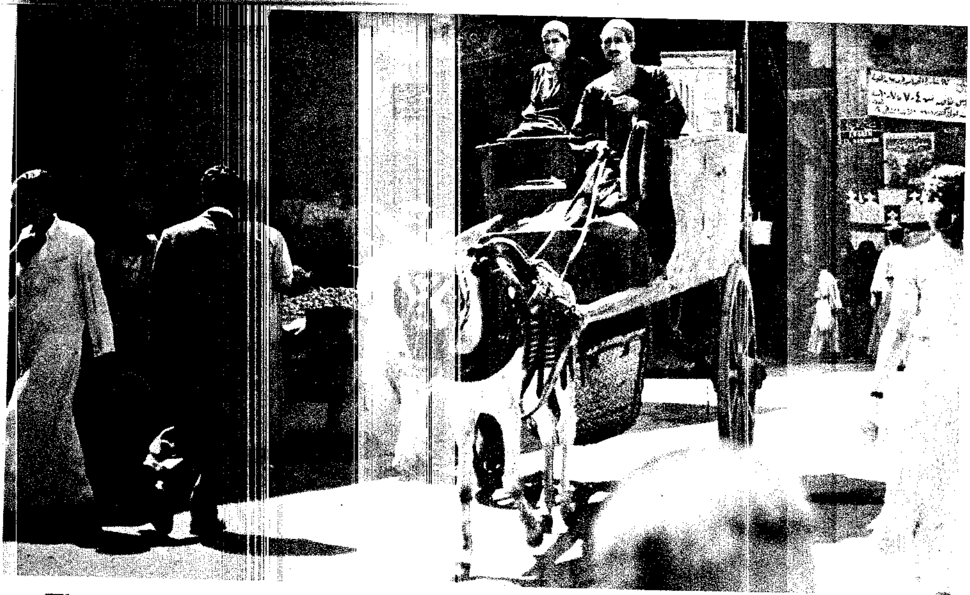
Her teeming millions have few pleasures, save those their ingenuity contrives. Here man and youth play an ancient game, jousting with quarterstaves in the streets of Cairo, Egypt's 1,300-year-old capital.

In a land where life and death are intertwined, man walks closely with his God. Fortunate are they who make the pilgrimage to Mecca. White is the badge of their honor: they are counted among the blessed.



Upon such veiled and secret beauties did the Pharaohs gaze, enraptured: silent, lovely, dark almond eyes blacked with kohl as in Sheba's time, forever mysterious—tribute to the subtle artifices of the East.

He who would study mankind finds Egypt an infinite treasure-house. The carefree hoyden of the streets, jangling with trinkets, princess of the bazaars, soon to be mundane wife or perfumed harem favorite.



The ceaseless ebb and flow of life, the play of sunlight and shadow in archways which the Crusaders knew, the mingling of Orient and Occident, of Medieval and Modern, where once a walled city stood.

And ways untouched since Joseph's day. In their black tents, the Bedouins camp, born rovers of the desert, their lives bounded by patience and tradition, today as yesterday, yesterday as 2,000 years ago.

This is Egypt, land of the life-giving river. Here, on the edge of vastness, eternity is one's neighbor; here man and beast move together, figures on a landscape old as time, changeless as the changeless Nile.

The Traitor of Arnhem

From the book "SPY CATCHER"

by **ORESTE PINTO**

A giant Dutchman betrayed the greatest parachute landing of World War II

AT DAWN on September 17, 1944, the largest airborne landing in the history of warfare took place. Nearly 10,000 men of the British 1st Airborne Division were dropped at Arnhem, Holland, while 20,000 Americans and 3,000 Poles were dropped at Grave and Nijmegen.

Their task was to secure and hold bridgeheads over the Mass Canal, the Waal River and the Neder Rijn while armored spearheads from the main forces plunged down the major road to join up with these outposts and force the water crossings in bulk. It was a daring plan and everything depended on the surprise effect to be obtained by dropping parachute troops well behind the enemy's lines.

Successful exploitation of the thrust would probably have ended the war in Europe before Christmas. But from the start of the Arnhem drop, however, it was obvious that something had gone wrong. (German Panzers had moved up quietly the night before, taking hull-down positions behind hedgerows and ditches. When the paratroops dropped out of a gray sky, they found the enemy anything but confused.)

Nine days later, nine days of gallant and hopeless fighting against an enemy that surrounded them on all sides, 2,400 survivors of the heroic "Red Devils of Arnhem" struggled back to safety across the Waal River, leaving 7,000 casualties behind. The daring coup had failed. The war itself was to be continued for another eight months of killing and devastation.

One man—and one man only—doomed the Arnhem landings from the start. He was a Dutchman named Christian Lindemans.

After Antwerp was liberated in 1944, I arranged for one of our large security camps to be erected in the neighborhood. I happened to

From *Spy Catcher*, by Oreste Pinto. Copyright 1952, by the author, and published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

be passing near the main gate one day when I saw a commotion. Towering over the sentry was a giant of a man. Well over six feet, he was disproportionately broad, with a massive chest that threatened to split his khaki shirt. His biceps, bulging against the sleeves of his jacket, seemed to be as big as an athlete's thigh.

In his leather belt were two huge killing knives. A long-barreled Luger pistol was strapped to his right hip, and a Schmeisser submachine gun was slung across his huge chest. His pockets had a sinister bulge of hand grenades.

This giant had a smiling girl on each arm and was surrounded by a gaggle of admiring Dutch youths. The sentry who was barring his way was hesitant. As I approached, I heard the giant rumble, "*Ach*, these girls are good Dutch patriots. Tell your Colonel that the great King Kong has vouched for them. They are to be released at once to drink wine with me."

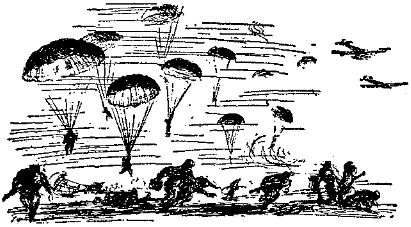
I had heard of this "King Kong," daring leader of the Dutch Resistance forces who had been given the nickname for obvious reasons. He was revered in Occupied Europe for his brute strength, his fearlessness, and his brilliant coups against the Germans. But he had no right to come swaggering into camp to pick up girls.

I shouted to him, "Come here—you, over here!"

He turned, blinked and shrugged off the girls. Then he tapped his mighty chest with a forefinger. "Were you talking to me?"

"Yes, you. Come here!"

He swaggered over. But before he had a chance to speak, I touched the three gold stars on his sleeve. "By what right do you wear those?"



"I wear captain's stars by authority of the Dutch Underground!"

"Really? And who are you?" I asked with mock naïveté.

"Me? Why, Colonel, everyone knows who I am," he bellowed, swelling his mighty chest until the buttons almost burst. "I—I am King Kong!"

"The only King Kong I ever heard of," I replied, "was a big stuffed monkey."

There was a titter behind him. He clenched his fists. My hand slid toward the pistol I always carried in a shoulder holster. But he merely glowered without making a move.

Sensing my advantage, I pressed on. "As you do not hold the rank of captain in the Netherlands Army, you are not entitled to insignia," I said. Then I reached out and ripped off the cloth band with the stars.

His Neanderthal jaw sagged. By now, my hand was hovering over the pistol. But he stepped backward instead of forward. For a second the great King Kong looked sheepish. Then, mustering his self-respect, he shouted, "I shall make a formal complaint of your treatment without delay!" He strode away, leaving the two girls and his admirers gaping.

That was my first meeting with King Kong, the "Scarlet Pimpernel" of Holland who had saved from the Gestapo dozens of refugees and Allied airmen by secret escape routes, who had fought daring skirmishes with the S.D., the Nazi Security Police, who had thumbed his nose at their efforts to trap him.

Musing on the encounter afterward, I wondered whether I had treated my unexpected visitor too summarily. And then a strange idea struck me. Why had he submitted so meekly to my brusque treatment? Any man with his record should surely have stood his ground.

On my return to Intelligence Headquarters at SHAEF, I sent for my assistant. "Wilhelm, what do we know about King Kong?"

He rattled off the facts. "Real name Christian Lindemans. Born in Rotterdam, son of a garage owner. Ex-boxer and wrestler. Dozens of girls listed as his intimate friends. Eldest of four brothers—all Resistance men."

"Have any been killed?"

"No, none have been killed. One was captured by the *Abwehr*, but later released. Seems odd for German Intelligence to release prisoners, doesn't it?"

My suspicions, starting as a vague uneasiness, were beginning to crystallize.

"Lindemans himself was captured by the Gestapo," Wilhelm went on, "but his own Resistance group rescued him from a prison hospital after a gun fight. Lindemans got away, but 47 Resistance men were killed—ambushed as they withdrew from the hospital."

"Almost as if the Germans had known beforehand," I said slowly.

I spent several days in Brussels, combing back streets, sordid cafes and smoky cellars. Gradually the Lindemans jigsaw was coming together. Several witnesses confirmed that when his younger brother had been captured by the *Abwehr*, Lindemans was deeply in debt. I also learned that a cabaret dancer, Veronica, captured at the same time, had been King Kong's sweetheart. In spite of his countless amours and intrigues, he had always come back to her.

Other witnesses confirmed that with the release of his sweetheart and his brother, Lindemans became suddenly affluent. Not only did he pay off all debts but lived even more riotously. He also grew increasingly reckless in his guerrilla battles with the Nazis. Always the heroic leader barely escaped, blazing away with his arsenal of weapons and using his giant strength to save himself.

I decided that circumstantial evidence was strong enough to warrant my cross-examining Lindemans. I sent a message to Dutch Intelligence headquarters, being careful not to reveal my real purpose. Lindemans had friends in high places, and I dared not "tip" him.

Next morning I went to the rendezvous, but no sign of Lindemans. I had waited hours when two young Dutch captains strode in. "We're sorry, sir, but Lindemans cannot keep the appointment. He left this morning on a very special mission for the Canadians."

My heart leaped. But that was all they could tell me. Later I learned what had happened. The Canadians required a trustworthy local man who could secretly enter Eindhoven, then in German hands, and contact the Resistance leader in that area. The messenger was to alert the Resistance leader that large Allied parachute landings were scheduled north of Eindhoven the following Sunday morning.

The Canadians applied to Dutch Headquarters, who selected Lindemans as the man for this mission.

FOR SIX WEEKS, my efforts to have Lindemans arrested were in vain. Thus far, there was only circumstantial evidence. Then one evening, additional proof arrived.

The Allied advance had continued, although, since the tragic failure of Arnhem, the armies had had to fight for every foot of ground. I was just concluding a long interrogation of a young Dutch suspect named Cornelis Verloop. I had finally trapped him into admitting he was a spy, and he was shaken.

"Am I to be shot?" he whispered. "I will give you valuable information, sir—in return for my life."

"You fool!" I said. "Any information you have can be extracted from you before you are shot. Now, what do you know?"

Verloop leaned forward eagerly and, squeezing his fists together, recited the names and descriptions of all my Intelligence Headquarters staff. Then he glibly recited the main network of our counter-espionage system in Belgium and the Netherlands.

Casually I asked: "Who told you all this?"

"Colonel Kiesewetter at *Abwehr* Headquarters at Driebergen. But who told Kiesewetter is my secret. Do you wish to bargain, sir?"

I drew my pistol.

"Wait," he gasped, "Don't shoot! I'll tell you! It was Lindemans—King Kong. He told Kiesewetter."

I prodded Verloop with my pistol. "Did King Kong betray Arnhem to the Nazis?" I asked.

He nodded.

Once Verloop was safely in prison, I rushed to Intelligence Headquarters and demanded the arrest of Lindemans.

"What do you mean?" someone blurted. "Arrest Lindemans? You must be mad! Why, with his hands he can smash men like dolls."

A senior officer spoke. "What are your grounds for arresting him? Do you realize the public scandal?"

Rapidly I gave my reasons, and my manner must have convinced them. But there still remained the problem of arresting King Kong without risking lives.

"I have it!" I cried. "Two of you go to Castle Wittouck and tell Lindemans he is to be decorated for gallant services. Persuade him to disarm and put on a clean shirt. Then take him into a private room. Meantime I'll ask SHAEF to send ten military policemen to the Castle. When Lindemans enters the room, they will overpower him."

That was the plan—and it worked. King Kong's vanity was easily assailed. As soon as he heard he was to be "decorated," lamblike he allowed himself to be shorn of his weapons. Then, Lindemans advanced to receive his award.

It arrived in the shape of the military policemen who, after a struggle, secured him. There were no handcuffs in Holland big enough to clamp round his mighty wrists, so his arms and legs were lashed with steel-cored rope.

The prisoner was rushed to a country house outside London, where British Counter-Intelligence interrogators were skilled at extracting confessions without resorting to torture. For two weeks they kept Lindemans under cross-examination, until they sucked his arrogant mind dry of all self-incriminating facts.

His Top Secret confession was more exciting than any detective story. The tale of treachery began in 1943, when he was at the peak of his fame as a Resistance leader. Always promiscuous in his sexual conquests, he persuaded rich women to part with their jewels to provide fighting funds for the "Underground" escape route.

Lindemans sold the jewels, but the proceeds never went into Resistance funds. They were spent on drunken orgies. Those jewels which he did not sell he gave to his mistresses, boasting that they were part of the loot he had taken from the Nazis by force.

Then, in February, 1944, his youngest brother and the French cabaret dancer, Veronica, were captured by the Gestapo in a raid. Frantic with worry over their fate and sensing the growing suspicions of other Resistance leaders about the jewels and money entrusted to him, Lindemans decided to make a deal with the enemy. He knew two Dutchmen in Brussels who were in the pay of the Nazis and offered to deal with them on two conditions: one, the instant release of Veronica and his brother; two, big money payments. The bargain was sealed and next day the Germans kept their end of it.

King Kong, having taken the decisive step into infamy, reveled for a time in the immediate results. He spent the first installments of his traitor's pay in a new burst of drinking and wenching.

But, as I had suspected during my earlier investigations, the *Abwehr* failed to inform the other security branches that Lindemans was now in Nazi pay. One day the Security Police raided another Resistance headquarters in Rotterdam. They burst into the cellar with guns leveled. Lindemans was among the men there!

It was a bad moment for him. He could either give himself away as a traitor in full view of his Dutch comrades, or else risk sudden death at the hands of the S.D. Police. He hesitated for a second and then took the coward's choice. He moved one hand in a certain secret gesture to the S.D. men.

But before the commander could rasp out the order for his men to avert their rifles, one of them misinterpreted the gesture. He fired, and the bullet hit King Kong in the chest.

He was rushed to a Gestapo hospital. The wound would have proved fatal to many humans, but the jungle strength of King Kong brought him through. The head of the *Abwehr* visited him to plan for his "escape," so he could continue to be a Nazi agent.

Lindemans came up with an ingeniously savage plan which made

even the hardheaded Colonel gape. He suggested that his own Resistance men should attempt the rescue, so they would walk into an ambush. The plan was put into effect, and 47 of his gallant colleagues gave up their lives to "save" their treacherous leader.

For the next few months, Lindemans earned his German pay by betraying many Allied agents. The climax of his confession was, of course, the betrayal at Arnhem.

Certain high officials in the Netherlands Forces were reluctant to see Lindemans tried, feeling that the Dutch war effort would suffer if a popular figure were shown up as an infamous traitor.

As the months went by, the mud was allowed to settle at the bottom so that on the surface everything was limpid and clear. Then, in May, 1946, the British press demanded to know what had happened to "the Dutch officer who had betrayed Arnhem."

In the face of these demands, the Dutch Government had only one course to take. It was announced that a Special Tribunal would assemble in June, 1946, to try Lindemans on charges of treason.

But fate had one final trick to play. Although Lindemans had long since become gaunt and grayhaired, he must still have possessed some potent spark of manhood, for one of his nurses in the Scheveningen Prison hospital fell in love with him. Perhaps they had known each other in lustier days; perhaps she had been won by his great reputation as a Resistance leader. Whatever the cause, she decided to help him to escape the approaching trial.

Two days before the trial, Lindemans was found dead. Across his body lay the nurse, inert but still breathing. All the modern aids of medicine were used to bring her around. She confessed she had administered 80 aspirin tablets to Lindemans and had herself swallowed an equal number. They had agreed on a suicide pact. Thus a master traitor cheated justice.

And so Lindemans, lecherous, vain, brutal and cowardly, found in the end that his luck with women held although women had contributed so much to his final arrest. If he had not entered the Antwerp Security Camp to pick up a couple of girls, I might never have suspected him in the first place.

Taken

A MAN HAD HIS new dog out for a walk when he came to a river. He threw a stick in for the animal to fetch. To his astonishment, instead of plunging in the dog walked out on the surface of the river and retrieved the stick. Not believing his eyes, the man threw the stick again. Again the dog walked across the water and fetched it.

"Where did you get that dog?" asked a passerby.

"I bought him for a hundred dollars," said its owner proudly.

"Well, you'd better get your money back," said the stranger. "You've been taken. That dog can't even swim." —*Tatler and Bystander*

BASEBALL IN REVERSE

by GALEN DRAKE

On a hot August day in 1916, Dutch Leonard, a strapping left-handed pitcher, strode out of the Boston Red Sox dugout to open a double-header against the St. Louis Browns. Before the side was retired, it was clear that Dutch didn't have it: his fast ball seemed to hang, and line drives caromed off the fences.

Bill Carrigan, catcher and manager, strode out to the mound. He reached only as high as Leonard's red neck and had never been much of a hitter, but few major-league pilots ever got so much mileage from their men.

"Can't figure out how these guys are hitting you, Dutch," he said. "I can hardly hold your fast ball."

Leonard looked down gratefully and the manager went back to his position. The carnage continued. When he loaded the bases in the fourth, Carrigan shuffled out to him.

"I don't know how they can even see your stuff," he lied blithely. "I've never seen you in better form."

"Thanks, Bill," muttered the pitcher. "Maybe I'll settle down."

"Well, I'll tell you, son," Carrigan said apologetically. "There's no sense wasting all your wonderful stuff on this game. Why don't you get a shower and relax? Then you can start the second game."

"That's a swell idea, Bill! I'll murder them as soon as I get a little rest." And Dutch stalked off the field, looking as though he had just pitched a shutout.

In the first three innings of the second game, the Browns failed to hit a ball out of the infield. Carrigan came out to the mound.

"Listen, Dutch," he said belligerently, "either you bear down or I'll pull you out of the game."

Tight-lipped and grim, the pitcher nodded. A strange tension crept through the stands, but Leonard never noticed it. Teeth clenched, he threw harder and harder.

In the eighth, Carrigan started still another trek to the mound. Standing on tiptoe, Carrigan snarled: "Now for the last time—bear down or you're through!"

White with fury, Leonard began to throw again. The ball whizzed by batter after batter, but with each pitch, Carrigan shook his head despairingly. At last, it was the ninth. One man down, two. Now the third waved his bat menacingly—and fanned. The game was over.

A swarm of fans swept onto the field and made for the pitcher. But Carrigan reached him first—hand outstretched, a grin on his face. Only then did Dutch realize what his manager had done for him. Boosting him in defeat, goading him when he was winning, Carrigan had artfully guided Leonard into a once-in-a-lifetime pitching performance—a no-hit game.

Galen Drake stars on CBS radio, 10:00-10:15 A.M., Saturdays.

Planned Weekends Mean Longer Living

by NORMAN CARLISLE

ASK THE AVERAGE AMERICAN how much vacation he gets a year. "Two weeks," is the stock answer. But we can really count on not just 14, but 114, days of annual vacation time. The extra 100 days come to us in two-day installments.

We call them "weekends," although vacations are what they are intended to be—times for mental and physical relaxation, away from the grind of work. Unfortunately, for millions of Americans, they slip by unrealized, failing to give the satisfaction that doctors and sociologists hoped a shorter work-week would bring.

Yet for these millions, what might be called the "vacation approach" to weekends can transform their lives. It can overcome many physical and mental ailments, strengthen and enrich family relationships, open new vistas of interest and fulfillment. For men and women harassed by problems, for people who felt they had reached the point of no resolution, it has actually worked these changes. To the weary and disillusioned, it brings a new sense of excitement in living, a second touch of the wonderful exuberance of youth.

All these benefits can easily be ours if we will simply take advantage of our opportunities, for nowhere in the world have the facilities for weekending been so fully developed as in the U. S. The family car has become a national institution whose operation, compared with prohibitive costs in other countries, is relatively inexpensive. Modern highway systems make it possible to drive to the country, the mountains or the seashore in a few hours. Hotels, tourist camps and motels to suit every taste and budget are readily available on overnight trips.

And manufacturers, quick to recognize a growing need for products designed and tailored for weekend use, have turned their inventive skill to such work-and-space-savers as portable stoves and refrigerators, light, all-purpose clothing, thermos jugs and durable, compact luggage.

Last year's annual vacation you remember vividly, but how many of last year's weekends can you even recall? No doubt you have already painted an exciting picture of this year's two-week vacation, but do you have any such plans for coming weekends? Aren't they likely to be frittered away in activities as unmemorable as those of the forgotten ones of the past?

You owe it to your health and happiness to get the most out of this extra vacation time. I have watched successful families in action, and from their experiences, I have drawn up a prescription of five basic rules for putting new life into America's weekends.

1. *Plan your weekends in advance.* The words, "Let's just get in the car and drive," have launched some of the most spectacularly unsuccessful weekends on record. Chances are, the happy urge to take to the open road was squelched by lengthy family dissension about where to go.

"How about the mountains?" says Father.

"I'd rather go to the beach," Junior announces.

"Too crowded there," says Mother practically. "Let's visit Aunt Minnie instead."

Father groans. "Through all that traffic? Not for me!"

So it goes on and on, while the precious hours slip by, and the first thing you know it's Saturday noon and just too late to go anyplace. Even if, by some miracle, everybody does agree on an impromptu weekend, you arrive at your destination without reservations. Chances are that, as night falls, you will have to trudge from hotel to tourist cabin to guest home, until you are finally forced to accept accommodations which are anything but satisfactory. Tempers are short, nothing goes the way it should, and you arrive back home Sunday night feeling frustrated and exhausted—and wondering why you ever bothered to go in the first place.

It all adds up to the fact that Saturday morning is no time to plan weekend activities. The planning should begin long before. Step one is to determine in advance precisely what kind of a holiday you want to enjoy. Each, to some extent, requires a different kind of preparation.

Are you bound for the beach, the mountains or the woods? Do you plan to read and relax, enjoy nature, or get in those rounds of golf denied you by the pressure of work? Will the whole family be going, or just Mother and Father? Will you be joining friends?

You might want to borrow the plan of one family I know. They adopted the idea of a "weekend calendar," which gives them a tentative picture of an entire year. They started off with a list of things they knew they would surely do at definite times. Thanksgiving weekend they would go home for the annual get-together; a son's birthday fell on a Saturday—they would spend that weekend at home; the State Fair would take up the last weekend in October; in April, there was the Washington trip to see the cherry blossoms in bloom.

Somewhat to their astonishment, in a single round-table discussion they had managed to fill their calendar with exciting possibilities. Advance planning had turned what would have been hectic weekends into serene ones, and provided them with the additional pleasure of anticipating all the wonderful things they were going to do and enjoy.

2. *Try for longer weekends.* Once you start considering the limitless possibilities for your weekend vacations, you'll probably discover that some of them won't fit into two ordinary days. But the time problem is solvable, too. You can't manufacture extra Saturdays and Sundays, but you may be able to add extra hours, perhaps even extra days, to your priceless weekend time.

WEAR A
V. F. W.
"Buddy"
Poppy
MEMORIAL DAY

The simplest way is to change the hours of departure and return. If everything is ready and waiting (advance planning makes this easy) when the man of the house gets home from work on Friday, you can drive to a nearby destination that evening. That leaves your Saturday clear for relaxation.

If you don't care to leave Friday night, there is the possibility of getting up a little earlier on Saturday. Some friends of mine report that they have felt a wonderful sense of leisure since they have taken to leaving home at 7 A.M., instead of dragging away at 10 or 11, as they used to.

Of course, there will be some desires that you simply can't fulfill in the framework of the usual weekend, but you can work out ways to pick up whole extra days. Most of us already have, *gratis*, a few long weekends during the year, like Labor Day weekend. Another happy solution, now that you are looking upon your weekends as part of your vacation, is to borrow a day or two from your annual two weeks' holiday. One family who generally spent their two weeks visiting relatives decided that ten days was plenty and added a day to each of four weekends.

You may even be able to shift your work week, arranging to get a Monday off by working the following Saturday. If there are special seasons when business is slack at your place of employment, your employer might be glad to have you swap these unbusy days for busier ones later on.

Weekenders who dash off pell-mell at midday Saturday drive all afternoon—only to reach their destination at bedtime, played-out and irritable. Next morning they throw themselves into a frenzy of activity, trying to pack everything into their too-narrow time limits. Without allowing a chance for the weekend to work its recuperative magic, they start back Sunday evening, physically drained and mentally unprepared for the work week ahead.

Merely transporting tired nerves and muscles from city to country environment is no guarantee of relaxation. Unless you give your mind time to "unwind," doctors agree, the precipitate transition is more apt to produce shock than rest.

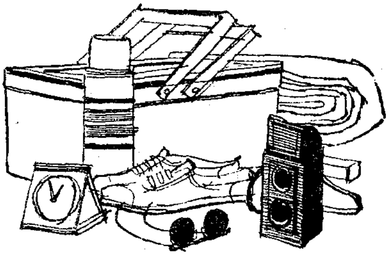
3. *Make home weekends count, too.* For all the glorious opportunities for weekend trips, the fact is that you will still spend some Saturdays and Sundays at home. You are

missing an important chance for recreational living if you don't try to turn your home weekends into vacations, too.

Far too many people regard a weekend as a "time attic" to which they relegate bothersome tasks they somehow didn't finish during the work week. I know a wife, for instance, who leaves her heavy shopping for Saturday, and then presses her husband into service as her chauffeur—a task he intensely dislikes. No wonder he continually pleads he has brought work home to do or makes excuses for escaping by himself on Saturdays!

Now, shopping may sometimes be necessary on a weekend, and some men do indeed have to bring work home. But the people I have mentioned could make some very helpful changes. The first family could take Thursday or Friday, the nights many stores stay open, for their big shopping time. The man who brings work home could adopt a sensible approach and carry home only as much as he could complete on Friday night.

Once your weekend is really clear of all these troublesome activities, you'll find yourself in the happy position of having some of that rare and precious commodity—time. Often that last-minute urge to go somewhere, anywhere, without plan or reason, springs precisely from this failure to make a weekend at home really inviting.



Your frequent leisure periods at home may encourage you to buy new home equipment—like a ready-to-build barbecue for the yard, a plastic swimming pool, a set of outdoor furniture. I have some friends who spent their weekends building a boat—an at-home hobby that can lead to exciting weekend trips later.

Others have chosen to undertake reading the One Hundred Best Books, to construct a cellar rumpus room, or learn to play better bridge, but they all made the same happy discovery: once you safeguard your weekends as times of freedom, you can have vacations right at home.

4. *Get the right equipment for weekend fun.* But don't stop with just these basic arrangements. I've observed any number of weekends which have been fiascos simply because some piece of equipment was missing—or not ready—or not working.

I remember a man who yearly lamented the fact that he didn't own a decent set of golf clubs, and yet didn't buy one because he felt it wouldn't pay "for just two weeks' vacation." Once he recognized that the lack of clubs was actually keeping him from casual weekend trips he would otherwise have made, he saw that, averaged out over all these trips, the cost was small.

Such durable items as golf clubs, picnicking outfits, sleeping bags and tennis rackets go on paying for themselves in pleasure, long after their original cost is forgotten.

Small oversights are annoying, too, and, when accumulated, can be as devastating to your weekend plan as no plan at all. Consider, for example, the couple who rented a cabin in the woods for two days of hiking and nature study. They had remembered such things as lightweight clothing for the hot summer afternoons, serviceable boots and an adequate food supply, but a seemingly insignificant oversight bobbed up to plague them.

The first night, pleasantly tired from their drive, they settled themselves for a long sleep—only to discover that an army of mosquitoes had singled them out for attack. Having forgotten to bring mosquito repellent, they spent a harrowing night in a losing battle with the elusive pests.

Next day, nature study was delayed for a whole precious morning while they drove to the nearest town—20 miles away—for the repellent, a forgotten essential, and, having lost a needed night's sleep, they felt out-of-sorts and tired for the rest of the weekend.

5. *Prepare a check list for your weekend.* No plan can be too detailed. As a matter of fact, the best preparation is one that is based on a master check list that covers every possible contingency—transportation, reservations, clothing, equipment, medicine, food, cigarettes. Make the check list a family project—if the weekend is to be a family affair. That way, there is small chance that anything will be overlooked.

Keep in mind that vacation surroundings, lovely as they may be, are not usually convenient to a corner drug store. Once you have left home, you should have every single item that may conceivably be needed—and have it in good repair—or face the prospect of having your weekend marred.

I'll never forget the enthusiasm with which a New Haven family spoke of a September weekend they spent in New Hampshire. They chose an inexpensive inn in a small town and, since the colorful New England autumn always attracts scores of sightseers, they booked their reservations well in advance. Carefully they plotted their usual needs, like road maps, sweaters, pajamas, and so forth. Then they made ready for the special activities they were going to enjoy.

The father was an amateur photographer, so that his list included camera, color and black-and-white film, light meter and filters. From friends they had learned that, ten miles away, a summer camp still operated tennis courts for late-staying help. They wrote ahead for permission for their two girls to use the courts. This meant including tennis shoes, rackets and balls for the weekend. Nearby, too, the camp horses were stabled, and for a reasonable fee the whole family could enjoy a trail ride. So to the list were added riding clothes: jeans for the girls, jodhpurs for the parents. And for a surprise, the father bought a new novel for the mother.

Everything proceeded according to plan and the weekend couldn't have been better. The father returned to work refreshed, while the mother was rested and ready to tackle the annual fall house-cleaning. As for the children, they were so eager to tell their friends about their last wonderful summer adventure that they started the new school year without a complaint.

(*See page 163 in this issue*)

CHECK LIST FOR YOUR WEEKENDS

Only planned weekends are successful weekends. Here is a handy list of the items you will need on pleasure trips. Check those you do not have and put them on your shopping list.

ALL WEEKENDS

____toothpaste
____toothbrush
____comb
____brush
____nail file
____nail scissors
____alarm clock
____first-aid kit
____headache pills
____antacid tablets
____cigarettes
____matches, lighter
____tissues
____camera
____film
____candy
____vacuum bottle
____extra shoelaces
____wash cloth
____towels
____rubbers
____raincoats
____insect repellent
____razor
____razor blades
____shaving cream
____after-shave lotion
____travelers' checks
____sanitary supplies
____lipstick
____cold cream
____powder
____bobby pins
____fingernail polish
____polish remover
____toys for children
____hand lotion
____sun tan lotion
____sun glasses
____bathing caps
____blue jeans
____sun hat

GOLF

____golf shoes
____socks
____golf clubs
____golf glove
____sport shirts
____golf dresses
____cotton skirts
____golf balls
____tees
____golf bag wheeler

FOREST, MOUNTAINS

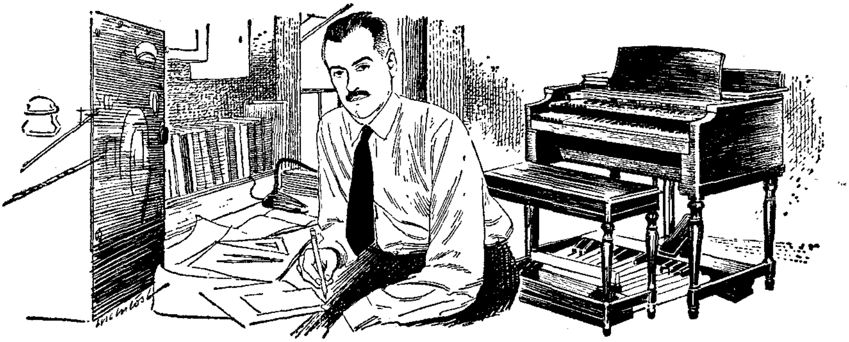
____hiking boots
____heavy sweaters
____jackets
____wool socks
____cotton socks
____picnic basket
____warm night clothes
____water-purifying pills
____compass
____rope
____extra blankets
____chocolate
____calamine lotion
____nature guide books
____old shirts
____poison ivy repellent
____binoculars
____charcoal and grate
____outdoor cooking utensils
____paper plates

BEACH, BOATING

____bathing suits
____sneakers
____rubber raft
____rubber life rings
____hair conditioner
____shorts, tee shirts
____beach umbrella
____beach clogs
____beach hat
____sunburn cream
____beach robes
____oil cloth (for car seats)
____portable radio
____collapsible chairs
____extra blankets

FISHING

____tackle
____poles
____bait
____fishing hat
____frying pan
____sneakers
____tin cans
____extra reels
____flies



Miracle Music for the Home

by ELLIOTT C. BING

How engineer Hammond built a big business from his invention—the electric organ

ONE DAY AN ENGINEER visiting Chicago dropped in on a friend who ran a clock-making factory and found him at work behind a pile of packing boxes in a cluttered corner.

The engineer stared in amazement at an incredible collection of wires, tubes and wheels, and asked, "What on earth are you doing?"

His tall, quiet-spoken friend answered seriously, "I'm inventing a musical instrument."

The visitor laughed. "Are you serious? I didn't think you could read a note of music."

"I can't even carry a tune, but just the same, this stuff"—with a sweep of his hand the young inventor indicated the weird assortment of gadgets—"has the makings of the darnedest thing you ever heard of. It could create a revolution in music . . . if I can make it work."

If the words spoken in that impromptu laboratory 20 years ago seemed startling to an engineer, they would have been utterly fantastic to a musician. Even the man who made the prophecy could hardly have visualized that ultimately his invention would be in use on radio and TV, in Yankee Stadium and Soldiers' Field in Chicago, in the Hollywood Bowl; that it would provide the music for the worship of millions in churches and cathedrals throughout the world, and that in tens of thousands of American homes, it would open up new vistas for people who had never played a musical instrument before.

The shy inventor is Laurens Hammond, his invention the electric organ. And the remarkable story of how he turned electricity into music is one of the classics of American ingenuity.

It really began in St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Evanston, Illinois, where young Laurens, serving as an altar boy, listened fascinated to the majestic rolling tones of the church's pipe organ. Years later, faced with a desperate crisis in his life, the memory of that organ flashed into his mind and started him on his great adventure in music.

By then, Hammond had become an engineer and invented a simplified electric clock which had revolutionized the industry. He had set up a factory in Chicago, but the Depression and competition from makers who had copied his clock's mechanism threatened disaster.

The basic principle of his clock was contained in a tiny wheel-like electric motor no bigger than a silver dollar. That small wheel seemed pretty remote from a giant pipe organ. Yet one day, while pondering the impending collapse of the clock business, Hammond's mind flashed back to St. Luke's.

An organ made its music because air, passing through a pipe, generated a certain frequency of sound. Well, he reasoned, the mechanism of the little clock motor could be reversed to generate a musical tone frequency. Could it be converted to sound, and amplified as in a radio receiver? Now, suppose he substituted a group of these little generators for banks of pipes. . . .

It was just a hunch, but Hammond couldn't let go of it. He went to work in a corner of his factory and plunged into what was, to him, a strange new world.

Everyone before him who had ever tried to design a musical instrument had followed the course of making a certain wire, a certain string, a certain air column, produce a given sound. Hammond quickly discovered not only that he could easily apply the same idea, but that he could also use each of his generators to make many sounds, by making it possible for the organist to change the connections to the generators by means of switches.

Hammond also made another discovery. Though it would take a textbook full of formulas to express it, basically what he found was that a tone emerging from one generator could be added to a tone coming from another generator at the same time. He was staggered to realize that by utilizing this principle, a few generators could produce literally millions of tones!

But he still had the problem of embodying the principle in a simple device that would enable the musician to control this genie of music locked in the tone wheels. As months of tinkering went by, it looked as if he never could lick this problem of simplification. At one time, in fact, he had a contraption that required 1,000 tubes and hundreds of tone wheels.

Friends advised him to quit. He was a brilliant engineer who could name his own price with any number of big companies. Why not forget this wild scheme? But Hammond refused to listen. Repeated failure only made him more determined.

FINALLY, three years after he began his efforts, he emerged with a crude device that looked like a glorified packing case, with a radio speaker and levers sticking out of it. With this contrivance, Hammond, his engineers and a stenographer, who had learned to play the thing, turned up at the Patent Office one spring day in 1934.

Downstairs in the basement, amid the ghosts of past inventions that had never succeeded, they hopefully set up the apparatus. A few patent officials gathered to listen the first time the Hammond organ was played in public. As its pure tones carried through the reaches of the gloomy old basement, a look of amazement spread across the faces of the listeners. It seemed sheer magic that such music could come from that clumsy-looking box.

When the organist stopped, they begged her to go on, and soon a crowd had gathered to listen.

Hammond got his patent, and the first production models were soon taking shape in the factory. The patent officials had obviously been impressed; now what about the public? To find out, Hammond set up the first organ, in a handsome console, at the 1935 Industrial Arts Exhibit in Rockefeller Center in New York. Invitations were sent to leading musicians to try it.

Hammond attempted no elaborate explanations. "Play it," was his simple suggestion.

Organist Pietro Yon of famed St. Patrick's Cathedral, a musician who had played some of the world's great organs, sat down to try it out. A wave of excitement went through the crowd as his trained hands and feet raced over keyboard and pedals.

A restrained music critic admitted: "Under his command, the new instrument seemed capable of a thousand effects . . . It was full toned and rich, eerie and soft."

Later, George Gershwin sat down at the keyboard. "I want one," he said after a few minutes. Hammond happily took the order for the first Hammond organ ever sold.

With the Hammond organ priced at $1,250—the cheapest pipe organ sold for $4,000—orders began to pour in, enough to pay for the expensive equipment needed to make the organs in quantity.

As the public eagerly accepted the Hammond instrument, the reactions of even die-hard organists changed. Many who had resisted the idea that a scientist, not a musician, had found a way to widen the frontiers of music, switched from incredulity and doubt to acceptance and then enthusiasm. Hammond organs began to appear in the great churches of the world.

In England, Canterbury Cathedral's superb 400-year-old organ remains, but the music for most services comes from the comparatively tiny Hammond electric organ.

So, too, do the strains that roll through the Cathedral of Mexico, the largest church in our hemisphere; and Holt Church at Tvedestrand, Norway, a building so ancient that it was once used for the worship of Thor and Odin.

WHEN LAURENS HAMMOND first set out to make an electric organ, he was astonished to learn the amount of continual effort required to keep a pipe organ operating properly. On many fine ones, a daily adjustment is necessary.

"Something is always wrong with an organ," organists admitted to him. "We take that for granted."

A slight difference in the temperature or the humidity on a certain day could throw an organ out of tune. To make sure this could not happen to his organ, Hammond alternately froze and steamed his first models. The tiny tone wheels performed perfectly.

One thing that presented no problem was tuning, for its electrical source of sound keeps the Hammond organ from ever getting out of tune.

The records bulge with stories that dramatically prove his success in achieving sturdiness. There was, for instance, the organ in a mission in China which was hacked by invading Japanese, who burned the pedals for fuel and rudely tipped over the console. It played perfectly when set upright after the war.

So did a Hammond which was fished out of Ohio flood waters. The rescuers turned a hose on it to wash off the mud, hooked it up—and listened to its usual pure tones.

People on every economic level have found happiness in owning an electric organ. A Southern boy laboriously picked cotton for years to get money to buy one. A G.I. in Korea regularly sends half his paycheck to a dealer in Connecticut.

For Laurens Hammond, the success of his organ was only a partial realization of his dream. He has gone on to devise other ways to turn electricity into music. One is the Solovox, a device which attaches to the piano to add organlike tones. Another is the Novachord, the electronic device that can simulate a whole orchestra.

Yet Hammond knew that there were millions of people who, like himself, are not possessed of great musical skill, who would still like to have the rich experience of playing an instrument.

Since electricity produced the Hammond organ's tones, he reasoned, couldn't electricity take over part of the work of playing? Years of research provided the answer in another new instrument—the Chord Organ—in which pushing a single button produces not one note but a whole chord.

Not satisfied with this simplification, Hammond went a step farther and devised a "picture-music" way of writing music. Astounded people who have never read a note can play a tune on the Chord Organ after ten minutes' practice.

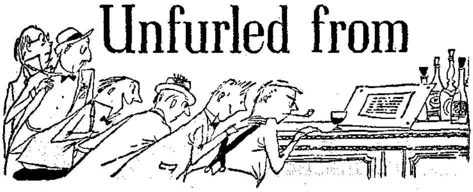
To Laurens Hammond, his achievement is not the scientific recognition that has brought him such awards as the Franklin Institute's Wetherill Medal. It is not the commercial success that has made his company one of the giants of the music world. It is simply that he has been able to make so many people feel as did George Gershwin when he first played his Hammond organ. Listening to its soaring notes, he could only say raptly, "I've found the lost chord!"

Help Wanted

ONE DAY I SAW a little girl of nine or ten staring wistfully at the window of an expensive restaurant. Then she went inside. She didn't look poor enough to be hungry and begging, nor did she look rich enough to be eating out alone in such a restaurant. But the idea of a hungry child with no money bothered me and I too went in. She was talking earnestly to the proprietor and pointing at a placard in the window. What had caused the wistful look in the child's eyes was the sign that read: WAITRESS WANTED—5 to 11.

—S. OMAR BARKER

Unfurled from



Tele-Tattle

A St. Louis bar advertises: "We don't have television—but we do have a fight every night."

—NEAL O'HARA (McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Jack Carter tells about his uncle who didn't have a TV set. So he drilled a hole through to his neighbor's apartment and watched wrestling every night—until he found out they had no television set either. —*Joey Adams Joke Book* (Frederick Fell)

The man who once said that "Nothing is impossible" never tried to get between Milton Berle and a television camera. —EARL WILSON

Onstage

One evening while Josephine Hull was playing a dramatic scene in "Arsenic and Old Lace," the prop telephone started ringing by mistake. Miss Hull went right on talking and the phone kept on ringing. Finally she picked it up, said, "Hello," and then handed it to the actor in the scene with her, remarking innocently, "It's for you."

—SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Filmland Fables

When a Hollywood studio requested the Texas Chamber of Commerce to supply it with a small map of that state, dated 1850, a large map, eight by six feet, was sent on, with the notation: "There are no *SMALL* maps of Texas."

—NEAL O'HARA (McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

A property man had dressed a scene representing a room in a men's college dormitory. The walls were plastered with college pennants, pictures of girl friends, football players and dogs, while a litter of musical instruments, traffic signs and masculine bric-a-brac gave the place a cozy, lived-in look.

The assistant property man gazed speculatively at the scene of artful disorder. "Don't you think," he ventured, "that around here somewhere we should have a book?"

—*Christian Science Monitor*

Slim Pickens, who is in "The Story of Will Rogers," was in the Warner gallery when photographer Bert Six said, "Now look pleasant—and in a few moments you may resume your regular expression."

—*Tales of Hoffman*

Columns Write

If men were the lovers they think they are, women wouldn't have time for anything else.

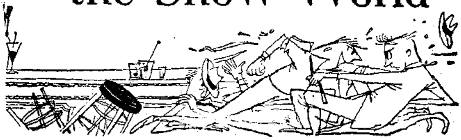
—quoted by WALTER WINCHELL

A shrewd gal makes you feel she is taking dinner with you, not from you. —FRANK FARRELL (*N.Y. World Telegram & Sun*)

With the Critics

Kelcey Allen, veteran critic who died recently, once admired an actor's watch. "Gee, Kelcey, I'd give it to you—only it has my name engraved on it," said the actor. To which Allen snapped back in reply: "There's nothing in the world to keep you from engraving the word 'From' in front of it." —IRVING HOFFMAN

the Show World



A drama critic declared that he always praised the first show of a new season. "Who am I to stone the first cast?" —*English Digest*

Star Dust

A movie queen nodded icily to a starlet being fitted for a mink coat.

"Yours?" she purred.

"Yes," smiled the young beauty.

"Hmmm," said the star. "It does a lot for you. But, then, I suppose you did a lot for it."

Marilyn Monroe, asked if she had anything on when she posed for that famous calendar photograph, replied, "Sure, I had the radio on."

—Erskine Johnson

A catty young starlet was overheard remarking to another: "Sorry I missed your birthday party, but I couldn't stand the glare of so many candles." —Steve Cochran

Airlines

Everything is so secret about those Naval Training Stations. Before I was allowed to do a broadcast from one of them, I had to swear that no one was listening.

I don't think I'm handsome. But what's my lowly opinion against a mirror's? —Bob Hope

In Hollywood, you're considered an outdoor person if you start riding around town in your convertible with the top down. —Judy Canova

Quiz Quote

Abe Burrows, during a television panel show, was faced with the problem of guessing the identity of a mystery man. "Is he living?" asked Burrows hopefully.

"No," answered the quiz master. "He's dead."

Burrows scratched his bald pate nervously and ruminated, "Let's see now. Who do I know who's dead?"

—Bennett Cerf, *Good for a Laugh* (Hanover House)

Stand-In

Joe E. Brown, pinch-hitting for the regular MC on the "Breakfast Club," asked a woman contestant with four children: "I suppose that's the whole family?"

The woman replied in a very dry voice: "Well, there's a father, too."

—A. B. C.

Celebrity Sidelights

An 18-year-old college freshman essayed the role of a middle-aged actor on the Philip Morris Playhouse, and veteran actress Betty Garde was asked what she thought of his performance.

"He had only one fault," she said, "and I wish to heaven I had it . . . He was too young!"

In his review of comedy-pianist Victor Borge's act, a music critic observed tartly, "Victor Borge is no Horowitz."

That night, Borge told his audience, "I read that I am no Horowitz. How grateful I am for that! Because it would have been extremely embarrassing for my father, as well as for my mother, if I had been a Horowitz." —Paul Denis

DISASTER AT HALIFAX

by **CAROL BURKE**

What happened to a wartime city when a munitions ship caught fire and exploded

ON THE MORNING of December 6, 1916, a motor launch cut through the waters just outside Halifax harbor and drew alongside the French ship *Mont Blanc*. Frank Mackie, a Canadian pilot, stepped aboard and greeted the French captain.

"How is the war going over there?" he queried. "Do you think the British will hold at Cambrai?"

The Captain shrugged. "Who knows?" he replied. "If winter settles in right away, they will."

Mackie frowned as he thought of the increasingly serious war reports which he read every morning. With his mind still 3,000 miles away on the Allied lines in France, he turned automatically to the routine task of guiding the *Mont Blanc* through the channel into the basin beyond. He gave the order to get under way and the ship began to nose slowly past the docks crowded with wartime activities.

Like Mackie, all the people of Halifax were obsessed with World War I. Daily their magnificent harbor cleared supply and munition boats bound for distant battlefields. But they thought of danger only as a threat to family and friends in the trenches in France.

Halifax, they knew, was safe. The city's coast artillery was manned round the clock. At night, searchlights swept the sea, and mighty nets swung shut across the harbor to thwart German U-boats. The people were lulled into a feeling of security, almost of apathy.

Yet, before night was to fall on that fateful December 6, Halifax was to be blasted to ruins, and her citizens were to prove their courage equal to the bravest troops on the field of combat.

There was no sign of danger that morning as the *Mont Blanc* steamed up the channel. The air was clear; visibility was perfect. The ship was on her way to join a convoy en route to Europe. There she would discharge her cargo of five million pounds of highly explosive TNT, picric acid and gun cotton.

As the *Mont Blanc* rounded a bend in the channel, she suddenly sighted a ship approaching from the other direction. It was the *Imo*, carrying desperately needed grain to ravaged Belgium.

The *Imo's* whistle pierced the frosty morning, signaling that she would pass to starboard. The *Mont Blanc* changed course accordingly.

Suddenly both ships rang the alarm. The signal was a mistake. The *Imo* was headed directly for the *Mont Blanc*. Frantically the French helmsman turned the wheel. Too late!

With a screeching tear of metal, the *Imo* ground into the *Mont Blanc*, ripping through her hull. The impact ignited several barrels of benzol stowed forward on the stricken ship. Instantly the blazing fuel streamed across her decks.

Terrified by the threat to their cargo, the French crew fought to contain the fire, but the struggle was hopeless. They were driven back step by step until they formed a helpless knot at the rail.

The captain shouted, "Abandon ship!" The crew rushed for the boats, lowered them and rowed desperately for shore. They leaped onto the beach and scattered through the quiet streets of Halifax, intent only on increasing the distance between themselves and their flaming ship.

Mackie, the pilot, fled with them. "She's a munitioner!" he shouted. "She's going to explode! Run for your lives!"

Some of the townspeople caught the terrible urgency of the warning and joined the crew in headlong flight. Others stared at the frenzied sailors as if they were madmen, shook their heads and went about their usual morning's work. Still others, drawn by curiosity, ran to the channel's edge to watch the ships maneuvering there.

The *Mont Blanc* continued under headway. She was moving toward Pier 8. Red flames raced over her decks, licking at the holds where her deadly cargo was stowed.

The *Imo* had no clue to the nature of that cargo. She was puzzled by the panic and desertion of the French crew. Slowly, deliberately, she reversed her engines and backed away from the *Mont Blanc*, steering for shallow waters to review her own damage.

A British cruiser, *HMS High Flyer*, had also witnessed the accident. Because she was to lead the *Mont Blanc's* convoy, her commander knew what lay beneath the decks of the burning ship. If the fire could only be controlled before it actually touched the explosives, there was still a chance. He called for volunteers.

There was a rush of activity on the *High Flyer*. Over the side went a boat full of officers and men. In a display of courage unsurpassed in naval history, they rowed straight for the burning munitioner and clambered to her afterdeck. Without hesitation, they stepped forward to battle the treacherous flames.

But they never lived to tell their tale of courage. At that moment, just 17 minutes after the collision, the *Mont Blanc* exploded with one of the greatest blasts the earth had ever known.

The awful noise of it was beyond the power of hearing. A tremendous cloud of smoke soared hundreds of feet into the air to black out the sun. Ships far out at sea trembled at the shock. Windows many miles away shattered into blinding pieces. One word formed in every mind—earthquake!

In Halifax there was more than earthquake. Pedestrians were flying to the streets. Buildings were flattened in a second, their inhabitants crushed beneath tangled debris. Ships were lifted clear of the water and slammed against the docks which moored them.

In a school, teachers had time only to half-speak an alarm before they perished with 200 children. In a printing company, presses tore loose and careened across the floor to kill 30 girls. The largest railroad station crumbled in a landslide of heavy masonry. Passengers who were patiently awaiting their trains for Montreal, Quebec and points west took instead a trip to eternity.

Some rushed from their ruined homes to seek safety in the streets. Yet even that hope was a cheat. The great pressure of the concussion had raised a tidal wave in the harbor. Fully a fathom deep, the water spilled over the waterfront area and drained back to the sea the wreckage it found there.

And still there was no respite. The great cloud sent up from the *Mont Blanc* hovered for a moment, then descended. A deadly hail of powder, debris and burning gas sprayed over the helpless city. Pieces of deck gear, iron plates and rigging beat down on those who had escaped blast and flood. Fragments of hot steel pursued and killed a gunner and the wireless operator from the *Mont Blanc*, who had fled ashore.

Wherever the burning vapor fell, it caught and flourished. At the waterfront, it rained on the decks of the British munitioner *Picton*. Like the *Mont Blanc*, she threatened to blast her load to the sky and no living man remained on board to save her.

Marine Superintendent J. W. Harrison ran from shore to the blazing ship. Single-handed he cut her steel hawsers and set her drifting free, but he risked his life to go with her. He opened her sea cocks to flood the cargo in her holds. He rolled out hose and managed to quench the fires.

Burning gas dropped on a mill where 100 workers turned raw cotton into finished cloth. A girl stared in disbelief as a sheet of crimson swept the threads of her loom. Around her bales of cotton flared to red heat. When she ran screaming for the stairs, she found the fire there before her. The factory burned to the ground.

Wooden houses caught like kindling. Instantly walls of flame sprang up to bar rescuers. They could only listen while the agonized screams of those locked within grew to a crescendo, then ceased.

In the minds of some of the victims, war fears crystallized in the form of hallucinations. A farmer "heard" a German shell streak past him. Another man "saw" an enemy fleet maneuver outside the harbor. Still others dropped to their knees in supplication, for surely here was the Day of Judgment.

The blast severed all communication wires and threw a barrier of silence around the city. She stood alone, unable to tell of her suffering or to call for help. Some miles away the little town of Amherst, Nova Scotia, was anxiously sending out to the world that there had been a terrible explosion in the harbor of Halifax.

Just before the blast, one last message had come through. Vincent Coleman, telegraph operator at Richmond station, directly overlooking the scene of collision, had transmitted: "A munition ship is on fire and is making for Pier 8. Goodby."

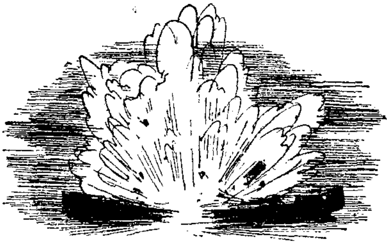
Coleman's body was found next to his telegraph key. Had he chosen to desert his post, he might have saved his life.

Scarcely an hour after the *Imo* struck the *Mont Blanc*, a second explosion menaced the city. Men ran through cluttered streets. "Get out of the city!" they shouted. "The ammunition dump is in danger!"

Instantly the survivors responded. Carrying the sick and injured, they hurried toward open areas outside the city. Some 5,000 gathered on Halifax Common alone. So great was their terror that many had not even taken the time to pick up their coats. They broke low branches from trees and kindled fires on the hard ground.

Meanwhile, a grim battle was being waged at the waterfront. Flames circled the naval ammunition dump and threatened to touch off tons of powder. A whole naval battery volunteered, disregarding their own lives in the cause of common safety. As the flames lashed closer, the men challenged them with a steady stream of water pumped from the harbor.

Fire crept within inches of the ammunition while the men doubled their efforts. For minutes the outcome hung in the balance. Then the dump was flooded with sea water and the flames receded. The struggle was over.



The living turned to the grim task of freeing those trapped in the wreckage and ministering to the critically injured. They found two and one half square miles of Halifax flattened. There was little crying: the task was too pressing to stop for tears.

Those who were on the shores had been seared by the heat of the blast, stripped of their clothes, and then left to shiver in the below-freezing weather. Living and dead alike were blackened with soot from the blast and the fire. A father looked four times into the face of a little girl before he recognized her as his own child.

In the ruined caboose of a freight train, rescuers caught sight of a brakeman sitting quietly, a cigarette between his fingers. He ignored their calls, and when they reached him, they saw that the cigarette was cold and the man was dead.

At first the casualties were thought to number in the hundreds. But as truck after truck fought through to stricken areas to carry out the wounded and returned only with the dead, the toll of fatalities mounted to 2,000.

As the day wore on, the temperature dropped and the sky was overcast. By morning, a blizzard was falling to write a unique entry in the records of human disaster. To the hazards of blast, flood and fire was now added another—the hazard of storm.

But the rescue work went on. Bands of soldiers and civilians thrust through the swirling snow to evacuate the wounded. By lantern light they searched ruins, forgetting their own weariness, remembering only that each delay could mean another life lost.

In those hours, Halifax earned the name "City of Comrades." And the world learned the bitter lesson that war kills not only on the battlefields, but wherever men and women touch the stuff of war.

Beyond the city, in the darkened harbor, the *Mont Blanc* was just a tangled mass of metal which had settled to the bottom of the channel. Both Mackie and the French captain lived to give their evidence of mistaken signals. One court found the *Mont Blanc* at fault; another, the *Imo*. Finally the highest court in the British Empire placed the blame for the error—and its consequences—equally on both ships.

And the *Imo?* She survived to go to sea again. To forget the past, she took a new name, but she could not alter her fate. On a trip to the Falkland Islands, she ran against a hidden reef. Once again the sickening tear of metal screeched its warning, and the *Imo* sank on December 6, 1921—five years to the day after she had struck the *Mont Blanc* in Halifax harbor!

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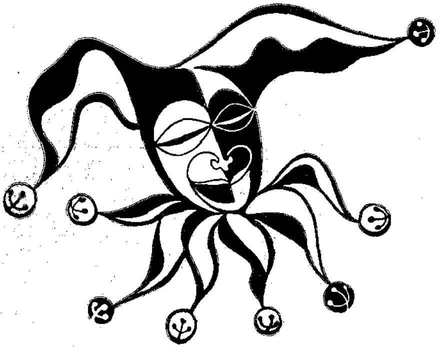


LAUGH AND LIVE

OVER THE YEARS, Coronet's humor pages—such as "Grin and Share It" and "Our Human Comedy"—have been universally popular with readers. Now, Coronet offers you this special eight-page supplement of new jokes, stories and witty sayings, designed to add more fun and laughter to your life.—THE EDITORS

GRIN AND

TWO FISHERMEN were in a rowboat at New Orleans. The first one said he'd like to row up to Montreal. "Andrew, that's impossible," said the second.

Dusk had set in, and Andrew said: "If I row all night, I think I could make Montreal by morning. I'm going to do it."

Andrew prepared to row, but his friend tied the boat to the pier and went home. Andrew rowed and rowed all night, and in the morning, when light came, his wife arrived at the pier and shouted to him: "Andrew, what're you doing?"

He turned and shouted back: "Who in heck knows my name in Montreal?" —LEONARD LYONS

A MAN living in the Russian zone in Germany was arrested at his home one night because foreign matches were found in his possession. The duty on these matches prohibited them from being used in his country and his government was making every effort to stop the smuggling.

When he came up for trial, the judge said to him: "Foreign matches have been found in your possession. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Well, Your Honor," stammered the prisoner, "it is true that I use foreign matches—but only to light our People's matches!" —DAN BENNETT

LITTLE DONALD'S MOTHER was in the habit of reading stories to him every night out of a favorite book. One evening, unable to find the book, she entertained him with tales of her girlhood on the farm.

Donald's eyes grew bigger and bigger as she told of wading in the pond, going berry picking, and riding a real live horse. "Gee, Mom," he sighed, "I sure wish I'd met you earlier!" —*Capper's Weekly*

SHOULDERS thrown back proudly, the old mountaineer strode from the village post office when the letter had been read to him. Outside, he made his way immediately to a gathering of his cronies in the chinaberry's shade. "My boy, Zeb," he announced, "got his sentence cut down 6 months for behaving good."

A grizzled hillbilly raised himself on an elbow. "Hit's moughty nice," he commented, "to have a boy that does you sech credit."

—*Automotive Dealer News*

A FRENCH SCIENTIST, in this country on a research mission, was taken to a pavilion where a group of young people were jitterbugging. He watched in amazement, then asked his American host, "Do they get married later?" —STEPHEN MICHAELS

NOT ALL "HONEST" COWHANDS were narrow-minded on the subject of horse-stealing. One stranger rode into Tombstone long ago and put his horse up at the OK Corral. The horse was a splendid

SHARE IT

animal, and the rider offered to sell it cheap. When the new owner had paid his money he asked, "How about the title?"

"Well," the cowboy said, "the title is good enough as long as you go west. But don't take it east. It ain't so good in that direction."

—STAN HOIG, DENVER *Post*

THE FIRST DAY at the restaurant, he ordered brown bread with his meal. The waitress served white. The next day he ordered brown. Again she served white.

This went on for a week. On the eighth day, he decided the only way to get what he wanted was to order the opposite. So he ordered, and then added: "Bring some white bread."

"But," said the waitress, "don't you always have brown?" —*Montreal Star*

A CLOTHING MANUFACTURER, so worried that he couldn't sleep, went to his doctor, who advised him to count sheep. Next day the man returned more exhausted than ever. "Sure, I counted sheep," he told the doctor. "I counted up to 20,000. Then I began figuring. Those 20,000 sheep would produce 80,000 pounds of wool—enough to make 30,000 yards of cloth. That would make 12,000 overcoats. Man! Who could sleep with an inventory like that?"

—CHARLES M. CROWE, *On Living With Yourself* (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press)

THE QUARREL between Mr. Williker and his wife had been a lulu, and, to make matters worse, the maid had heard every word of it. While Mrs. W. sulked in her room, her husband took action.

"What did you do about the maid?" Mrs. W. inquired, when the couple were again on speaking terms.

"Fired her, of course," snapped her husband.

"My heavens, Henry!" Mrs. W. shrieked. "Will you never learn? With the story that girl can tell on us, she can get a job in any house in town!"

—CLIFTON CONSIDINE

THE PREACHER paid a duty call at the home of a sick member of his flock. After a little while he decided to fulfill his purpose by reading aloud a few verses of Scripture, and asked for the family Bible.

The sick woman called to her little daughter in the next room. "Darling," she said in a sirupy voice, "would you please get that old book your mother loves so well?"

The little girl entered promptly with the mail-order catalog.

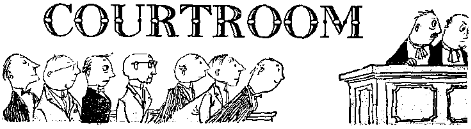
—VIRGINIA ANDERSON (*Quote*)

TWO ELDERLY LADIES were sitting by the window late one Sunday evening. One of them, listening to the church choir across the street, exclaimed, "How beautifully they sing!" The other, listening to the serenade of the crickets on the front lawn, replied, "Yes, and I've been told they do it with their hind legs."

—MILDRED PARSONS

(Continued on page 154)

COURTROOM



A SULTRY BLONDE WAS seated in the witness chair. Her dress showed more of her than otherwise. As she crossed one leg and then the other, the dress crept up.

The judge was just about to tell her to step down when her lawyer spoke. "Your honor, I've just thought of something."

The judge gave him a look, then glanced at the girl and retorted, "I don't believe there's one man in this courtroom who hasn't."

—R. E. MARTIN *in Future*

ROBERT TOLMAN, an artist friend of mine, once testified as an expert witness in a case involving the value of a picture. Under cross-examination, Tolman was asked who, in his opinion, was the world's greatest living portrait painter.

"I am," he answered. Later, a friend suggested to Tolman that his answer might seem rather immodest to some.

"Perhaps," Tolman conceded, after some thought. "But what could I do? I was under oath."

A COURTROOM INCIDENT early in my career as a lawyer stabbed my professional pride. I happened to be in court during the arraignment of a young man accused of housebreaking. The judge explained to him that he was entitled to the services of a defense attorney—that the attorneys available to him were Bob Cook, George Bean or George Allen, we being the only three young trial lawyers in town.

The judge asked the three of us to stand up. Bean and I did so, but Cook wasn't in the courtroom and a bailiff so informed the judge.

"Well, here are Mr. Allen and Mr. Bean," the judge told the prisoner. "You may have your choice, one of these or the one not present."

"Judge, I believe I'll take the one not present," said the defendant.

From *Presidents Who Have Known Me*, by GEORGE E. ALLEN.
Simon and Schuster, Inc. New York, Publishers.
Copyright, 1950 by GEORGE E. ALLEN

THE DIGNIFIED Kentucky colonel was under cross-examination by the district attorney. When nothing seemed to shake the witness, the prosecutor tried ridicule.

"You, sir, are called 'Colonel'," the attorney sneered. "In what regiment, and in what war, were you ever a Colonel?"

"Well, it's like this. The 'Colonel' in front of my name is just like the 'Honorable' in front of yours. It's purely complimentary and doesn't mean a thing."

—*The Postage Stamp*

WHEN RUFUS CHOATE embarked upon his career as a lawyer, he was warned by a veteran of the bar that, when addressing a jury, he should direct all his remarks to the most intelligent-looking member.

Accordingly, when Choate argued his first case, he selected the smartest-looking juror and addressed that individual in his most eloquent and persuasive manner. All went well until the jury prepared to retire and consider its verdict. At that moment the "intelligent-looking" juror arose and said to the judge, "Your

Honor, may I ask Mr. Choate to explain two words he has been using?"

Choate, suddenly fearful that he had befuddled the juror with some such abstruse term as *res inter alios acta*, waited apprehensively.

"What are the words you don't understand?" the court inquired.

" 'Plaintiff' and 'defendant'," replied the juror. "What do they mean?" —Arbuth Arundale

"All right," the counsel for the defendant told the policeman on the witness stand, "suppose my client was, as you say, on his hands and knees in the middle of the highway. That doesn't necessarily mean that he was in a state of intoxication, does it?"

"Not necessarily, sir," the policeman replied, "but your client was also trying to roll up the white line down the center of the highway."

—*Tracks*

An automobile theft case was going on. Said the lawyer to the car owner, "Are you sure this is the man who stole your car?"

The witness replied, "I was until your cross-examination. Now I'm not sure that I ever owned a car."

—*Sunshine Magazine*

Among the witnesses in an assault case was a young doctor, and as his evidence was important the opposing counsel attempted to confuse him.

"I suppose, doctor," he began, in a doubting voice, "that you are entirely familiar with all the symptoms indicative of concussion of the brain?"

"I am," replied the witness coolly.

"Then let me ask you a hypothetical question," went on the counsel, with a meaning glance at the jury. "Suppose His Honor and I should bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"His Honor might," replied the witness, as coolly as before.

—*The Great Northern Goat*

Psychology's Reward

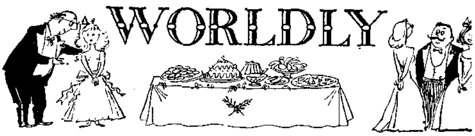
A teacher walked into her classroom to discover that one of her little pupils had written a naughty word on the blackboard.

"I'm not going to punish anybody for this," she announced, remembering her child psychology. "Instead, I am going to close my eyes and count to 50. During that time, I will expect the one who wrote this to come up and erase it."

She closed her eyes, counted slowly and was gratified to hear the sound of small feet tiptoeing up to the blackboard.

When she finally opened her eyes, the word was still there—and under it a worse one, plus the notation: The Phantom Strikes Again. —Paul Denis

(Continued on page 156)



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, even through his nineties, always liked young people and saw everything with the eyes of eternal youth. At a boresome Washington tea party, when he still sat on the bench of the Supreme Court, Dr. Holmes was wandering about the crowded rooms. He saw a wide-eyed small girl wistfully watching a huge tray of petits-fours.

"Hungry, honey?" asked the Justice politely.

"Awful hungry," she told him.

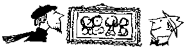
"Then why don't you eat some of those pretty little cakes?"

She looked down at her hands, then answered, "I have no fork."

"Come," said Holmes, "fingers were made long before forks!"

She thought that over a moment, and then replied: "Mine weren't."

—Sylvia Grey



ONCE HILAIRE DEGAS saw one of his paintings sold at an auction for a record price of $100,000. When asked how he felt, he said: "I feel like a horse must feel when he has won a race—and sees the beautiful cup given to the jockey."

—*American Artist Magazine*

WHEN MAE WEST was starring in Hollywood she also wrote scenarios for her movies. One day her co-star gave the script the once-over and cried, "You're killing off your co-star in the second reel. All great authors allow their principals to live longer than that. Even in 'Romeo and Juliet' Shakespeare let Romeo live until the last act."

Mae gave him the up-and-down look and drawled: "Well, Shakespeare had his technique—and I have mine."

—Walter Winchell

CALVIN COOLIDGE summed up the vagaries of politics one day while strolling by the White House with Senator Spencer of Missouri. Spencer joked, "I wonder who lives there?"

"Nobody," Coolidge commented, "they just come and go." —Hy Gardner

SIR JAMES BARRIE carried his writing of fantasy into his everyday life. Invariably, whether they were on the menu or not, he would order Brussels sprouts. And just as invariably they would be on his plate, untouched, when the waiter removed it. Asked why, the immortal playwright chuckled, "It's the *name* of the things. I detest the taste of them—but I can't resist that name!"

—Marie Cowan

SHORTLY AFTER he was elected President, Woodrow Wilson visited an old aunt whom he had not seen in years. The aunt was quite deaf, and the President had to shout into her ear trumpet.

"How are you getting on, son?" she asked.

"I've been elected President," said Wilson.

"What's that?" she asked again.

"I've been elected President."

"President?" she repeated. "President of what?"

"President of the United States!"

The old lady shook her head in disbelief. Then, tapping him with her trumpet, she grinned: "You and your tall stories!" —E. E. EDGAR

AMONG THE FABULOUS OFFERS tendered General John J. Pershing, when he returned from his victory in World War I, was a contract to appear in vaudeville at a five-figured weekly stipend.

Getting no response to his offer, the producer wired the General: "Have you entertained my offer?"

"No," the General wired back. "Your offer has entertained me."

—HOWARD HEWLITT

THE LATE CLARENCE DARROW, eminent Chicago criminal lawyer, was one evening the principal speaker at a meeting of a women's club. After his speech, he found himself engaged in conversation with a couple of ladies who insisted on discussing birth control.

"Now, Mr. Darrow," said one, "what do you think of birth control for the masses?"

"My dear lady," replied the famous lawyer, "whenever I hear people discussing birth control, I always remember that I was the fifth child."

—HERBERT V. PROCHNOW, *Public Speakers' Treasure Chest* (Harper)

WHEN MARK TWAIN'S "Joan of Arc" was being serialized anonymously in *Harper's Magazine*, Twain went to Paris for a vacation, and there encountered Chauncey Depew. Very casually Twain inquired, "What do you think of that Joan thing that's running now in *Harper's?*"

Depew, who knew that Twain was the author, gravely replied, "That's hardly a fair question to ask me."

"Indeed, why?" demanded Twain, bridling.

"The fact is," whispered Depew, "I wrote the beastly thing and I'm trying desperately to keep it quiet!"

—BENNETT CERF

ONCE, when William Wrigley, the chewing gum king, was riding in an airliner, his seat companion said, "I can't understand why you keep pouring millions of dollars every year into advertising. Everybody knows about your product."

Mr. Wrigley thought for a moment. "How fast would you say this plane was traveling?"

"About 300 miles an hour."

"In that case," said Wrigley, "why doesn't the pilot just throw away the engines and let the plane continue on its own momentum?"

—*Executive's Diges*

WHEN a certain New York kindergarten teacher asked what Father's Day was, one of her young charges quickly piped up: "The same as Mother's Day—only you buy a cheaper present." —CHARLIE PHILLIPS

(*Continued on page 158*)

NOT ON SCHEDULE

A PRETTY young thing was about to take her first train journey alone. Her mama repeatedly warned her to be careful and not talk to strange men. At the station a kindly porter asked: "Where are you going, Miss?"

"To Los Angeles," she replied.

So the porter put her on the train bound for Los Angeles. As it pulled out of the station, she sank back in the seat with a smile and said to herself, "Well, I fooled him that time. I'm going to Boston."

—*Metropolitan Host*

THE TRAIN STOPPED for 15 minutes at a large station in western Canada and two elderly American ladies, visiting the Dominion for the first time, stepped out on the platform to stretch their legs.

"What place is this?" one of them asked a man lounging against a baggage truck.

"Saskatoon, Saskatchewan," he replied.

As they turned away, one whispered to the other, "Isn't it exciting? They don't speak English here."

—HENRY HANCK

BACK IN THE DAYS when the Dalton boys were ravaging the Kansas country, they terrorized conductors into letting them ride free on the trains. One day the leader of the gang boarded a coach, pulled out his gun, and to the frightened ticket-taker proclaimed: "There's my fare!"

"All right, Dalton," the train conductor meekly replied.

But he slipped up to the baggage car and provided himself with a sawed-off shotgun. In a little while he was back at the side of the recalcitrant passenger. Poking the business end of the weapon into the ribs of the notorious bad man, he gently announced: "All right, Dalton, I reckon I'm ready to punch your ticket now."

The outlaw paid. —*Wall Street Journal*

BEFORE HE VISITED Europe recently, a certain American businessman firmly believed that his own country held a patent on fast action and enterprise. Now he is not so certain. He still remembers the shock he received in a suburban railway station near London.

The stationmaster lined up all his porters along the edge of the platform. A fast train whizzed by. As it thundered away, the American glimpsed a well-dressed man leaning out of one of the windows, notebook in hand.

"Was that one of the railroad directors?" he asked.

"Oh, no," came the calm rejoinder, "that was the company tailor measuring the porters for their new uniforms." —*Christian Science Monitor*

(*Continued on page 160*)

are you *really* set for Summer?

Why worry about belt and ridge lines showing through sheer Summer dresses? Why be downright uncomfortable due to the chafing and irritation of warm external pads? Switch to Tampax monthly sanitary protection now, and be really set for Summer.

For Tampax is the cool, comfortable, *internal* method. Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of compressed surgical cotton in dainty applicators. *Your hands need never even touch it.* And because it's worn internally, it's invisible; you can even wear it with a wet or dry bathing suit. It's unfelt, too, once it's in place.

There are other things about Tampax that make it especially nice in the Summer. For example: There's no possibility of odor. It's easily disposed of, even when visiting or vacationing. And it's so small a month's supply goes in your purse.

Get Tampax at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR WANING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
Regular
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Accepted For Advertising by the Journal of The American Medical Association
TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

DRESS AFFAIR

A NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER is always underdressed or overdressed.

—Dunstan Grey (*Cassell's Journal, London*)

THE UNMENTIONABLES of yesterday are nothing to speak of today.

—Frances Rodman

A WOMAN is young until she takes more interest in how her shoes fit than her sweater.

—Raymond Duncan (*Ellaville (Ga.) Sun*)

THE MODERN GIRL wears just as many clothes as her grandma—but not at the same time.

—*Pipefuls*

LEGEND printed on a Midwest diaper-service truck: "Tops for Baby's Bottom."

—Dolly Krasso

ABBREVIATIONS are always followed by a period—except on the beach when they are followed by a crowd!

—*Gay Atlanta*

THE SKIN girls love to touch is sable.

—Kathi Norris

SOMEONE ASKED actor Tony Farrar how he remembered girls' names. With a grin he replied: "I never forget a sweater!"

—Sidney Skolsky

IF WOMEN dress to please themselves, it only goes to show that many of them are satisfied with very little.

—Sidney Skolsky

ALL LADIES' HATS are different because milliners rarely make the same mistake twice.

—Earl Wilson

SIGN on a store counter: "GARTERS, ALL THIGHZES!"

—Dan Bennett

A GIRL'S BATHING SUIT is twelve square inches of material, completely surrounded by eyes.

—*Between Friends*

A YOUNG GIRL is growing up when she wouldn't be seen dead in her dad's shirt.

—O. A. Battista

WHAT WOULD WOMEN SAY if men changed the length of their trousers every year?

—Lady Astor

AD for a Nevada launderette: "Commercial ladies who care to drive by and drop off their clothes will receive prompt and courteous attention."

—Merle K. Benham

THE ONLY ACCOUNTING for women's styles comes around the first of the month.

—Frank R. Canning

Mind over Matter

An open mind is fine—only be a little careful what you shovel into it.

—*Pipe Dreams*

The New "Outer-Look" calls for

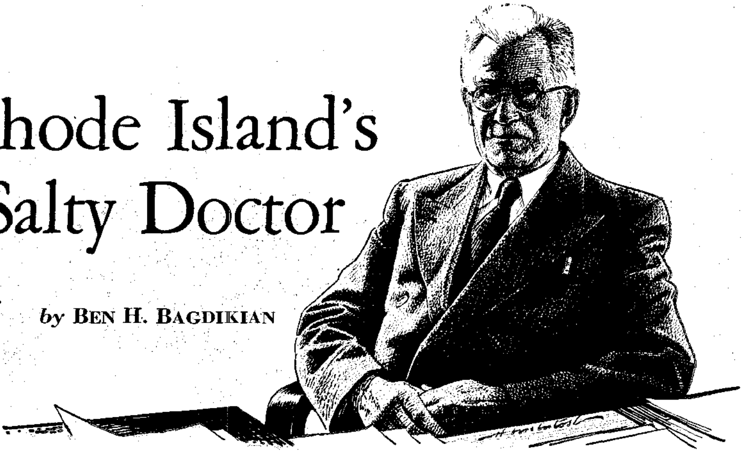
THE NEW FORMFIT "UNDER-LOOK"

Above the waist the new "Outer-Look" is soft and rounded, utterly feminine but natural and unexaggerated. Trust Formfit's lovely Life Bras to give you the "Under-Look" today's "Outer-Look" requires . . . your comfort and freedom, too! Life Bras fit you for bust size, cup size, degree of separation—to elevate, separate, rejuvenate perfectly. At the nicer stores!

Life Bras from $1.25

THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

Rhode Island's Salty Doctor



by **Ben H. Bagdikian**

His newspaper column offers prescriptions compounded of humor and common sense

THE WOMAN ASKED if she should sleep on a hard mattress and the good doctor replied that he personally liked a soft, sloppy one, even though his orthopedic colleagues warned him this was bad.

The good doctor is Peter Pineo Chase, of Providence, Rhode Island, and what he didn't tell the lady was that at 74 he can still outrun any orthopedist in town.

He can do a lot of other things, too. Dr. Chase is the kind of unorthodox New England doctor who on his 74th birthday may find in his voluminous mail: (1) a note from a man in Auckland, New Zealand, asking how to treat a boil; (2) an invitation to snowshoe in the White Mountains on New Year's Day; (3) a letter from a scholar at Oxford asking if Dr. Chase thinks that Samuel Johnson 200 years ago had gallstones, and (4) a plea from a teen-ager for a cure for bowlegs.

Anyone calling at the doctor's 150-year-old home in Providence, winter or summer, is apt to find this prominent surgeon stalking barefooted through his house, clad in flimsy shirt and shorts. They will see a rugged man with white hair, a face that could be chiseled out of granite, and a wiry frame propelled by a pair of legs that would do credit to a quarterback.

A local newspaper editor for years has been frustrated by Dr. Chase's failure to look like everybody else. "Every time I send a photographer to get a nice portrait of an old doctor," the editor complained, "he comes back with a picture that looks like an Indian chief."

Dr. Chase is Rhode Island's most consulted physician: he writes a salty medical column for the Providence *Journal-Bulletin*. He also writes a column in New Zealand papers because he treated and befriended so many New Zealand soldiers during World War I. There is, however, no other medical column like this.

What other column ever was headed: "April! April! Laugh Your

(See page 134 in this issue)

"planned weekends mean longer living"

Whether you spend them at the seashore, in the country, or in your own back yard, PLAN YOUR WEEKENDS and enjoy them more.

From beach chairs to beach wear, toasting forks to roasting porks, golf tees to portable radios—you'll find everything you need to make your planned weekends complete, in the following stores in your city:

New York City
Macy's Herald Square
Macy's Flatbush
Macy's Jamaica
Macy's White Plains
Macy's Parkchester

Alabama
Birmingham. . .Louis Pizitz Dry Goods Co.
Mobile. . .C. J. Gayfer Co.
Montgomery. . .Montgomery Fair

California
Sacramento. . .Weinstock, Lubin & Co.

Connecticut
Hartford. . .Brown-Thomson's
Middletown. . .Wrubel's

Florida
Jacksonville. . .Cohen Bros.

Illinois
Park Forest. . .Park Forest Shopping Center
Quincy. . .Halbach-Schroeder

Indiana
South Bend. . .George Wyman & Co.
Valparaiso. . .Lowenstines' Dept. Store

Iowa
Ames. . .The Tilden Store
Ft. Dodge. . .Gates Dry Goods Co.

Kansas
Wichita. . .Buck's, Inc.

Kentucky
Covington. . .John R. Coppin Co.

Louisiana
Alexandria. . .Wellan's
New Orleans. . .D. H. Holmes Co.

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Framingham. . .Shopper's World
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Reno. . .Gray, Reid, Wright Co.

New Jersey
Hackensack. . .Packard's
Paterson. . .Meyer Bros.
Plainfield. . .Rosenbaum's

New York
Binghamton. . .McLean's
Buffalo. . .Sattler's
Elmira. . .Sheean's, Inc.
Middletown. . .Tompkins Dry Goods Co.

North Dakota
Fargo. . .O. J. deLendrecie Co.

Ohio
Lancaster. . .Chas. P. Wiseman Co.

Pennsylvania
Oil City. . .Armstrong-Collier, Inc.
Wilkes-Barre. . .Fowler, Dick & Walker

Rhode Island
Pawtucket. . .The Outlet Co.
Providence. . .The Outlet Co.

Texas
Beaumont. . .The White House

Virginia
Lynchburg. . .J. R. Millner Co.

West Virginia
Clarksburg. . .Watts-Sartor-Lear Co.

Girlish Laughter!"? What other medical pundit ever replied to an inquiry with the public confession: "I must say that until a few days ago I was totally ignorant of any such condition"?

No amount of professional dignity can suppress Dr. Chase. He is not beyond reminding his fellow doctors of fundamentals ("It never does a physician harm to know a lot of physiology"), or deflating impressive medical words (as when asked about rumbling of the stomach: "Doctors have given these sounds the interesting name of borborygmi. This magnificent title is all out of proportion to the importance of the matter—such rumblings are disconcerting but not dangerous").

His native horse sense shows, for example, when a woman pleads for the name of an antibiotic to cure her stuffy nose, and he prescribes that she simply turn down her furnace thermostat. Other readers like Dr. Chase because he frequently mixes his own experience with medical advice. He is quick to tell his own prejudices. To someone who asked the best way to eat eggs, he said: "As I do not like hard-boiled eggs, I am happy to report that the nearer they are to raw, the more digestible they are."

Before he started his newspaper column in 1946, Dr. Chase's vigorous personality was known only to fellow doctors, patients and friends. This had made him president of both his city and state medical societies and editor of the state medical journal. But when he started his newspaper column, readers at once caught the stinging good sense of his writing. A few complained that his literary bedside manner was not suave, and some think he never gives the reader credit for knowing anything about medicine. To this, he says everybody takes too much for granted.

"Even we doctors speak carelessly," he says.

He believes in being frank. "When the column started, the supervising editors were more Victorian than I was," he told his readers. "Now they approve of my being frank—but I still have my inhibitions."

IT WAS NOT inhibitions so much as boredom that caused him to answer an 18-year-old, who asked about hormones to help her develop: "It is evident from the numerous letters I have received and from the visual education so prominent in our timely literature, that the modern world is obsessed with the female bustline. Despite the rash of letters I get on this subject, I think I will now discontinue discussing the matter."

Often the reader will find the doctor deflating pride and applying solemn logic to questions big and small. A man once asked if a belt is harmful, and provoked the straight-faced essay:

"A little consideration will show that the mechanics of a belt are ridiculous. Gravity pulls the trousers down, so naturally the force to keep them up should be exerted in the opposite direction, that is, towards the shoulders. The only possible way that the belt can work is by pulling the trousers in above the pelvic bones.

"Unfortunately, men do not have flaring pelvic bones and a good proportion of them have fat abdo-

Quietest Tread on Earth... Outgrips, Outwears them all!

● **FOUR EXCLUSIVES** give you safety, silence, comfort found in no other tire. (1) **Interlocking Safety Tread** for greater "hold" in *all* directions. (2) **Silent Traction Design** cancels out hum and sing for world's quietest ride. (3) **Intra-Tread Bumpers** hold tread ribs apart . . . muffle squeal. (4) **Uni-Cushion Contour**—more rubber on road for smoother riding, longer wear. See your Armstrong dealer today!

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mens. Altogether this is a thoroughly inefficient apparatus. Females present a different problem."

Thus does the good doctor practice by mail, commenting in his lively way on the human race as he sees it. But even this vigorous writing is tame for him. Climbing mountains or skiing with his wife is his own best medicine.

Despite his tough physical makeup and his rigorous outdoor life, Dr. Chase is the town's leading devotee of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and something of an authority on the 18th-century scholar and author. He wrote a diagnosis of the ailments of Dr. Johnson—probably the definitive work on the lexicographer's ills. But it isn't the ailments of Dr. Johnson that appeals to Dr. Chase, it is the vigor of the man.

This may be natural for a 20th-century Johnsonian who was born on windswept Cape Cod in Massachusetts. Chase's maternal grandfather was the Civil War surgeon, Peter Pineo, and that was one impulse that sent him to Providence to start a medical career. He worked six years before he had enough money to enter Brown University.

A natural wit and vigor have made Dr. Chase unique, but something else his friends always mention is his wife, Helen. They both have sharp New England wit, they both like people, and they both love to be out of doors together.

Friends have long been waiting for Dr. Chase to slow down, but while they become prisoners of armchairs and wheelchairs, he keeps climbing, running, writing, entertaining, scolding and living the life of a sparkling young man.

His first patient, now an elderly editorial writer, recalls that after World War I, young Dr. Chase drove him downtown for a prescription and headed down the famous Providence hills. To this day, those hills make strong men draw their breath. But Dr. Chase in his second-hand Model T shot downhill with increasing speed as his pale patient gasped, "Peter, for God's sake, put on your brakes!"

The doctor shouted back, "Stop worrying, they've been on right from the beginning!"

"And you know," the editorialist adds, "Peter Chase still hasn't got himself any brakes."

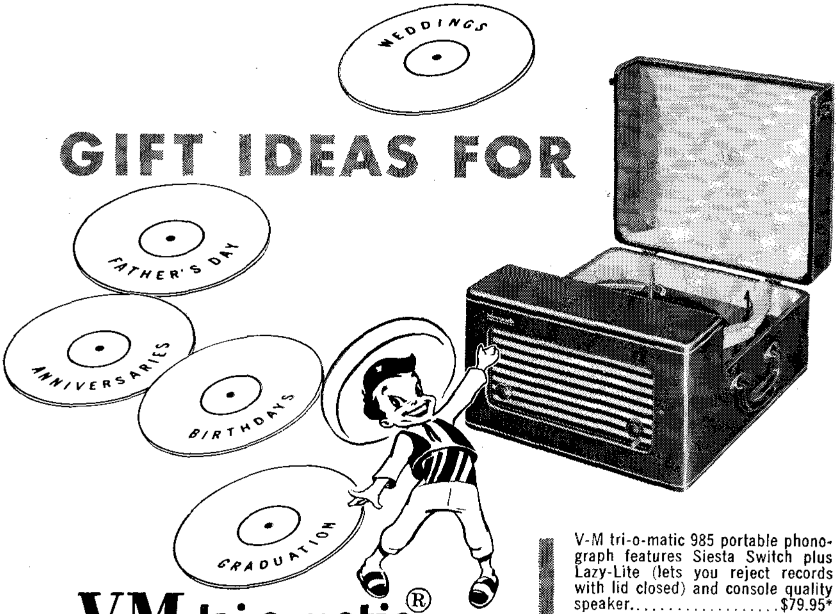
* * *

What Do You See?

(Answers to quiz on page 67)

1. United States of America. 2. Yes, a bow tie. 3. In queues with ribbons. Consider yourself correct if you mention either queues or ribbons in your answer. 4. Monticello. 5. Liberty. 6. No, left on the nickel, right on the stamp. 7. Postal. 8. Pull down. 9. Q. 10. Twelve, if you're wearing standard oxfords. 11. FGH, JKL. 12. Twenty after eight. 13. Either. 14. De Witt Clinton. 15. Seven reds, six whites. 16. Left. At least on boxes of the Bell System. 17. Four. 18. ——— 19. Left. 20. A book. 21. Eighty-eight. 22. ——— 23. Three. 24. King of Hearts. 25. Two. 26. Twenty. 27. Sixteen. 28. ——— 29. Only the lower. 30. Clockwise. 31. ——— 32. Two on thumb; three on others.

GIFT IDEAS FOR



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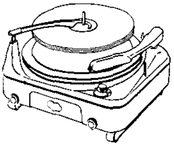
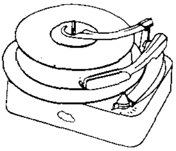
V-M tri-o-matic 985 portable phonograph features Siesta Switch plus Lazy-Lite (lets you reject records with lid closed) and console quality speaker..................$79.95*



V-M tri-o-matic 972 table model phonograph. Has wonderful speaker. Siesta Switch also controls lamp receptacle in base............$59.95*



V-M tri-o-matic 920 record changer attachment with Siesta Switch and Radio receptacle. Plays through any standard TV or radio........$39.95*

*Slightly higher in West.

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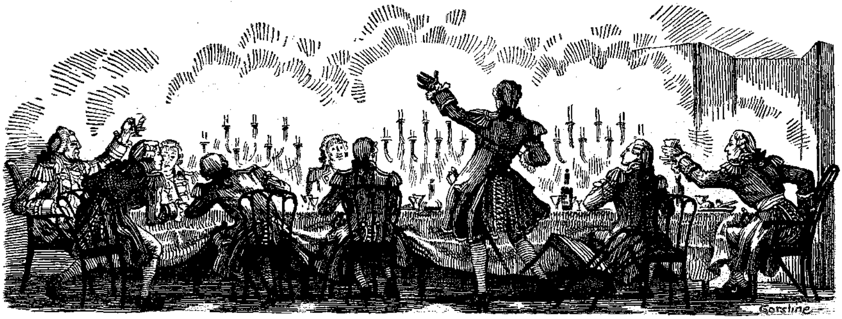


When Fate Came to Dinner

by C. B. Ayers

On a summer evening in 1775, a young French army officer leaned against his window in the garrison city of Metz. Into the distance, as far as his eye could see, stretched the narrow, dusty road he had just traveled from Paris.

He was deep in thought, troubled by what he had seen. As he had spurred his horse through the quiet countryside, oppressed peasants everywhere had bowed to him, giving automatic token of their enforced obedience to nobility.

This was as it had always been, and, until recently, as he had always thought it should be. From as far back as he could remember, he had been accustomed to this deference to his noble rank and had accepted it as his due.

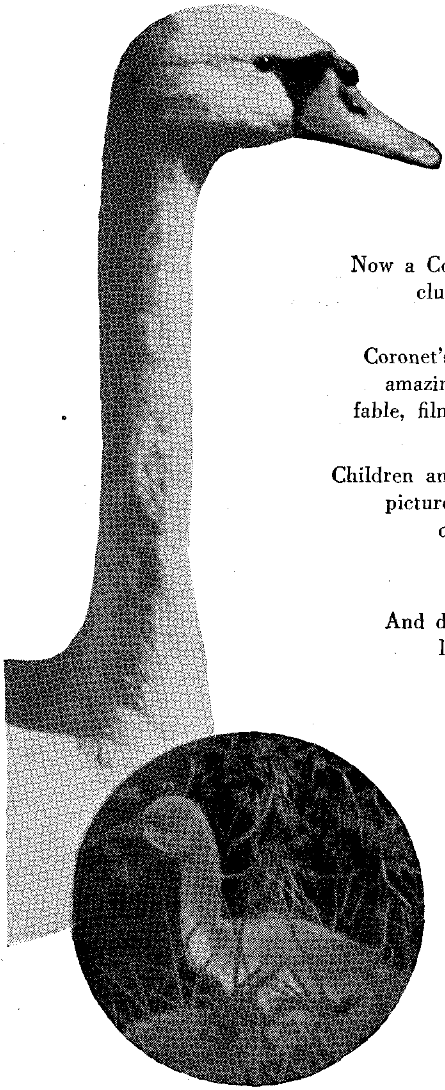
Why did it bother him now? Why had the servitude of the peasants tonight made him angry and ashamed at the same time? Was it their uniform expression of despair, their poor ragged clothes, the almost constant look of hunger?

These things, too, he had seen and ignored before; but never had he seen them in so many faces in so short a time!

"Marie Antoinette spends millions on her table," he mused to himself, "but the common people are weak and ill for want of food. It's unjust!"

He felt that he should take action. But how? And where to begin? The French people still slumbered. Years would pass before they gathered strength to seize their liberty. The protest of one man could end only in disaster.

At any rate, he was free now from the social whirl of Paris. His



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evening would be quiet. He would dine alone in his quarters. But just as he turned to pull off his boots, someone knocked at the door.

"The Governor welcomes you," said an orderly. "He wishes your presence at his table to attend his royal visitor from England."

The officer sighed; his quiet evening was ruined. Wearily he prepared for the formal banquet.

He was seated directly across from the eminent visitor: the Duke of Gloucester, brother of England's king, George III.

The Duke commanded the talk. He had just quarreled with King George over the English attitude toward the American Colonies.

"You can't treat a people the way England is treating those colonies," he said. "If England insists on taxing them, she must give them representation in Parliament. It's no surprise to me that the Americans are rebelling. We're fighting with our regular army and hired German troops, but they're defending their freedom with muskets."

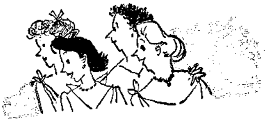
"But how," the young officer exclaimed, "can untrained farmers expect to fight a King's army?"

Aroused, the Duke replied heatedly: "Gentlemen, there is no question about *how* they can do it. They have already done it. The Colonials have thrown back the British troops at Concord."

Awakened, the young Frenchman realized that here, at this dinner to which he had so reluctantly come, he had found the answer to tyranny.

He leapt to his feet. "This is the chance I've been looking for," he declared. "France isn't ready for freedom, but the courage of these patriots will inspire every people. I shall go to America, and join the fight for liberty!"

The company cheered his enthusiasm, for these impassioned words marked the beginning of the career of the Marquis de Lafayette.



Deft Description

GENERALLY SPEAKING, Baltimore society is sedate and astonishingly well behaved. Scandals are few and far between. But on the rare occasions when they occur, society assumes a tolerant attitude. In one such instance this attitude was well illustrated by a comment made about the lady in the case: "Well, after all, she is just a poor Southern gentlewoman in very seduced circumstances."

—FRANCES F. BEIRNE, *The Amiable Baltimoreans* (E. P. Dutton)

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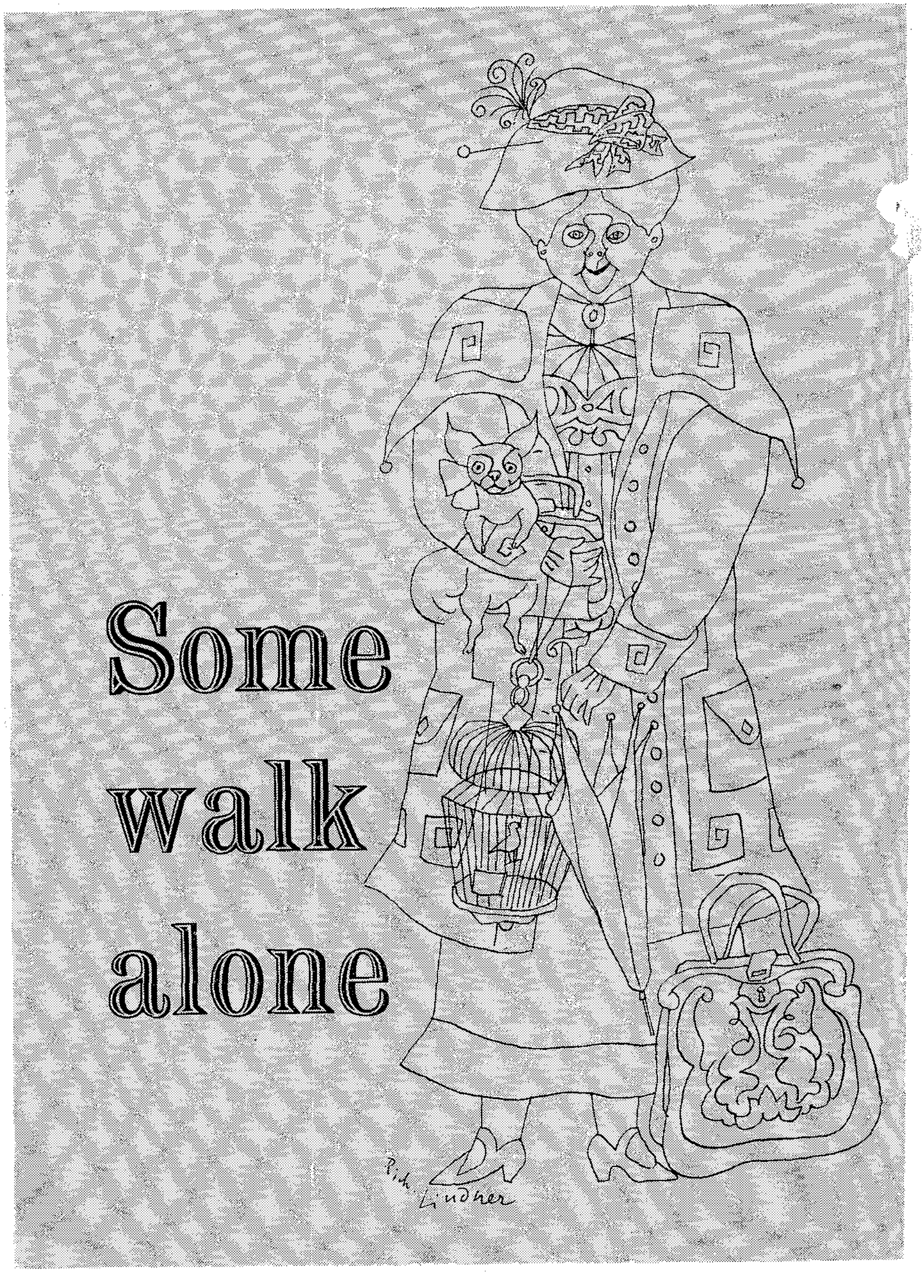
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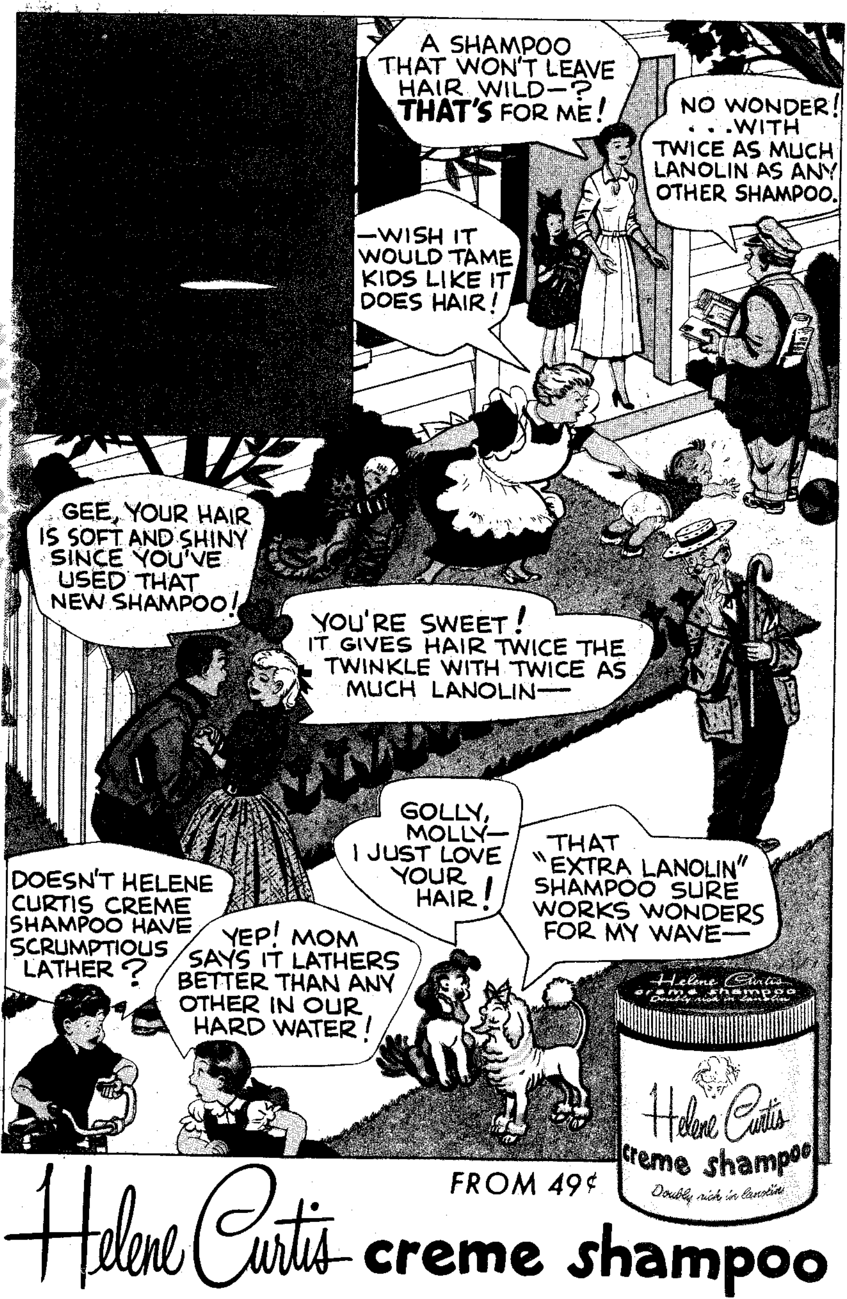
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YOU'RE SWEET! IT GIVES HAIR TWICE THE TWINKLE WITH TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN—
GOLLY, MOLLY— I JUST LOVE YOUR HAIR!
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